

BLUE CHEER | MIND GARAGE | SWAMP DOGG

# SHINDIG!

## THE KINKS

1966: Breaking Down  
In Swinging London



## FATHER JOHN MISTY

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witty and beautiful album

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ISSUE 46 • £4.95





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## Hi Shindiggers,

If you're asked who are the ultimate English band – scrub that... the ultimate London band – I'm pretty sure the majority of you would say The Kinks. The Small Faces and The Who played their part of course, and plenty of non-London acts made their best work here, but it was Ray Davies who penned immortal lines that summed up the lifeblood of London; both its grey past and technicoloured renaissance. By 1966 The Kinks were looking back to music hall rather than rock 'n' roll, and the "big black smoke" instead of the vagaries of love and flower power. This somewhat schizophrenic ideology was also propagated amongst the warring Davies brothers, while Ray, suffering from the pressures and fruits of pop stardom, had been ordered to stay in bed for what was then innocently referred to as "nervous exhaustion". It was here where his change of musical heart was born. The Kinks would never sound the same again. This issue Andy Morten pieces together the tumultuous third year of The Kinks' blazing early career, taking in madness, fighting, car crashes, personnel changes and, most importantly, some of the best records of the group's illustrious career.

Elsewhere you'll find a heartfelt interview with enduring soul eccentric Swamp Dogg, a similarly candid study of *Shindig!*'s favourite nutty modern day troubadour, Father John Misty, the best new bands, left field psychiatry meets pop, Jodorowsky soundtracks and two distinctly different sides of US psych-rock in Mind Garage and Blue Cheer.

I hope the year has started well for all of you and very much look forward to hearing your suggestions for what *Shindig!* should represent in 2015. Do any of you miss our epic three part stories spread across issues? Do you want more new music? Please let me know as we value all comments from our every growing readership.

Lay back and enjoy,  
**Jon 'Mojo' Mills**  
Editor-In-Chief

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The new releases, reissue highlights, old LP tracks and feisty 45s rockin' *Shindig!*'s world this issue



### PEDRO SANTOS

#### Quem Sou Eu?

The 2012 reissue of this astounding collection features 12 songs that flow into each other and effortlessly fuse indigenous folk tones, experimental Brazilian pop, psychedelia, all manner of remarkable percussive touches and a grandiose lush cinematic swoop. Remarkable.

Available on: Krishnanda (*Polysom Brazil LP*)



### LINDSAY MURRAY

#### 23rd Century Man

The Hypnotic Eye guitarist and songwriter takes times out between albums to do his own thing: that "thing" sounding like a mix of Kim Fowley and Billy Childish fronting a Suicide or Stooges-indebted rock band tumbling down the rabbit hole. Be quick: 99 copies only on vinyl this April. Available on: *Downtown Sound 45/download*



### MIKE CORBETT & JAY HIRSH WITH HUGH MCCRACKEN

#### Agatha's Raven

The hardest cut on this under-rated gem of an LP is underpinned by McCracken's acid-drenched guitar lines cranked to the max. Add some hyper signature changes and four-part harmonies, and it's Buffalo Springfield again.

Available on: Mike Corbett & Jay Hirsh With Hugh McCracken (*Atco LP*)



### THE CORVETTES

#### Back Home Girl

A short-lived aggregation that cut two Michael Nesmith-produced 45s in '69, The Corvettes was an archetypal country-rock stud farm. Nesmith took John Ware and John London with him to The First National Band a year after this Burritos-flavoured outing. Available On: Truckers, Kickers, Cowboy Angels Volume 2 (*Bear Family CD*)



### SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET

#### Mendocino

*Shindig!* reveres everything on this, but usually can't get any further than Doug Sahm's gloriously drawled introduction to 'Mendocino': "The Sir Douglas Quintet is back, and we'd like to thank all of our beautiful friends all over the country for their beautiful vibrations. We LUHV yuh."

Available on: The Mono Singles '68-'72 (*Sundazed CD*)



### RAY OWEN'S MOON

#### Talk To Me

As Glenn Campbell prepares to play The Misunderstood we revisit another of his former band-mates. This post-Juicy Lucy outing from 1971 sees Owen sailing alone and providing some particularly satisfying, Hendrix-indebted progressive space boogie rock. Available on: Moon (*Progressive Vinyl Company LP*)



### CRESSIDA

#### Goodbye Post Office Tower, Goodbye

You might want to pick up the 2014 reissue of *Asylum* just for this disconcerting yet hugely addictive track, a shocking and strangely prescient paean to the dubious joys of destruction as anger management complete with moreish harmonies and a lovely piano solo.

Available on: Asylum (*Repertoire CD/LP*)



### VANITY FARE

#### Megowd (Something Tells Me)

This 1970 B-side showed a very different persuasion than the 'Hitchin' A Ride' band are known for. It's very much the case of a straight band trying to be Blood, Sweat & Tears and getting it so wrong, with brilliant results.

Available on: I Live For The Sun: The Complete Recordings 1966-74 (*RPM CD*)

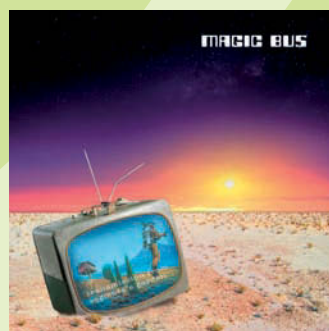


### THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND

#### Anthem

Alex Harvey's stage shows were theatrical combinations of Brecht, Brel, Hair and... Hitler. This elegiac track is typical: enigmatically perverse lyrics "performed" to an unforgettable melody, and accompanied by Vicky Silva's angelic aria and a couple of bagpipers!

Available on: The Impossible Dream (*Vertigo LP*)



### MAGIC BUS

#### Morning Mantra

Magic Bus are thankfully perpetually trapped in a sunny, grassy everglade in 1971 dancing naked. This blissful mantra touches on Traffic, Caravan, The Grateful Dead and any other like-minded free spirit from the golden period of head music we hold so dear.

Available on: Transmissions From Sogmore's Garden (*Magic Bus CD*)



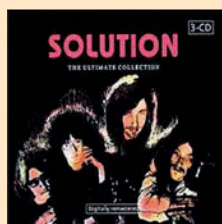


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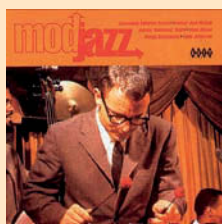
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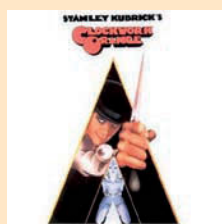
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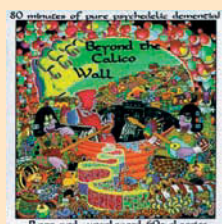
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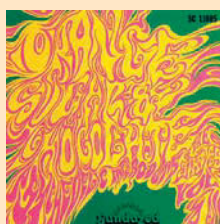
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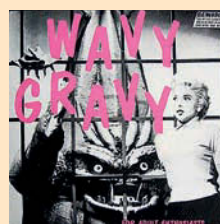
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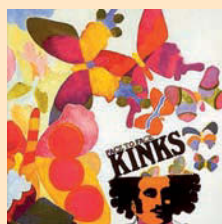
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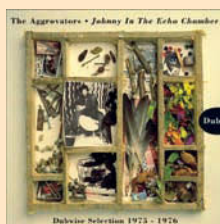
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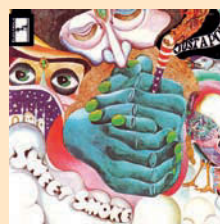
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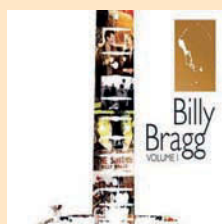
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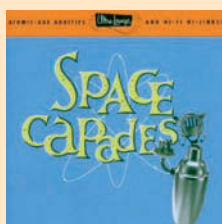
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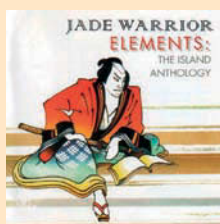
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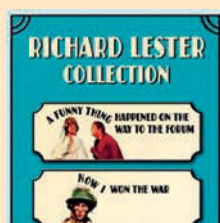
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## GRAVE DISORDER

**Dear Jon,**

Thanks for The Damned article. It's about time their post-punk and beyond period is covered, especially with the extra focus on The Captain. Great fun to read his enthusiasm for *Satanic Majesties Request* and some of his favourite bands (sadly not Egg this time round.)

A shame, however, that there is nothing about *So Who's Paranoid* and *Grave Disorder*, and The Captain's *Universe Of Geoffrey Brown*, *Meathead* and *Revolution Now*. Especially being a cover feature, it would call for a more comprehensive story, including the later, more recent years where they continue the adventurous spirit with these excellent, powerful albums. A pity this was not explored more deeply. (By the way, readers: the brilliant *Women And Captains First* features a diversity of great songs beyond the "Happy Talky" stuff. Check the killer 'Yanks With Guns' and turn up to 12!)

**Oxo Whitney**

We were primarily focusing on the early '80s and the time frame in which *The Damned* went beyond punk, ending with *Naz Nomad & The Nightmares* and the burgeoning London psych revival. I do realise that *The Damned* have continued to be a major force and have a far longer story than we published, but do hope our tip of the iceberg feature opened up a few new people to the band's wonders.

The Captain was also interviewed for our 20 Questions

feature back in issue #17, all the way back in 2010, where he more than extolled the virtues of Egg. It's still available as a back issue too at [shindig-magazine.com](http://shindig-magazine.com).

## STASH AS HE'S KNOWN TO FRIENDS

**Hi Jon,**

I always look forward to reading your magazine - I've been a subscriber for a while and the quality of your in-depth articles is astonishing. However on page 57 - the "Rage Before Beauty" Viv Prince interview on Vince Taylor - the Polish-French count "Stanislav Kozlovsky" should be spelled as Stanislaus Klossowski de Rola, or Stash as he's known to his friends.

Stash is a dear friend of mine and associated with Syd Barrett, Jimi Hendrix, Keith Moon, Nico, Marianne Faithfull, Anita Pallenberg, Robert Fraser and was a close friend to The Rolling Stones (especially Brian Jones). He was also a guest at the infamous Redlands 1967 bust at Keith Richards house). Stash was also the percussionist with Vince Taylor's band. Viv Prince offered to manage him.

In 1966 Stash released a single in Denmark - 'Peace' and 'Chimes Of Freedom', it's hard to find but well worth the search.

Stash would make a thrilling interview for *Shindig!*

Keep up the good work!

**Gary Chong**

Ah yes - us and misspelt names and wrong picture captions eh? The guilty parties have been punished accordingly. I've read all about Stash in *Ugly Things* and he really does sound quite a character. A story to be told in these pages, for sure.

## LIVE PRETTIES ON DUTCH TV

**Hello Jon,**

In April 1965 when that legendary Pretty Things concert took place, Blokker was a rural village and a neighbour to Hoorn which is about 40km north of Amsterdam. Blokker is nowadays part of Hoorn. Jacco Gardner lives just around the corner.

The show was also televised "live" on Dutch national television. The Pretties did two performances on that afternoon of a national holiday. The first part of their performance was televised live but the second part was not. The unofficial reason

for cancelling it was because there were so many telephone complaints coming into the TV studio. What the callers complained about was never explained, but the performance was certainly not very conventional. Remember, it was 1965 and Holland was light years behind the UK.

It was always assumed that the second non-broadcast part was not recorded on tape as the first part has shown up on various illegal DVDs. However, it did show up several years ago and if you're interested in it, Mike Stax (of *Ugly Things*) can give you further information as he has a copy of the whole performance.

On 26th October last year the Pretties were scheduled to perform in Hoorn to commemorate their 50th Anniversary of performing in Blokker. Then came word from (manager) Mark St John that Phil had been taken to hospital for CDDP and the whole Dutch tour was cancelled, which was of course a disappointment.

Phil did not have to stay in hospital too long though and the good news is that new Dutch dates are being considered for May.

**Jan Baart**

Holland

*The world may have changed a lot, and morality too, but The Pretty Things' mid-60s recordings still sound wild, untamed and shocking. And that's good!*

## THE SAME OLD STORIES

**Hi Jon,**

First off, thanks to you and all your team. The weird thing is I am saying this as someone who only really likes half the music you cover! But after losing faith in *Record Collector* as it slowly tried to become *Mojo* I was glad to find a mag that told the stories I hadn't read 10 times... and you do it so well.

**Darren Keeping**

*Horses for courses, isn't it? But some of us want more... and as a result we give it. Thanks for hopping aboard the good ship Shindig!*

## STEELY DAN? YOU BET!

**Jon**

Reading through your Editorial I note that *Shindig!* intends to now take a slightly greater range and time frame for bands to cover. Well, great!

What I have to report mate, is that you, I and everyone, are all getting older and so becoming less restricted in our listening habits! Let's face it we've grown up through some amazing times for music, in my case from the '60s beat, pop, '70s prog, punk, new wave etc and I certainly feel privileged to have come through such times!

It won't happen again for my children, so let's celebrate!

You can now own up to liking different types of music with no fear of ridicule! Great isn't it? Liberating even.

Why stay pigeonholed in one type of music or era, surely it's a sign of ignorance and foolish prejudice. I won't expect to read about Slade, 10cc, Supertramp or Steely Dan in the pages of *Shindig!*, but at the grand old age of 57 it won't stop me liking them as well as most everything *Shindig!*, *Ugly Things* etc report on.

Keep up the great work looking forward to some new areas being covered.

**Glenn Evans**

*Oh yes, you have it. And hey, we have already covered Slade's fab film Flame and the early Strawberry days of the 10CC lads. Let's get some Supertramp and Dan in next. It's already been discussed. All of these acts continue the musical journey that we, and so many readers, started out on.*

Thank you to everyone who has been writing in with their comments, suggestions and general ponderings.

The top letter this issue was from **Glenn Evans** - a copy of the five star rated DVD *This Is Gary McFarland*, recently released by Century 67 films is on its way to you. The best letter printed in the next issue will receive a copy of Finders Keepers' sublime vinyl edition of the *Holy Mountain* soundtrack, so get writing!



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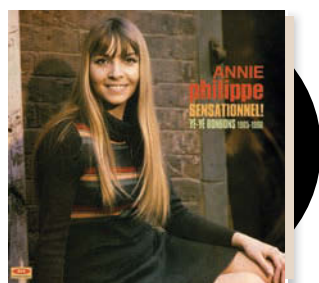


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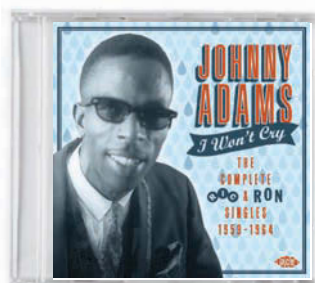
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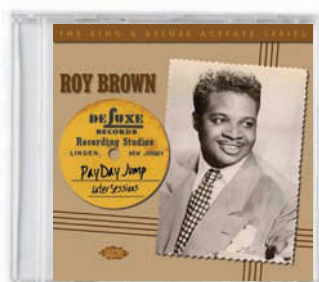
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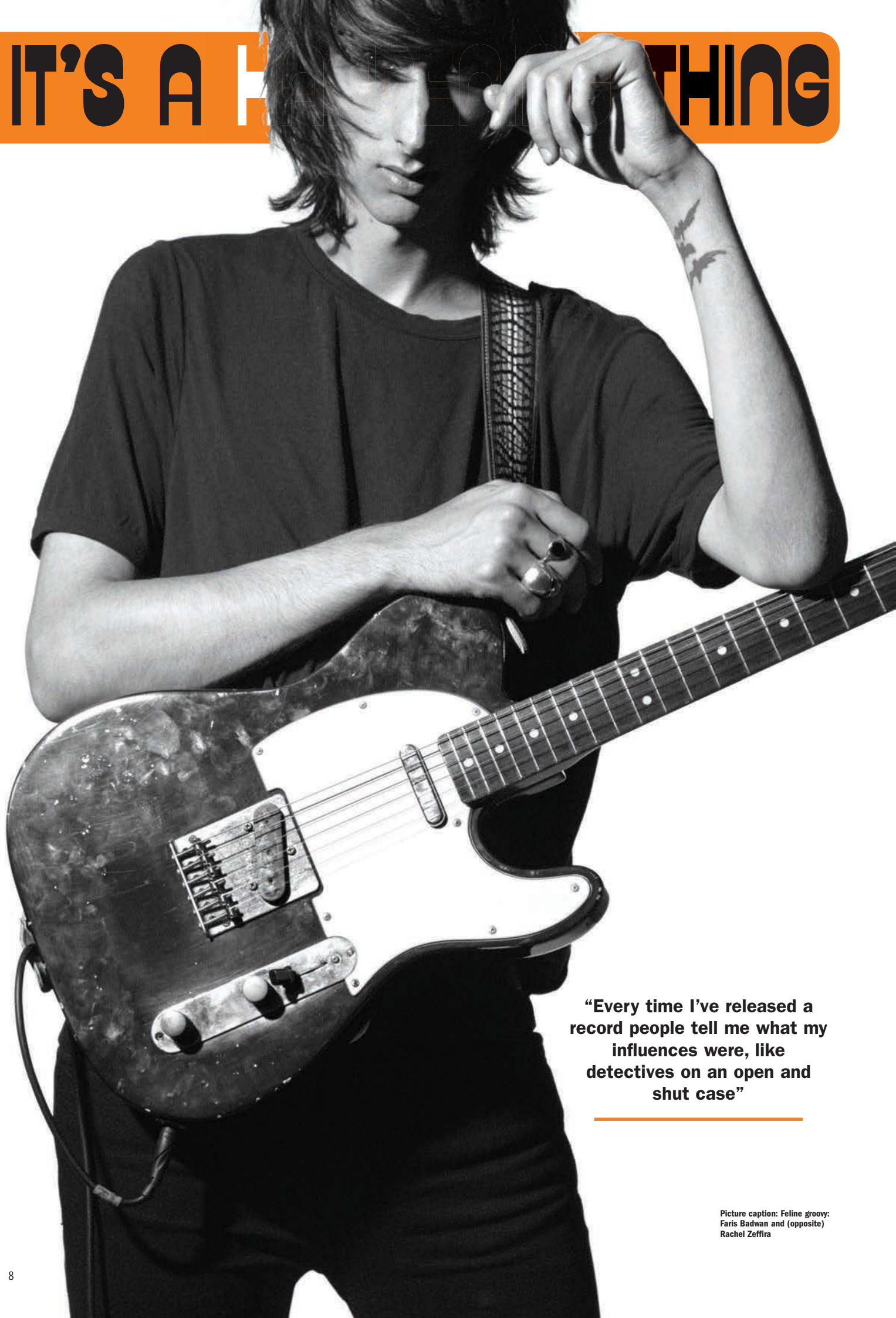
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# IT'S A Feline Groovy THING



**“Every time I’ve released a record people tell me what my influences were, like detectives on an open and shut case”**

---

Picture caption: Feline groovy:  
Faris Badwan and (opposite)  
Rachel Zeffira



# Night Crickets

**A haunting movie soundtrack by a Horror and his multi-talented girlfriend, CAT'S EYES' authentically '70s-orientated OST for Peter Strickland's latest critic's choice impresses on all counts. JON 'MOJO' MILLS ponders its muse with Rachel Zeffira and Faris Badwan**

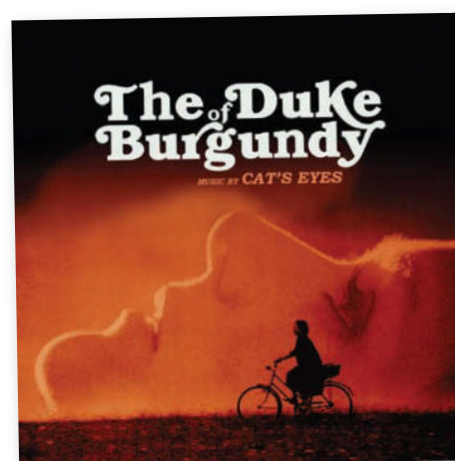
"I didn't listen to any scores at all because I'm terrified of accidentally plagiarising someone else's work," explains Rachel Zeffira, who along with her partner, The Horrors' Faris Badwan, composed the score for Peter Strickland's new movie *The Duke Of Burgundy*. That Broadcast were behind the eerie soundtrack for his previous film *Berberian Sound Studio* says it all, Strickland has taste. If the 2011 Cat's Eyes debut (the moniker Zeffira and Badwan record under) was perhaps indebted to Lee Hazlewood's orchestrated late '60s epics and the plaintive 'You're The Best Person I Know' certainly recalled the similarly femme-pop psych of Broadcast, it's the light, orchestrated euro styling of 'I'm Not Stupid' and 'I Knew It Was Over' that hint the most at their beautiful cinematic Strickland score.

"After reading the script, I started thinking of music for the characters or scenes –and Peter gave us a lot of freedom and trust to do what we wanted," says Zeffira of the writing process. "He also gave us a fair amount of musical references and for some of the scenes it was very important to keep the atmosphere from those references."

"We must have watched the film 50 times by the end, and there are so many memorable scenes there wasn't really any need for outside inspiration," concedes Badwan.

The forlorn, fragile opening credit truly captures that lush, organic vibe of Francoise Hardy's emotive, acoustic and orchestrated songs from the early '70s although this is

something Badwan laughs at. "Every time I've released a record people tell me what my influences were, like detectives on an open and shut case. There are usually some funny ones. I can't remember a single time we referred to a specific song of someone else's, apart from some of the temp music." Whilst not accusing the duo of theft, it is fair to say that with this score they utterly convey the feel of an erotically charged European art house movie. There are also nuances of those sweet but sad, classically intoned, sombre pieces Danny Elfman composed for Tim Burton (which was very apparent on debut album's 'I Knew It Was Over'). Considering this, Zeffira agrees. "Danny Elfman didn't come to mind... but I've always loved his score for *Edward Scissorhands* – the ice sculpting scene made a huge impact on me



when I was a kid so maybe it's in me somewhere.

"I had my heart set on recording bass clarinet, other than that I stuck with instruments that I play like the Cor Anglais," she joyously adds when discussing the richly orchestrated pieces. "The vocals were split between doing soprano stuff and then back to my Cat's Eyes voice." There's a noticeable, in fact complete, lack of Badwin's haunting baritone, but then this is a film about women. "I spent most of the sessions asleep in my chair," he laughs. "I enjoyed letting Rachel do all the work; it was remarkably stress-free."

The end result of Cat's Eyes score for *The Duke Of Burgundy* is a delightful, far easier listen than Broadcast's *Berberian Sound Studio*, that lilts and lolls the listener into a spooky reverie redolent of the early '70s Euro Art House experience. Anyone *au fait* with the period albums of the great cinematic masters will be grinning from ear to ear.

*The Duke Of Burgundy is out now on RAF*



# Hungry Like The Wolf

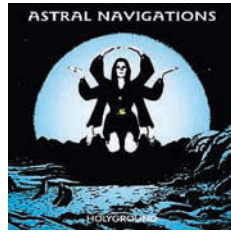
Spirited crate-digger **BEN GRAHAM** goes inside the box with **WOLF PEOPLE's Jack Sharp**

As well as being one of the country's finest psych-folk-rock bands, Wolf People are known to be inveterate crate diggers, whose mix tapes of choice psychedelic obscurities are almost as acclaimed as their own albums. Accordingly, they often get asked to list their favourite records. "It's always a bit different," Sharp admits. "I tried to include everyone as much as possible, so that we have a good spread across the band."

**"Gris Gris changed my life and made me think about music differently from the age of 16. Stick this LP on; you're in the swamp"**

## · **LIGHTYEARS AWAY/ THUNDERMOTHER**

· *Astral Navigations*  
(Holyground, 1971)



This is one of our all-time favourite albums and one that we talk about to anyone who'll listen. It's a joint album by two Yorkshire groups. Thundermother were the harder rocking of the two, with

· Lightyears Away being mainly a studio band to carry the amazing songs of Chris Coombs, who provides a suite for Side One [Lightyears Away also featured a young Bill Nelson, later of Be-Bop Deluxe fame]. This record offers hope for anyone making DIY bedroom records that  
· amazing magical recordings can be made with

· next to nothing. This whole LP is an enchanting thing to listen to, and represents true escapism to us.

## · **ALICE COOPER**

· *Pretties For You*  
(Straight, 1969)



Okay, yes it's THAT Alice Cooper, but this debut record is still fairly under the radar for such a well-known artist. Recorded for Zappa's Straight label, this LP represents everything that is

· good about experimental and psychedelic rock music. It sounds free and hairy, quite poorly recorded, but in a way that only adds to the excitement, and you have a feeling that the

Keeping in the lupine.  
Wolf People with Jack Sharp,  
left





music could go anywhere. The arrangements are bonkers. This is unselfconscious and genuinely insane music, and avoids using gimmicks and effects, relying on pure inventiveness and creative freedom.

## MIGHTY BABY

*Mighty Baby*  
(Head, 1969)



This is a well-known and well-loved record to a lot of people, but it remains fairly obscure in the wider scheme of things. Emerging from the chrysalis of The Action they stretch out with new recruits

Martin Stone and Ian Whiteman to make more progressive, expansive music – with emphasis on improvisation. The songs are fantastic, carried on soft harmonised voices interspersed with hypnotic fuzz solos and wild drumming. The perfect ingredients for very English psychedelia.

## DR JOHN THE NIGHT TRIPPER

*Gris Gris*  
(Atco, 1968)

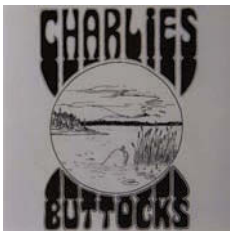


Not so obscure, but we think it's worthy of mention because a) it doesn't turn up in lists of psychedelic records very often despite being one of the most psychedelic artefacts ever produced and b) it

changed my life and made me think about music differently from the age of 16. Stick this LP on; you're in the swamp. It manages to be totally immersive in a way that few records can ever come close to. That is, for us, the essence of psychedelia.

## CHARLIES

*Buttocks*  
(Love, 1970)



This is a heavy psych masterpiece from Lahti, Finland that features a variety of jazzy instrumentation added to a bed of hard-rock guitars and beats. Like a lot of our favourite records

from this part of the world *Buttocks* fuses influences from English and American pioneers like Cream and Hendrix with the almost magical Scandi-Nordic sound that you can never quite describe (but must have something to do with midnight sun and endless forests). The production is lo-fi and gritty which makes for a rough but powerful album. They certainly seem to have been the heaviest band around in Finland at that time, and were fairly popular locally but never really made an impact outside of Finland and Sweden. Which is a shame, as riff for riff it's up there with Sabbath and Zeppelin!

*Wolf People* play Le Beat Bespoke on April 2nd

# Pugwash

After the praise heaped upon the major label-backed *The Olympus Sound* Ireland's astute harmony poppers approach their sixth outing. PHIL ISTINE discusses "subtle sonic booms" and singing to America with main man Thomas Walsh

Through having worked with such luminaries as Andy Partridge and Neil Hannon on their last album, and with Walsh running a concurrent side-project band with Hannon (the cricket-flavoured The Duckworth Lewis Method), Dublin quartet Pugwash's visibility has reached an all-time high. An amalgamation of guitar pop enthusiast Thomas Walsh's many passions – XTC, ELO, Kinks, Small Faces, Beach Boys – critics uniformly purred over the contents of *The Olympus Sound*, and it was nominated for the Choice Music Prize (essentially Ireland's Mercury Prize) in 2011.

And then America came calling. Last year, for the first time, North Americans could purchase their records over the counter, as Omnivore signed them up and released career overview compilation, *A Rose In A Garden Of Weeds*. Another door opens in this 20-year

story that is Pugwash. Walsh picks up the thread. "The release of *A Rose...* was a true new beginning for us, simply because it was all about America. We've always dreamed about getting to America because we always felt like we had something to say to Americans. They loved us: they are the reason I've kept going. *Almanac*, from 2002, became a cult album because the Americans picked up on it when I was selling it from home for just \$10 including postage (!), just to get copies out. We love America. It's something to concentrate on now. We love our home country but it's not doing it for us anymore, so we're off!"

The romance began in person with a tour last year and a further two are planned for this year, and by the time they get there the punters

**"We've always dreamed about getting to America because we always felt like we had something to say. They loved us: they are the reason I've kept going"**

will be treated to songs from their just completed sixth album. Recorded at Ray Davies' Konk Studios in Hornsey, North London, songs up for inclusion are 'Hung Ourselves Out To Dry', 'Silly Love', 'Oh Happy Days', 'Just So You Know', and 'The Fool I Had Become'. "It's an amazing studio," raves Walsh. "It has a great sound in the live room. It was great fun. Quick too, because we worked a lot more stringently this time around." Produced, as before, by Walsh himself alongside guitarist, organist, and vocalist Tosh Flood, this time out they enlisted the mighty engineering services of Guy Massey (known for The Beatles re-masters, Dr John, Bill Fay, The Coral and Spiritualized). Things ran so smoothly they did some tracks in one take. "Guy has this incredible knack of making bass and drums sound fantastic. We wanted that subtle sonic boom this time."

Their common touch with a melody and verse is central to the new songs. "The lyrics are usually true to my life and a lot of people latch onto that and get inspiration from that." And speaking of latching on, the band have, in true modern fashion, used the Pledge Music website to help fund its creation, with stunning results. "It's definitely the future for a band like us, because if we get 10,000 people downloading the album off the internet for free that kills us. That would be the difference between making another record and not, monetarily. We reached our goal in about 10 days. That was an incredible feat. We're very proud and honoured. We have the best fans in the world."

*The as-yet untitled new album is due in June on Omnivore*



Shaun, Joey and Tosh recording in Konk Studio. Thomas is behind the lens



# Mellow Combination

Chicago guitar maestro RYLEY WALKER returns with a trippy, eclectic sophomore set just a year after his acclaimed debut. “I love that feeling of being completely gone,” he tells JEREMY ISAAC

“The True American Guitar Player keeps close *compadres* and heady company,” says Ryley Walker, referencing the moniker given to him by Indiana-based label Dead Oceans. “Community, jamming and respecting the old-school heads while always looking forward is crucial.”

Just 12 months after *Shindig!* first met him, the 25-year-old Midwestern singer-songwriter is describing his second album, *Primrose Green*, which expands the traditional folk influences of Bert Jansch, Tim Buckley and Anne Briggs heard on his debut, *All Kinds Of You*, to draw on a host of diverse genres, including a liberal dose of psychedelia on the title track. “Having a tune dedicated to psychedelic substances is nothing new,” Walker observes. “Songwriters lamenting about their favourite thing that fucks them up has been in music since the dawn of time. A lot of people think primrose green is weed or something. It’s actually a cocktail of whiskey and water distilled with morning glory seeds. It’s a pretty mellow combination that my friends and I made because we had nothing else to do at the time.”

Elsewhere, the eclectic, self-penned mix of

tightly crafted songs and improvisational works range from Scots/Irish and Appalachian music to jazz and rock. “Drawing on far-out modern sounds and traditional tunes from all parts of the world is important to me,” Walker explains. “I’m always excited to learn and play more

**“Community, jamming and respecting the old-school heads while always looking forward is crucial”**

diverse styles – it keeps me going.” His studio crew is the best: “Everybody on the record is a dear friend,” he smiles. “I knew from the start that I wanted to play with jazz musicians. Everybody involved is a big part of the contemporary jazz and improv scene here in Chicago. They’re all incredibly confident, focused musicians of an insane calibre. Jazz textures go really well with the tunes I write – they’re all left wide open for everybody to improvise and change every time we perform them.”

Keyboard wiz Ben Boye and virtuoso guitarist

Brian Sulpizio have already been heard on *All Kinds Of You*. Also joining Walker on *Primrose Green* are drummer Frank Rosaly and upright bass player Anton Hatwich, with Fred Lonberg-Holm on cello and Whitney Johnson on viola. “Ben created the heady, psychedelic ambience that I wanted for this record,” Walker reveals, “and Frank is the best drummer there is. When I see Anton play a free jazz gig I nearly die – we get a real special thing when we jam. I play all the acoustic guitar parts, and the electric is all my best friend and room-mate Brian. He’s a truly wicked, tasteful player.”

Walker is now much busier than when we met a year ago, with US, European and UK gigs set for the Spring, which leaves little time for writing and recording. “New tunes are always being worked on,” he says. “I have little couplets and riffs in my brain that I’m always piecing together. They’re just young things now, but I can’t wait to watch them grow. There are also lots of unreleased tunes, but nothing ready for release yet. I’m still trying to convince people to buy the actual records!”

*Primrose Green is out March 30th on Dead Oceans*

You're no fern anymore.  
Ryley Walker





# South West Is Best

It's not just California that's full of turned-on people, the south-west of England is too. **MAGIC BUS** combine the jazz-tinged progressive pop of the Canterbury sound with the fluid jamming of San Francisco to great effect. That they don't even know any modern acts makes them even better.

**JON 'MOJO' MILLS** feels the music



Too much, Magic Bus

Ideally all fans of psychedelic music and progressive pop should know of Magic Bus – and no, they aren't a Who tribute act. Magic Bus are an altogether delightful affair; a proper progressive group that recall the late '60s through mid-70s rather than being aspirational "nu-prog". Singer/songwriter and guitarist Paul Evans further confirms their perfectly out of time, and "of it", perceptions of the now. "I wouldn't say we feel part of a scene," he says regarding suggestions of current acts that are playing the same field. "I haven't heard many of the new bands anyway," he laughs. "The late '60s and early '70s is still the river of inspiration for us." Magic Bus have clearly sipped from the cup of the first three Caravan albums and possess that same lazy, sunny day, flute-laced pastoralism of Canterbury's finest sons. They have the sound, temperament and affection nailed. You may also pick up on the freewheeling feel of the West Coast bands that also informed many of Caravan's contemporaries, notably Mighty Baby. "Yes," says Paul, "we love the West Coast bands too: The Grateful Dead, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Jefferson Airplane. There's magic in that music." Records that inform the band number the Dead's *Blues For Allah*, Steve Hillage's *Fish Rising*, Soft Machine's second and Syd's Floyd's *Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* whilst cinematic inspiration include token stoner classics *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Soylent Green* and *The Holy Mountain*.

Based in Totnes, Devon where there are, as Paul explains, "still good pockets of 'Heads'... and we've got the moors, woods, seaside, organic beansprouts and chanting Yoga-heads" these long haired peace loving men and lady

live entirely in their own universe, separate from the demands of the big city and music industry. That they feature one time Kula Shaker member and Oasis sideman, Jay Darlington, matters little. It isn't leading to clueless A&Rs chasing after the band due to a relatively renowned member anyway, which brings relief. "Certainly Jay is a living in the moment kind of cat," chuckles Paul. "We're kindred spirits and have a great laugh. His knowledge of psych and prog is second to none. We're lucky to have him on board." If Darlington's signature organ, synths and Mellotron are impressive, Paul's subtle guitar and laconic voice, Terence Waldstradt's

**"We've got the moors, woods, seaside, organic beansprouts and chanting Yoga-heads"**

impressively tactile lead guitar and Viv Goodwin's cheerful flute add equally to the mix, supported by the kind of period rhythm section that does more than enough, but never too much.

Their 2011 self-titled debut album and a seven-inch for the acclaimed Static Caravan led to this very publication shouting their praises from the roof tops, and now with the even better follow-up, *Transmissions From Socmore's Garden*, they hammer their undeniably hippy credentials to the mast.

*Transmissions From Socmore's Garden is out now on the band's own label.*  
[www.magicbusband.co.uk](http://www.magicbusband.co.uk)

## IT'S A HAPPENING THING

### WHAT'S IN A LABEL?

Since 2011, Copenhagen's **EL PARAISO** has been the home of a forward-looking mélange of improvised electric jazz, kosmische, and heavy psychedelic rock.

**Jonas Munk and Jakob Skøtt** explain their vision



Jakob Skøtt and Jonas Munk

**How did El Paraiso come about?**

We had been considering starting our own thing for a while; we'd been discussing ideas for album series and artwork concepts, and when we couldn't find anyone to release the first two *Pewt'r Sessions* we decided that it was a good time to set it up. I had also recently been in the studio with Papir, recording their album *Stundum* – another fantastic record that needed a home – so it seemed like a good time to get something going by ourselves instead of relying on other people's decisions.

**Your philosophy?**

None of the acts on El Paraiso are interested in doing mere retro pastiche. It's not about dressing up and copying late '60s rock or krautrock from the '70s perfectly. Even when Causa Sui is doing something that is obviously indebted to '60s electric blues or something, it's coloured by other things as well. It's obvious we're looking at that stuff from a new angle, a point of view that's probably distinctly 2000-and-something. It's not necessarily what we're looking at that defines what we do, but *how* we're looking at it – the vision.

**How do you decide what to release?**

First and foremost it has to *feel* like an El Paraiso Records release. We've had quite a few submissions that could become quite big, sales-wise, which we didn't pick up, but that is the least important criteria. We have to be involved, if not physically – playing, recording, mastering – then at least on a mentality level.

**What does the future hold?**

A label in this day and age is a very fragile thing. It's only rolling because people are buying the records every time we put something out. It's gonna change in a natural way, but who knows into what. That's what makes it interesting, the uncertainty of the whole thing – it keeps you striving and focused on the release in front of you.



# Team Rock 'n' Roll

**It's hard to imagine much of the classic West Coast sound without the exquisite playing of THE WRECKING CREW. A new film lifts the lid on how the magic happened.**

**PHIL ISTINE breaks rocks with director Denny Tedesco**

Denny Tedesco's father Tommy was the guitar mainstay of LA's session musician conglomerate, The Wrecking Crew. Whether backing Frank or Nancy Sinatra, The Monkees, The Byrds, The Beach Boys or scores of others, the team delivered the songs that united a generation. Denny began filming the documentary in 1995 as a tribute to his ailing father. It is finally released after 19 years of legal wrangles and financial toing and froing.

## On growing up under the shadow of fame...

"It was Mom that kept us going. I look at my Dad's work books and realise I didn't see him for days on end – gone in the morning and home late at night. The fact that I don't remember it being a problem says a lot about my Mom keeping us straight."

## On beginning the film...

"The first interview we did was with Hal Blaine, Carol Kaye and Plas Johnson at a round table. That was fun. I put them there and let them talk. I wanted the interview be like [Woody Allen's] *Broadway Danny Rose*. Guys sitting around just BS-ing. My father kept it going – he knew what I needed. I interviewed Dad about eight months after the first round table and six months before he passed. The time took so much out of him."

## On struggling to get backing...

"The worst time was after the success in the film festivals. We won awards and audiences



**"We won awards and audiences were giving it standing ovations, and no one cared"**



were giving it standing ovations, and no one cared. I tried every company to look at it but they didn't see what we kept seeing. They saw the truth about the economics of documentaries. The cost of paying off the music was too much for them to be able to make money on the film.

"For years everyone kept saying you should do Kickstarter. People started really spreading the word and many championed the cause to tell the story."

## On the film's appeal...

"It would be almost impossible for someone in the audience not to know some of the music. But there were other common dominators that I didn't intentionally plan on. The fact I'm losing my father in the making of the film strikes many folk my age."

## On the interviews...

"Many had surprises but one of my favourites was Jimmy Webb. Sixty minutes of gold; so articulate and poetic."

## On making another documentary...

"I'm telling people only if it's a solo kazoo player and they only play a classical song with no licensing issues."

*The Wrecking Crew is out on March 13th in North America – in selected cinemas and as a digital download. Its release in the rest of the world is slated for later in the year*

"Come on Hal, get your finger out." Mr Blaine sits at the heart of the crew (this pic); Denny Tedesco with his father Teddy (top); Hal and Glen Campbell





# Sea Of Tranquility

What has made the third MOON DUO album such a mighty beast?

PHIL ISTINE speaks to moonwalker Ripley Johnson to find out

"I always get a lot of inspiration from primitive rock sounds," begins Moon Duo's Ripley Johnson. "I'm listening to The Gories and it makes me want to head down to the basement and warm up the amps. For the album sound we wanted to do something that was sort of future primitive, lo-fi, sci-fi rock 'n' roll. We incorporated more synth sounds, but also more dirt."

Also citing "confusing or surreal dystopian fiction" as having a major impact on their thinking, Ripley Johnson is not your average rock 'n' roll delinquent. More attuned with Buddhism than excess, he straddles the worlds of intellectualism and primitivism with nary a hint of contradiction. For those who don't know the back-story, the band formed in 2009, when the Wooden Shijps guitarist and Sanae Yamada (partners in life, not just music) began putting together their favourite pillars of music – the future psychedelic electronica of Suicide and Silver Apples alongside the fuzzed-up abandon of classic American rock 'n' roll.

The duo recorded the bare bones of third album *Shadow Of The Sun* in the unfamiliar environment of a dark Portland basement, but as usual for them it was by no means a breeze. "Recording an album is a weird process," Ripley quickly points out. "We always struggle with it." Finished off in studios in Portland and San Francisco, this time around they developed some of the album ideas with the help of a new recruit – Canadian drummer John Jeffrey, hired sight unseen after meeting the band's manager in Berlin. Given all their songs just before a European tour in 2013, Jeffrey learned to play all of the beats, including the percussion overdubs, simultaneously. "He's a machine," Ripley enthuses, "a really dynamic, expressive drummer."

The resultant pulsing space rock sees some souped-up riffing ride the wave of the metronomic beat to differing degrees, but

always able to open the mind a little wider. The disc runs the gauntlet of extremes. 'Animal' has the loose, acid-punk viciousness not readily associated with them (it could almost be Iggy sneering those dead-eyed lines), whilst the seven minute plus 'Ice' beds down each night with Krautrock and ambient house. At the mention of the album's uncharted cadence – those off-kilter rhythms that give birth to their cosmic trucker boogies – *Shindig!* suggests some EDM might have come to influence the record, but apparently it's always been there, lurking in the *Shadow*. "I like music that's danceable. We're really into rock 'n' roll, you know, with the roll included. And we like repetition and long jams, so it sort of overlaps with some EDM moves because of that."

**"I like music that's danceable. We're really into rock 'n' roll, you know, with the roll included"**

Being off tour and having the time and space to reflect upon their trajectory so far has done them the world of creative good. But it did cause some unquiet moments, as Ripley is happy to point out. "I think it was partly all of the travelling, then being stopped still very suddenly, and the world keeps spinning past. I guess it's just an existential moment. An unmooring. All of sudden the ground beneath your feet no longer feels solid. What's my reference point for reality? Intellectually, I know there is none. So I just say to myself, 'anicca', (the Buddhist cycle of birth, life and death) and get on with writing songs."

Long may he continue to do so.

*Shadow Of The Sun is out now on Sacred Bones*

Lunar eclipse. Sanae and Ripley



IT'S A HAPPENING THING

## Grasp The Misunderstood

Glenn Campbell is back in the Misunderstood wagon and careering to London – with a little help from an Ugly Thing. PHIL ISTINE pours a golden glass



**Shindig!:** The Misunderstood are playing Le Beat Bespoke psychedelic weekend at Easter. Why now?

**Glenn Campbell:** I agreed to give it a go as a favour to Mike Stax to whom I owe so much, particularly for setting the record straight on The Misunderstood in *Ugly Things*. The Misunderstood are not "reforming" as such – I was invited to London to play a set of Misunderstood songs with Mike and The Loons backing me. We have corresponded with all the other original members and have their blessings.

**SD!:** The Misunderstood released so few songs. What else can people expect in the set?

**GC:** The set will be made up of at least seven songs from (Cherry Red's) *Before The Dream Faded* CD, a couple of Juicy Lucy songs, and the rest to be discussed with The Loons!

**SD!:** Do you still have your '60s lap steel?

**GC:** Sadly I don't have the original lap steel – it was stolen in London – so I have reconstructed one out of bits and pieces I had lying around. It's appropriately nicknamed "Frankensteal".

**SD!:** What are you up to these days?

**GC:** I've been living in New Zealand since the late '80s. At one point I was working with 10 different bands at the same time and never got double booked! When I arrived the club's heyday was almost over so I survived mainly on studio work and a day job as a technician. I have done jazz studio work, movie soundtracks, played a lot of country, and am now doing more Americana-style recording and gigs. I haven't played Misunderstood-style music since the '60s, except for two gigs with The Loons in San Diego, and a short experimental attempt with original singer Rick Brown, in California, in the '80s.

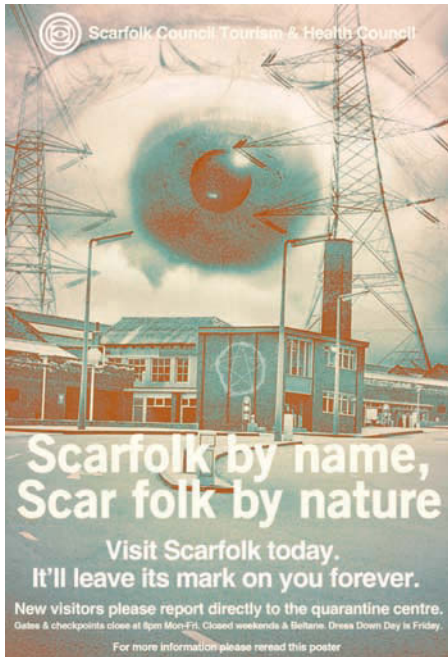
Glenn Campbell's Misunderstood play 229 The Venue in London on April 3rd. They warm up at San Diego's The Casbah on March 28th



# For Tourists And Other Trespassers

The sleep-depriving frights of '70s public information films, moral panic-inducing warning posters and the era that sublimated fear in anything, or anyone, different from the status quo fuel and fire Richard Littler's *DISCOVERING SCARFOLK*. The book, which follows hot on the heels of the successful blog, combines a lysergic horror narrative with Littler's cleverly twisted design parodies.

**JON 'MOJO' MILLS** and the author discuss death on railway tracks, Krynoids and Ghostbox whilst keeping one eye on strangers, pylons and farm machinery



**Shindig:** *Shindig's* editors are in their mid-40s too and grew up in a state of media enforced fear. What is it about this period?

**Richard Littler:** Up until the early to mid-80s, there was still very much an attitude of "unless it hurts, it's not good for you" – both physically and psychologically. Right up to the end of my school days, for example, children still routinely received corporal punishment for even the pettiest of misdemeanours. And the state seemed to believe that if it frightened you (via public information campaigns, for example) you were more likely to comply.

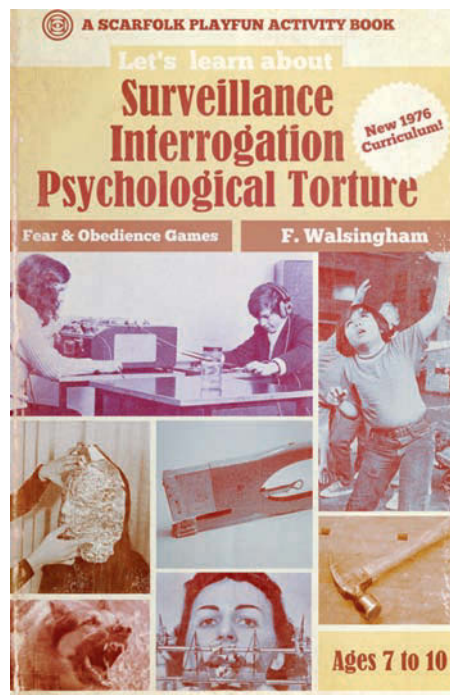
**SD:** Is there one specific image, broadcast or childhood memory that you can trace Scarfolk's beginnings back to?

**RL:** It's possible that Scarfolk is my ongoing search for the exact source of my feelings about, and memories of, my '70s British childhood. But it's not nostalgia, which I think is more concerned with fondness for the past. Scarfolk doesn't view the past through rose-tinted spectacles. Ultimately, I think it's impossible to trace one specific image because the elusive feelings are a result of accumulating factors. And it's as much about what you can't remember as what you can. As soon as you recall too much detail the dream is broken. However, some images do stand out: dead and injured children on the railway lines in *The*

*Finishing Line* public information film; *Doctor Who's* opening titles and the Krynoids he faced in 1976; the faceless girl in the title sequence of the '78 children's TV programme *Come Back Lucy*; images of spontaneous human combustion in *The Unexplained* magazine.

**SD:** Did Scarfolk's aesthetics and those of the similarly-inclined Ghost Box collective evolve together by coincidence?

**RL:** Ghost Box predates Scarfolk by some years, but I think our aesthetics did probably evolve concurrently, if that makes sense, because our cultural references are the same; we're pointing to and imitating exactly the same period artefacts: the darker children's television



programmes, Penguin/Puffin/Pelican books, the resurgent interest in British folklore and the occult, the minutiae of '70s everyday ephemera. That's not to say that artists and designers including Julian House don't inspire me now; House is very talented and he captures the look perfectly. He has also given his work for Ghost Box a contemporary edge, which is something Scarfolk, by its nature, cannot do.

**SD:** The narrative is gripping. What inspired it?

**RL:** As an adult, I'm not a particularly die-hard fan of horror as a genre, though like many boys

I was equally scared by and drawn to lurid examples of it, which were ubiquitous in the '70s. But I'd always wanted to play with or hybridise the genre so that it worked for me personally. I felt that a Scarfolk story warranted a nod in that direction, so I re-familiarised myself with the genre and revisited John Wyndham and David Lynch, as well as British

**"Scarfolk is my ongoing search for the exact source of my feelings about, and memories of, my '70s British childhood"**

film classics such as *Séance On A Wet Afternoon*, *Bunny Lake Is Missing*, *The Innocents*, and, of course, *The Wicker Man* and *Hammer*. I also re-watched Marx Brothers movies because they have very simple "coat hanger" story structures on which set pieces and vignettes are hung, and parody academic writing, which I've been copy-editing for a few years. Academics tend to include in their monographs innumerable and convoluted footnotes, the idea of which I stole. It's important that Scarfolk adapts to whichever format it's migrating to.

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# Valley Of Sadness

**MARCO ROSSI** salutes musical colossus **DEMIS ROUSSOS**, who died on January 25th



For many Britons, Demis Roussos ostensibly remains a (substantial) figure of fun: wide open to parodic over-embellishment, forever (and ever) synonymous with “Ouzo-fuelled Greek package holiday euphoria. Commendably, ’70s womanhood – not least Abigail of the titular party – swooned over his careworn cocktail olive eyes, burst-mattress tonsure and bogbrush beard, despite the fact that the be-robed crooner essentially resembled a fully-laden banquet table beneath which a frightened lady appeared to be bleating for deliverance.”

I wrote that in *Shindig!* in 2010, so I patently wasn’t averse to chipping in with cheap northern nightclub ribaldry. But then, I already knew about Demis’ appropriately robust attitude to his strapping mid-season deportment – “I had a lot of fun with it, and made a lot of money with it,” he genially remarked – and besides, I was coming at it from a position of adoration.

Through the *Shindig!* prism, the 60 million records Demis is reputed to have sold in his solo career are an irrelevance (1971’s *Fire And Ice* excepted) next to his ’68-71 output as the bassist/vocalist with Aphrodite’s Child. Lack of space precludes a full discussion of their fitful brilliance, but those florid, emotive European hits (‘Rain And Tears’, ‘The End Of The World’, ‘It’s Five O’Clock’, ‘I Want To Live’) bear comparison with the contemporaneous, nakedly unequivocal, Robin Gibb-sung Bee Gees ballads. Meanwhile, their uniquely sleepy pop-sike initiatives – ‘Plastics Nevermore’, ‘The Other People’, ‘Valley Of Sadness’ – were infused with a palpably Greek sensibility, never more manifest than in the impressionistic, broiling set-pieces ‘The Grass Is No Green’, ‘The Shepherd And The Moon’ and ‘Day Of The Fool’. Demis sings, celestially, with unconstrained passion throughout: a soul vocalist by any other name.

And then, of course, there’s the monolithic 666 – a saturnine interpretation of the Apocalypse of St John which, you may recall, was set to be publicised by Salvador Dalí, co-ordinating the bombing of La Sagrada Família with “elephants, hippos, whales and archbishops carrying umbrellas”. Real archbishops. In ’85, Demis became a five-day captive of the Lebanese militants Hezbollah when an Athens-Rome flight was hijacked: but he didn’t sing to his captors. That part was a beautiful fiction, succinctly described by Demis as “bollocks”. (Hezbollah, surely.) Like everyone else, I wanted to believe that Demis charmed the weapons right out of the hijackers’ hands: however, given that the ordeal led him to subsequently “promote peace through music” with characteristic devotion, he symbolically disarmed everyone for the rest of his performing life.

**GRAY NEWELL** remembers **KIM FOWLEY** – musical visionary and counter-cultural icon

With a career spanning over five decades, Kim Fowley will forever hold a unique place in the history of rock. The son of Hollywood acting parents, the self-styled Svengali of Sunset Strip was a ubiquitous presence on many a scene, always on the look out for new talent. As a producer, writer, and mentor, Fowley endeavoured to bring out the best and most memorable performance he could in each and every artist he worked with – even if his methods were sometimes distinctly unorthodox.

It’s impossible to condense Kim’s expansive career in to a few paragraphs. He had his first major success as the producer of ‘Alley Oop’ by The Hollywood Argyles in 1960, hitting the #1 spot again a couple of years later with ‘Nut Rocker’, the Tchaikovsky-influenced instrumental he penned for Bumble & The Stingers. He would go on to work with a huge variety of artists, from The Murmaids to The Seeds, through to Helen Reddy and Kiss and innumerable others, though he is probably best known for his work with The Runaways in the ’70s.

A master of promotion and a self-proclaimed genius, Fowley was also remarkably self deprecating, revelling in odious titles such as the ‘King Of The Creeps’, ‘Son Of Frankenstein’ and ‘The Lord Of Garbage’. *Outrageous*, his solo LP from ’69, played up to this, with Kim doing his utmost to put the “foul” in Fowley. Record executive Russ Thyret famously burned a copy of the record in disgust. Few people know that Kim studied stand up comedy in the ’50s under the tutelage of Lenny Bruce’s mother, explaining perhaps the subversive humour that permeates much of his solo work which often edges close to the more puerile and perverse reaches of the comedic spectrum.

Even as Kim battled the bladder cancer that he would finally succumb to, he and his soul mate Kara were married in September 2014, while his final recordings, credited to Kim Fowley’s Psychedelic Dogs, were released in December.

On the day Kim passed into eternity, ‘Cherry Bomb’, the song he co-wrote with Joan Jett for The Runaways, was riding high in the charts as part of the platinum-selling *Guardians Of The Galaxy* soundtrack album. Although he may no longer be a living legend Kim’s legendary status will continue for as long as disciples of “Fowleyanity” are here to remember him.



IT’S A HAPPENING THING

## GOOD NEWS

That all-seeing eye never fully went away. Forty-five years since splitting the Texan psych trail-blazers return. **The 13th Floor Elevators** – Roky Erickson, Tommy Hall, John Ike Walton and Ronnie Leatherman – are scheduled to play **Levitation** festival, which takes place between May 8th and 10th, at Carson Creek Ranch in their native Austin, Texas. The reunion is one thing, but to have all surviving original members is something else. Will further shows happen? Keep checking in with *Shindig!* to find out. [www.austinspsychfest.com](http://www.austinspsychfest.com)

To celebrate the release of *Nothing More: The Collected Fotheringay*, the surviving members of short-lived early ’70s folk-rock outfit **Fotheringay** – guitarist Jerry Donahue, bassist Pat Donaldson and drummer Gerry Conway – will reconvene for a week of live dates in June. Further details are sketchy at the time of going to press but the line-up is completed by US guitarist PJ Wright and vocalists Kathryn Roberts and Sally Barker. The box set is available from March 30th. [www.sandydennyofficial.com](http://www.sandydennyofficial.com)

Everyone likes a good B-movie. Not high art or credible film-making, but trashy, lurid exploitation. UK actor turned budget director Graham Fletcher-Cook turns in the gritty murder movie **Blood & Carpet**, set in vice-ridden ’60s London. Featuring a fine turn from one of our favourite new bands, **The Magnetic Mind**, it’s one for lo-fi loons everywhere and available to download now. [www.bloodandcarpet.com](http://www.bloodandcarpet.com)

Actor **Jason Lee** and director **Eric Noren** have produced and directed a new live concert film, **Midlake: Live in Denton, TX**, for long-time Bella Union favourites **Midlake**. The footage was captured at the iconic concert venue Dan’s Silverleaf in Midlake’s hometown of Denton, where the band had stopped off to play a local show while on tour promoting their fourth album *Antiphon*. The result is a beautifully photographed 90-minute film that is both a live concert film and documentary homage to their hometown.

**Zutons** fans will be glad to learn that Dave McCabe will return this May for a string of dates with new band Dave McCabe & The Ramifications. “I wanted to do something that wasn’t a guitar record,” he explains. “There’s loads of music I’ve always been into, things like Kraftwerk, Depeche Mode, Human League, more electronic stuff that was totally different to what we did in The Zutons.” The ‘Time & Place’ video is on YouTube; the as-yet untitled album is set for spring release.

**Edgar Broughton Band**’s 1970 freak-rock/counter-culture classic, ‘Out Demons Out’, is the subject of a campaign to get the song to #1 during the week of the UK general election on May 7th. The band is behind it – whether the general public is remains to be seen.





# HAPPENING RIGHT NOW



## Blossoms

Psychedelia shoved through the pop keyhole, courtesy of northern England's latest self-assured quintet. **MICHAEL HALPIN** holds a tape recorder under their noses

Psych-pop riffs, intriguing vocal melodies and an absorbing film noir aesthetic have all combined to result in newcomers Blossoms being championed here in the UK by, amongst others, The Charlatans, XFM, BBC 6 Music and BBC Radio 1. Something of an achievement for a band who told *Shindig!* recently, "We want to be heard by everyone... at school discos, office parties, the radio ... everywhere."

Blossoms have emerged fully formed from North West England's rich musical landscape (in their case Stockport), and right now they appear to be strong contenders for a period of unbridled success in 2015. They describe their sound as "ethereal nostalgic sonance" and lead singer Tom Ogden possesses a chilling Richard Ashcroft-style baritone which also contains elements of Nick Cave's glorious vocal rasp – the notes at the lower end of Ogden's vocal register giving Blossoms' songs something of a timeless quality. To add further fuel to such fires Ogden also possesses the precious gift of that classic wide-eyed front-man glare, hinting at

hidden depths beneath the surface which, given time, will come to fruition. Sprinklings of The Doors, The Mysterians and early Deep Purple are all evident in the musical arsenal, as well as hints of both Wire and Echo & The Bunnymen coming to the fore within their perfectly stirred

**"When the man who has written some of the greatest guitar tunes of the last 10 years invites you to go to his house for tea you have to pinch yourself"**

psych-pop cauldron. It is also no mean feat that already one can ponder, with much enthusiasm, what direction their future musical creations may take.

Their debut single, 'Blow', produced by The Coral's James Skelly, was quickly picked up on by Steve Lamacq, who broadcast the band

playing live in session from Maida Vale studios last year. The release of follow-up single 'Cut Me And I'll Bleed', again produced by Skelly, is likely only to increase their audience further. The opportunity to work with Skelly came after he heard 'You Pulled A Gun On Me', another of their earliest compositions. Bassist Charlie Salt relays the story as "he heard it, loved it and was like, 'You're a fucking boss. Come and jam with me.' When the man who has written some of the greatest guitar tunes of the last 10 years invites you to go to his house for tea you have to pinch yourself. It's an absolute pleasure to have the writer of *Butterfly House* working with us, not to mention the back catalogue of The Coral and the respect he's gained."

Resplendent in Beatnik black polo-necks with Scott Walker-aping monastery keys hung around their necks, it remains to be seen whether or not Blossoms intend to study Gregorian chanting, as was once Scott Walker's wish, but Charlie insists that their appearance is actually a reaction to "Jacamo, Freddie Flintoff and banter. We wear black on the outside but black isn't how we feel on the inside... Anyone who buys whatever Flintoff's donning and uses the word 'banter' doesn't really hold a place or portfolio for criticism, do they?" Charlie suitably concludes.

'Cut Me And I'll Bleed' is out now on *Skeleton Key*. Blossoms tour the UK throughout March



# Taman Shud

A band like no other: music, drugs, the occult are all part of their blackening tapestry. JOE BANKS meets the necro-psycheteers

"We're definitely a psychedelic band, inspired by visionary experiences and non-normal states of consciousness. But we're not the flower-power kind of psych. We're into black magic, demonology and terror..."

So say Taman Shud, purveyors of a monstrously dense concoction of grinding bass riffs, serpentine guitar licks, garage-punk organ, and chanted vocals. It's head-

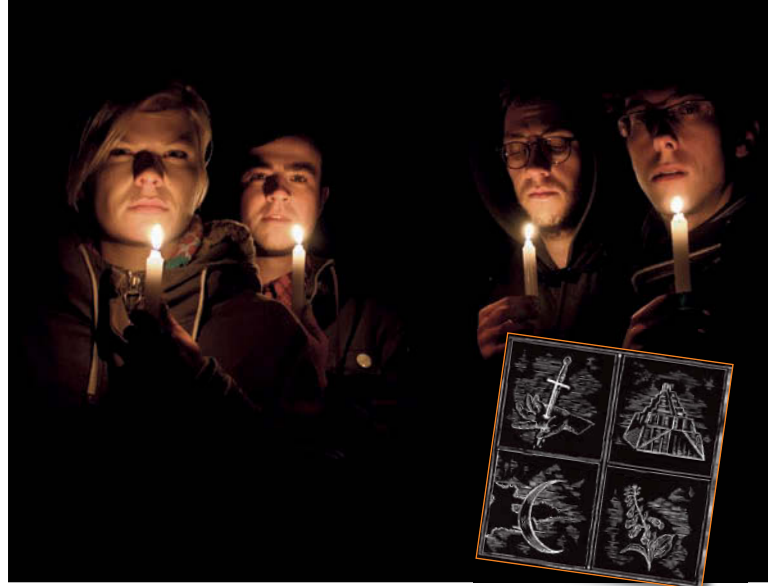
that are the very definition of "heavy". "The Ziggurat, A Mirage" and the title track are particularly astonishing in this respect, both conjuring a sense of something mysterious and terrible looming out of the darkness.

Named after a famous unsolved murder case in Australia (which also inspired Tamam Shud, Sydney's similarly-named psych/prog

**"Magic and music have been used by the counterculture for years as tools for clawing back imaginative space"**

spinning stuff more in the vein of *The Exorcist* than 'Granny Takes A Trip'. Their just released debut album *Viper Smoke* alternates between up tempo cave rockers (making like a blasted, speed-freak version of *Nuggets*) and slower-paced cosmic death marches

pioneers), our intrepid Londoners have carved out a powerful and distinctive sound driven by the twin bass engines of Derry Tomlinson and Tasha Vorontsova (who also plays organ). The line-up's completed by Greg Hilditch on guitar and singing drummer Nick Richardson. So how



did they forge this sound? "For ages we fuffed about trying to do these fiddly punky compositions, but then one day we all had this gnostic hangover and just let the music play itself, and suddenly all these incredible heavy jams started forming. We became a channel for the elder gods."

While doom metal and no wave are cited as influences alongside Japanese psych bands such as Mainliner and Fushitsusha, a fascination with arcane knowledge has also heavily shaped the band's philosophy. As they explain it, "magic and music have been used

by the counterculture for years as tools for clawing back imaginative space. We are continuing that work. When we started, our involvement with the occult was limited to hanging out drinking Red Stripe in Epping Forest and playing with swords, but we have since been absorbed by a large and growing network of sorcerers, many of whom are also artists, musicians and writers."

Taman Shud: the happening sound of the young occult underground.

*Viper Smoke is out now on Trashmouth*

# Fogbound

Summoning the best classic British mod-psych sounds is all in a day's work for these fast-rising Spaniards. ASHLEY NORRIS battles the weather to meet them

If you know your psych you'll almost certainly be aware that Fogbound is the title of one of the standout tracks from Michael Lloyd's classic *Sgt Pepper* meets *Pet Sounds* opus *The Smoke* from 1968. It's also the moniker of one of the most exciting new bands to come

out of southern Europe in quite a while, a band named partly after The Smoke classic and partly after the occasional mists of their city, A Coruña in northern Spain. Their debut single caused some serious ripples last year and now they're back with the follow-up.

Fogbound play old school freakbeat, but with massive psych twists, and their swirly sounds are driven along by a classic Hammond L-100. "Foggy" seems an ideal way to describe them. Take 'Kicking Eucalyptus Leaves', one side of the new single, which also owes a debt to countless post-60s bands

British covers in our set including 'Strange House' (The Attack), 'In The Deep End' (The Artwoods) and 'Lovers From The Sky' (Contact). It also turns out that A Coruña houses a thriving psych scene. "There are '60s parties almost every weekend!" says Fabio. "It's a familiar and lovely scene. I

**"There are '60s parties almost every weekend in A Coruña. It's a familiar and lovely scene"**

(with particular nods to The Prisoners and The Clique). Older tracks, which you can find on their Soundcloud page, are just as urgent, exciting and mind-blowing.

Given their Swinging London sound it is no surprise to discover that the band is completely obsessed by the period. Fabio Mahía (lead vocals, guitar) explains how "the first British psychedelia era is our greatest influence – from Pink Floyd to The Attack, amongst many others. We include a host of

personally adore Puma Pumku [refreshing Galician neo-psych]."

Even if you can't catch Fogbound live there is still plenty of recorded music to look forward to. On its way is a split single with the intriguingly-named Megapurple Sex Toy Kit, then a third 45, and eventually an album to follow by the end of the year. It all adds up to them being well on their way to becoming a key international psych band.

*Purple Wax is out now on John Colby Sect. Fogbound play live at the Le Beat Bespoke, April 4th*







Still Destructive:  
the Dogg in 2014

**Shindig!:** So it all began in 1954 (61 years ago) with 'HTD Blues' by the 12-year-old Little Jerry. How was your native Virginia in the '50s and how did things take off for you?

**Swamp Dogg:** I grew up sitting in the back of the bus, getting my food handed to me outside restaurants through a little window, stepping off the sidewalk into the streets when a white person was approaching, not being able to ride in a "white" taxi, only Safeway, which was the transport for the "colored". If Safeway were without a taxi and the buses had corralled for the night, you walked your "nigga" ass home.

At 12 years old I had spent some summers with my Aunt Florine in Detroit, my aunts and Cousins in North Carolina. That was the extent of my travel and all I knew was Portsmouth, Virginia. This city housed the largest naval installations and the second largest naval yard; Brooklyn, NY, being #1. The only major problem there was segregation; but because of the huge number of ships that docked there with buddies of all races, segregation was minimal in comparison with Alabama, Mississippi and the remaining south. Buddies who were of different races and equal everywhere travelled and refused to be divided by segregation when they docked in Norfolk. Therefore, all races were partying in the USO clubs. At that time they had built "colored" and "white" USO Clubs but the shipmates refused to adhere to this nonsense. Racism only showed its ugly head in private establishments and they were quite lenient.

I owe my career to a now deceased disc jockey in Norfolk by the name of Jack Holmes. He played my first record, 'HTD Blues', while still on acetate. In those days we recorded direct to disc. Jack took me to sock hops and let me perform and he would give money according to the crowd he drew, but he always gave me something. The crowds came to see him, I just happened to be there.

In late '59, Jack called Al Silvers, the owner of Herald-Ember Records, and told him to sign me. A record being played by Jack Holmes, in a (then) major market meant instant sales. Al signed me immediately and I went to New York and was produced by Dave "Baby" Cortez, one of my major influences.

**SD!:** As Little Jerry Williams you cut the great swinging jazz 45, 'The 1965 King Size Nicotine Blues', for Southern Sound. Its style makes it an

## The White Man Made Him Do It

The inimitable JERRY WILLIAMS (AKA SWAMP DOGG) has, over the course of seven decades, recorded more legendary artists and released more records than virtually all of his more celebrated contemporaries.

With a new album in the can the veteran soul singer, songwriter and producer gives *Shindig!* lessons in life, love and grossing people out



oddity in your discography. What can you tell us about it?

**SD:** I did not want to record this song. Frank Slay, who owned the company and had several hits under his producer and writing belts threatened to put my contract in suspension unless I recorded it. I tried everything to get him to change his mind. I borrowed the money and went to Philadelphia and cut 'Baby You're My Everything' based on an agreement that if Frank liked the record he would give me a release of contract or put it out on Southern Sound. After recording 'Baby You're My Everything', I played it for Frank. He hated it, so a new deal was struck. I'd cut '1965 Kingsize Nicotine Blues' and 'Detroit' and he'd release me on Loma records who signed me and bought 'I'm The Lover Man'. Bob Krasnow hated it and deleted me from Loma. Frank released the record and it flopped.

**SD:** Your '66 single, 'If You Ask Me (Because I Love You)', became a big northern soul favourite in the '70s here in the UK and remains so. What do you remember about cutting it and what was your reaction to its rebirth?

**SD:** My reaction was one of awe, because I doubt if we sold a hundred pieces in the US. The black jocks said I was trying to be white, the white jocks said it was too bluesy and the press called it a trip to Motown that did not quite make it.

**SD:** Tell us about your memories of working with the great Brooks O'Dell?

**SD:** Brooks' always had a lot of class on and off the stage. He was caught up in trying to achieve the sales and fame of his peers, such as Chuck Jackson, Freddie Scott, Tommy Hunt and Jackie Wilson. Although a great entertainer he was at the bottom rung of the ladder.

We were best of friends, and I've always had a knack for recording my friends. Maybe that was because I was an "only child" always seeking a friend. 'Watch Your Step' was his biggest claim to fame and that was produced by Luther Dixon. His second best chart achievement was 'Predicament #2' which I designed for him and released on my Mankind label distributed by Nashboro records.

Brooks was a publicity stunt mastermind. He



would talk major club owners and promoters into hiring him at great salaries by telling them that tons of famous friends of his would be dropping in to see him: Harry Belafonte, Chuck Jackson, Maxine Brown – the list went on. He would then send Western Union messages to

**“While living in Miami some of my dear friends plotted to slip me some acid and watch me freak out. They did and it was a harrowing experience”**

himself that read, "I'll fly in for your opening but I've got to get back to Vegas because I'm rehearsing for my Flamingo opening in three weeks. Signed, your buddy, Redd Foxx." I can sum Brooks up as "driven" with nothing to drive.

**SD:** What happened at Atlantic and what's your happiest memory from this period? Who did you enjoy working with most and who did you run into?

**SD:** At Atlantic I enjoyed working with C & The Shells. Lonzine, the lead singer had the greatest voice I've ever heard. I met a bunch of artists, from Bette Midler to Aretha, King Curtis, Esther Phillips, Drifters... damn near everybody. As a footnote, King Curtis was a giant piece of shit.

Being able to rub shoulders and get ideas from Jerry Wexler and Tom Dowd was a Godsend. I worked with Tom on one cut on *Wet Willie* in Macon, GA. Jerry also told me that my ZZ Hill album, *Blues At The Opera*, was the greatest album he ever heard.

I was fired from Atlantic because I did not understand the corporate world. I didn't know that I was supposed to be cutting the throats of the people in front of me to get to the next plateau. I thought good records and great songs were supposed to be my focus.

**SD:** You re-invented soul/gospel vocal act The Sandpebbles as C & The Shells for a pair of amazing pop-soul singles in '69. Many of us would have loved it if your relationship had blossomed

further. Did you make any more recordings with them? Was an album ever mooted?

**SD:** Yes, we made an album and there are some tracks that's never been released, like 'Winner's Circle', 'I've Got You Babe', 'Girls Can't Do What The Guys Do', 'Private Number' (this song was re-recorded by Dave Crawford and released through Cotillion) and 'Burning Fire', the Arthur Conley classic. Maybe I'll make arrangements to get them to the streets this year. I'd love to find Lonzine and record her again.

**SD:** What about that acid trip that led to your "re-birth" as Swamp Dogg? What changed?

**SD:** The first of about four acid trips, I took unknowingly. While living in Miami ('66-68) some of my dear friends plotted and threw a party to slip me some acid and watch me freak out. They did and it was a harrowing experience or, as it's usually put, "a bad trip". There are too many particulars to expound on but I dropped the other three willingly. I wrote songs about things I never heard of, but seemed to know a lot about. Songs like 'I Kissed Your Face' and 'Dust Your Head Color Red'. I feel that acid opened the cerebral door to the horrible anxiety attacks that I've experienced since the mid-60s. This shit hadn't been tested and I'd bet my life that is the reason for certain little fears I harbour, among other things.

What changed? I lost most of the '70s and half of the '60s. I take Zoloft everyday. I don't indulge in alcohol, weed, cocaine or any kind of drug that causes hallucinations and forgetfulness.

**SD:** What are your memories of the Canyon Records years and the artists you produced? High and low points?

**SD:** Low points: we went out of business while riding a million-seller (Doris Duke's *I'm A Loser*). Wally Roker knew and knows how to run a record company, but he diversified into other ventures that took his attention, such as ownership of nightclubs, motels, newspaper publishing. These things split his mind in more directions than he could handle, especially with his investor, Ampex, peeping and digging. I also had some great recordings and artists that never saw the light of day, such as Sandra Phillips, Raw Spitt, Mighty Hannibal and Bette Williams.





High points: Wally came up with the Swamp Dogg name and controversial concept. I did get a Top 10 R&B a single and a #101 position in *Billboard's* "Bubbling Under" chart. Wally sold me most all of the masters for a reasonable price and remains a royalty recipient in perpetuity. This acquisition allowed me to commence to build SDEG and Jerry Williams Music into a more solid and desirable entity. Wally and I talk just about every day and see each other often, so a lasting friendship and making more money than I'd ever made in my life are the highest points.

**SD:** You signed Sandra Phillips and then used her for gigs and promotion to pretend to be Doris Duke. Where was Doris's head at and did anyone notice the deception?

**SD:** Her head was up her ass.

The record happened so quickly and there weren't many publicity photos and there wasn't any BET, MTV or AID. I could have put on a wig and gone on stage and no one would have been the wiser.

**SD:** Doris and Sandra recorded some of the same songs on their albums, including "To The Other Woman" and "Ghost Of Myself". How did the sessions vary and which results are you most proud of?

**SD:** I like them equally, whether you believe it or not. They both had the stuff it took to be a hit artist. Sandra just didn't get her turn at bat. I also back this up with the good sales we've had on the Sandra reissues.

**SD:** Why rename Charlie Whitehead Raw Spitt? What about Wolf Moon? You liked a groovy moniker.

**SD:** Charlie was / is among my best friends. I talked to him about changing his name along with several other acts I controlled. This was to be the beginning of the controversy that we were going to stir up in a social and political pot for recording and touring. Bette Williams was going to be Pearl Harbor, Tyrone Thomas was already Wolf Moon plus more were coming. It was all being done through Canyon and we all know that story.

**SD:** On the recent liner notes to the album

with Wolf Moon you called him "a treacherous, two-faced song thief; with possible cannibal tendencies". Care to elaborate?

**SD:** I took him in my home and my heart. I worked hard to get money to record him. In gratitude he ran off to Richmond, Virginia and gave my shit to Mr Wiggles, who at that time had just been released from prison and was a known gangster. He called and threatened my life if I even thought about reacting. I gave Tommy several more chances. I cut the Wolf Moon album on him... later he was the drummer for Doris Duke, then on to Charlie Whitehead's band when he hit with 'Love Being Your Fool'. He fucked me in small ways during each of these occasions. I took the son of a bitch to Kansas City to play in my band and, while I was singing my hit, he ended the song and said, "Nigga the people are sick of this shit. Let's play something hip."

He called me about 12 years ago and sent me

**"Truth can get your ass kicked and killed. It can cause lifetime relationships to go up in smoke. Nevertheless. When the smoke clears, it's still the truth"**

a video-tape and asked me to sign him. He can kiss my ass. Plus he is blind. Wonder why?

**SD:** How was it working with blues legend Lightnin' Slim?

**SD:** Lightnin' Slim spoke very little and wanted to record his album during his vacation. He worked at a lock factory in Pontiac, Michigan. He learned the songs and the arrangements in the four or five days he had allotted me. Lightnin' was a gentle, soft-spoken man who kept himself to himself. The only time he appeared open is when I would crack a bunch of dumb jokes. He put in a lot of hours in order to get what he wanted and still accommodate my recording needs. We were both satisfied with the end product.

**SD:** Your *Total Destruction To Your Mind* and

Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On* addressed similar themes. One album sold millions and the other is more noted for you sitting on the back of a dump truck in your shorts. How would you compare the albums?

**SD:** At least they are both unforgettable for whatever reasons. I did my best and he did his.

**SD:** In common with Sly Stone, Funkadelic, The Temptations, The Isley Brothers, The Rotary Connection and many lesser acts, you saw the parallels between the white hippies, their acid-rock and love of mind expansion. Other than your own recordings what are your personal favourites from this era? What was it that appealed to you about these multi-racial acts?

**SD:** Sly Stone! No contest. Sly's music was lyrical, and his lyrics were also just that. He sung about family, whitey, niggers, love, sex and drugs.

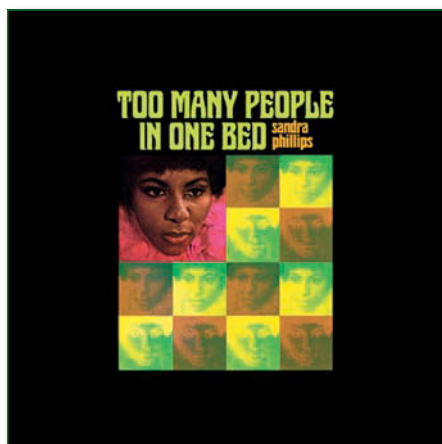
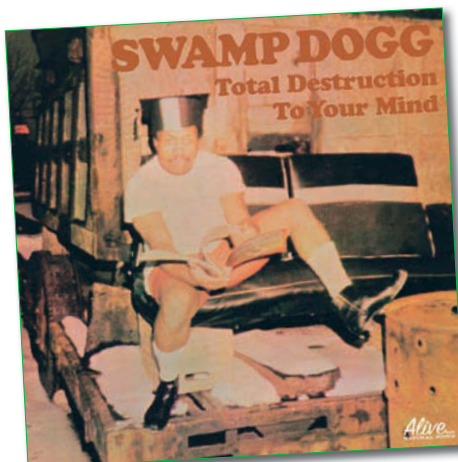
I was happy that acts were finally taking a chance and trying to give something back through their music. The things they were singing about for the whole world to hear were the same things that were being discussed in living rooms and bedrooms throughout most of the free world.

Yes, I was happy with the regurgitation of truths. It at least made a motherfucker think even if he continued to travel the same road. Truth is something that can't be denied. It can get your ass kicked and killed. It can cause lifetime relationships to go up in smoke. Nevertheless. When the smoke clears, it's still the truth. I don't care whether you like it or not... truth stands on its own and can't be moved.

My favourites from that era was Sly Stone, Temptations with Dennis Edwards produced by Norman Whitfield, Parliament/Funkadelic, Gil Scott-Heron, Richard Pryor and The Isley Brothers.

**SD:** What was the idea behind these bad taste album covers? They're brilliant. Could you breakdown the concepts behind *Total Destruction...*, *Rat On*, *Gag A Maggott*?

**SD:** Other than I'm a little weird and like to gross straight people out... it's all for shock value and [to draw] attention to my product and myself.





**SD:** Many of your post-'70 productions sound like they were cut with the same crew (much like The Funk Brothers and The Wrecking Crew), who've subsequently become dubbed "The Swamp Players". Who were they and how did things work with them in the studio?

**SD:** Robert Popwell (bass), Clayton Ivy (organ), Johnny Sandlin (drums), Ed Watkins (Congas), Chuck Lovell, (keyboard), Jimmy Evans (drums), Bob Wray (bass), Jasper Guarino (drums), Travis Wammack (guitar), Pete Carr guitar), Paul Hornsby (organ), Randy McCormick (bass), Lenny LaBlanc (bass), David Johnson (engineer at Broadway Sound, Muscle Shoals, Alabama), Jim Hawkins (engineer at Capricorn Studios, Macon, GA).

All of the rhythm sections I used in Macon and Muscle Shoals are listed above. Duane Allman came into the studio, picked up a guitar and played on a couple of tracks for Irma Thomas and Doris Duke.

**SD:** Your songs are full of references to men and women cheating on their partners. How guilty are you?

**SD:** About as guilty as any man or woman in America. I take the fifth.

Question. If both people are fucking outside of the home, who's cheating who?

**SD:** For all your multitude of talents, your singing voice often gets overlooked. Your delivery of 'Oh Lord, What Are You Doing To Me' (from '67) is real hairs-on-the-back-of-neck stuff. How do you rate yourself as a singer?

**SD:** As a singer, without moderation on a scale from one to 10, I'm a seven. I have a rattle in my throat that comes to life when I sing. That's what keeps me down on the scale.

**SD:** *The White Man Made Me Do It* is pretty much a belated follow-up to *Total Destruction...*, right? What's changed and what hasn't in the world in the intervening 45 years? Why do the album now?


**SD:** Well I needed an album now. In order to tour you need product at all times and you must perform from this product so people will buy it. We're warming up for a tour.

Nothing has changed in the world except the



Paws up. Swamp Dogg bows wows. Early '70s

entrance of new criminals in the form of babies. For the majority of the world, life still sucks, jobs for food and shelter are still masquerading as government handouts, people are still robbing their friends, parents, strangers and churches. Everybody is doing dirty and calling it clean, based on "I didn't have a choice". The rich have always gotten richer because of poor people who complain instead of breaking into one of those mansions and stealing a Van Gogh.

They stole it during World War II, now it's your turn to be rich and get richer. Afterwards someone will crack you in your head and take the Van Gogh. Get over it. 

*The White Man Made Me Do It* is out now on *AliveNaturalSound*

Thanks to Jon 'Mojo' Mills, Andy Morten, Mark Raison, Paul Ritchie and Louis Comfort-Wiggett

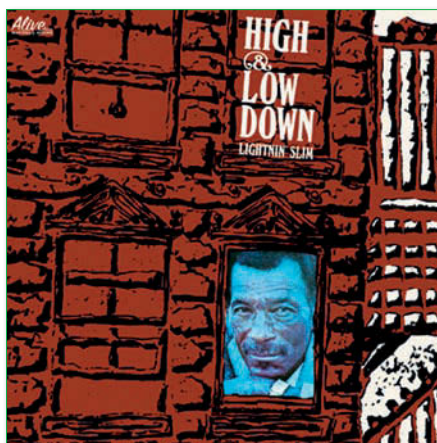
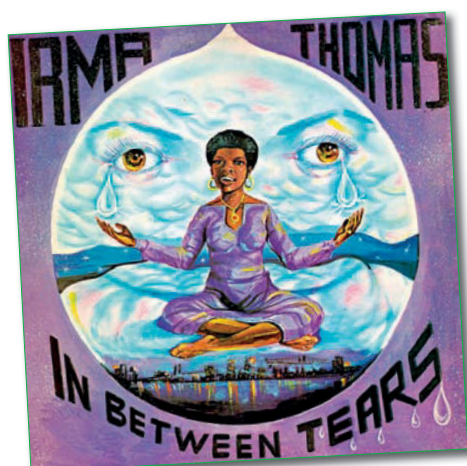






Table of fire: *The Holy Mountain*. Below: Alejandro Jodorowsky as *The Alchemist*

# The Quest For Holy Mountain

Soundtrack obsessive JONNY TRUNK marvels at the length of time it has taken for Alejandro Jodorowsky's 1973 cult classic *THE HOLY MOUNTAIN* to gain a vinyl release

In 1997, after several years of obsessive phoning, faxing, badgering, detective work, determination and more, I finally got permission to issue the music from *The Wicker Man*. As a soundtrack collector I had nearly run out of soundtracks to collect and realised that the ones I really, *really* wanted I couldn't get, because they simply hadn't ever been issued at the time. There were no logical reasons for them not being pressed up when the films came out, it was just overlooked or not really considered as a commercially viable thing to do back in the '60s or '70s. So, if I wanted it, I'd have to issue it myself, and so I did. The '97 limited vinyl release of this tripped-out folk oddity struck a chord with many, and the LP sold out instantly.

From that moment on, small ripples spread out and like-minded collectors and labels started spotting important gaps in film music releases. The next big one to fall was *Get Carter*, a score that, apart from a single, a Japanese oddity and a couple of cues on a comp, had never been given the full soundtrack release it deserved.

Slowly, over the following years, other missing soundtrack links were issued: *The Hired Hand*, *Valerie And Her Week Of Wonders*, *Dawn Of The Dead*, *La Piscine* (to name a few). And here we now sit, in 2015, with a lively little soundtrack market, a growing *niche* filled with fresh vinyl issues of soundtracks that have never been issued on wax, or expanded double albums of newly discovered lost cues. And it is *all* about the vinyl. Yes, many unreleased scores

(especially to stranger continental films and horrors) have come out on CD over the last 20 years, but we are a generation that has never really committed to or got along with this evil little plastic horror. For us it's all about the vinyl LP, it's the definitive

article, the true connection with not just the film but the music – for us the LP is the genuine and most important artefact. So if a soundtrack never came out on vinyl, there will be someone out there right now trying to make it happen. See the recent Invada successes, with massive vinyl pressings of *Solaris* and *Drive*, soundtracks on wax that outsell the soundtracks on CD. Same as Death Waltz's multiple represses of *The Fog* expanded CD. His double LP easily outsold the little plastic digital release.

But even now, with this all this activity and interest, gaps still remain – there are unreleased scores still yet to surface; the music by Brian Jones for *A Degree Of Murder*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, Morricone's score to *Danger Diabolique* to name a few. But the one major missing one, the big fat elephant in the room (or rather not in the room) has been the soundtrack from Jodorowsky's *The Holy Mountain*.

Cult Chilean director Alejandro Jodorowsky is a fascinating man. A poet, musician, playwright, cartoonist and all round sort of god-like being, his film productions are fascinating, entwined as they are with The Beatles and controversial musical accountant/hardcore business maverick Allen Klein. I shall elaborate, but only briefly – you can do some research into this on your own. Cinematically it all begins with *El Topo* (*The Mole*), an unforgettable, wacked-out 1970 western that Jodorowsky wrote, made and starred in, that became the first late night movie classic in NYC. It quickly came to the attention of John and Yoko who loved the film, and a subsequent soundtrack with lush packaging was





released on Apple. Unusually an album of jazzy interpretations of Jodorowsky's *El Topo* music had already come out as the first release on the Douglas label, as had a seven-inch cover by jazz flute marvel Paul Horn. Allen Klein, overseer of Apple Corp at the time also saw the potential big buck bonanza in Jodorowsky's rising stock and stumped up a million dollars towards his his next film, *The Holy Mountain*. This movie appeared in '73, and is extraordinary in many ways. It's the kind of film that haunts you, such is the vision, the filming, the complex patterns of ideas, narratives, spiritualism and sound involved. It's unlikely you will experience anything quite as odd and out there. Musically there was a vision too, and Jodorowsky, with the help of sax overlord Don Cherry and engineering superstar Ron Frangipane (he'd done The Monkees, Neil Diamond, the Stones etc) created a clash of sounds that few had experienced before. *The Holy Mountain* mix of bizarre, big budget surrealism, and sonic, spiritual chaos is extraordinarily potent, and if you are a soundtrack collector with big ears, the kind of feeling you get experiencing such a film and score leads you down a simple one-way road, all the way to the record shop. But the *The Holy Mountain* soundtrack LP had not been made. And, due to a mass fall out between Klein and Jodorowsky in about '74 (over Klein's next planned film – *The Story Of O*), Klein withdrew *El Topo* and *The Holy Mountain* from circulation for the next three decades.

Fast forward to the noughties and 10th generation bootleg videos/DVDs of Jodorowsky movies have steadily kept his following lively and a few keen viewers were more than likely hopelessly enquiring about the music. But just like the films themselves, it all remained locked away. Then in 2007, after several years of nightmarish work, Tartan Video released a very fine Jodorowsky box set, and unexpectedly it came complete with a CD of the whole *The Holy*

*Mountain* score. To many people like myself this was a GIANT flag-waving thing saying, "Look! We have the complete score, it really exists and we managed to license it," and anyone with any serious interest in film music, jazz and vinyl was straight on the phone to Tartan and to ABKCO asking, enquiring, begging to make a deal for a one-off wax pressing. I know because I was one of them, and I'm aware of at least five other companies and individuals who gave it a go too. You'd phone up and ABKCO would say "No", then nothing would get released. You'd try again some months later, they'd say "Maybe". Then "No", then "Maybe", then they'd ask you for a proposal which you'd send and get excited about and then they'd tell you it had already been licensed, or that they never licensed anything EVER. The company at the time was run by Allen Klein's son, Jody Klein, whose nickname to people trying to license anything had become "Jo Decline", simply because anything to do with this release seemed

### **"I eventually gave up trying to license the music from ABKCO in 2012 when I was told they had 'struck a deal overseas'"**

impossible and was normally met with a "NO".

Then in 2009 there was a strange blip, when the label Slow To Speak issued two cues from the soundtrack on a Don Cherry 12", 'Tarot Will Teach You' and 'The Sapphic Sleep'. But nothing else appeared and I, for one, couldn't understand why anyone would put out two cues from the film and not the rest. I eventually gave up trying to license the music from ABKCO in 2012 when I was told they had "struck a deal

overseas". That was 2012. *The Holy Mountain* world then went silent. There was nothing. The music was made available on iTunes, and also pressed onto CD. No one cared though as there was still no vinyl. Not even a sniff.

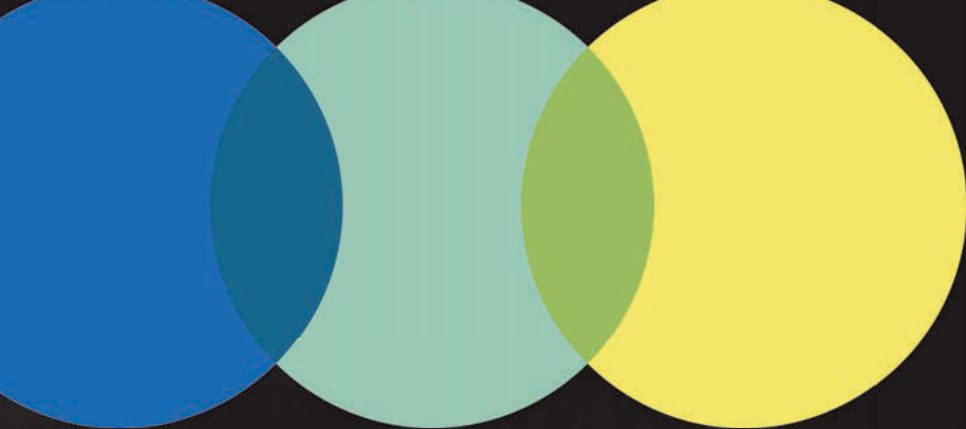
Then, at the end of 2014 I get a flurry of emails to my inbox telling me that two different companies are about to issue vinyl pressing of three Jodorowsky-based soundtracks, including *The Holy Mountain*. We have Finders Keepers here in the UK. And a company I've never heard of in the USA. I was thrilled. That day I sent Andy Votel at Finders Keepers a message saying 1) Congratulations, 2) Well done on your unbelievable persistence and commitment, you really deserve this, and 3) You bastard for beating me to it. He told me he'd been trying to get this done since 2002 – and still has the first email he sent ABKCO in his email archive. So that's about 12 years of pestering. And more pestering. And then probably some hardcore negotiations with one of the hardest musical companies out there.

But I still remained confused as to the double licensing. Then I imagined that the ever creative and commercially hardcore ABKCO had doubled their license income by granting the same permission to two companies. And also, by the looks of it, only allowed the *The Holy Mountain* score to be released in combination with two others, which would also have to be paid for. Which is even more cunning. But the fact still remains, as a soundtrack collector I am beyond thrilled that the *The Holy Mountain* music is finally coming out on vinyl. And that's double vinyl too. It's one gaping holy hole in my soundtrack collection that is now finally and properly filled. [👉](#)

El Topo, The Holy Mountain and The Dance Of Reality are out now on Finders Keepers

Jodorowsky heads for the sun as *El Topo* in the 1970 movie of the same name







# Intriguing Listening Exercise

Medical doctor studying Jean-Paul Sartre, ground-breaking researcher, rebel psychiatrist, leftist intellectual: even when considering his status as a media celebrity and an encounter with counter-culture in the late '60s, Glasgow-born RD LAING, hardly matches the profile of a recording artist. That's until Top 10 hit writer and psychotherapist Alan Blaikley took an interest in Laing's philosophy and Tony Stratton-Smith suggested a recording deal with Charisma, the label with the Mad Hatter logo that was home to actual mad hatters like The Liverpool Scene and The Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band.

## EDDY BONTE undergoes treatment

**L**ife Before Death (1978) is Ronald D Laing, M.D., D.P.M., reading his poetry with musical accompaniment provided courtesy of hit composers Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley. To Laing, these poems – most of which would be included in *Sonnets* a year later – are just another form and the LP is just another medium to convey the point he had been making for nearly two decades in scientific publications (e.g. *The Divided Self*, '60), collected readings (*The Politics Of Experience*, '67), literary accounts (*The Bird Of Paradise*, '67) or logical-mathematical strings of duologues (*Knots*, '70). That point is the questioning of so-

called normality, an issue that steered the quest of searching individuals labeled "deviant" and a wide range of countercultures, new left parties, underground or overground movements called "a threat".

As early as '65, Dr Laing gained tremendous credibility by engineering change himself: he created The Philadelphia Society, an asylum that set new standards for psychiatric care and patient-staff relations, simultaneously showing his huge humanitas. In '67, Laing and his colleague David Cooper convened the Dialectics Of Liberation, one of the most

original trans-disciplinary gatherings ever – a "rebirth" of which was actually staged in early 2012. Although the classical and rigid form of the sonnet seems to contradict Laing's merciless attacks on all things accepted, *Life Before Death* makes for an intriguing listening exercise. The repetitiveness inherent to a sonnet's cadence together with Dr Laing's lilting Glaswegian intonation, brilliant phrasing and cobbledstoned vocal chords produce a sheer musical effect that must have made it easier for Howard and Blaikley to invent a soundtrack that becomes such a maverick performance. As it is, they delivered

File under Easy Listening/Spoken Word/Therapy. RD Laing in the studio recording the album



part décor that deepens the relief of Laing's delivery, part melodies and rhythms to boost the various moods. The end result is unique and baffling to say the least – and at no point does it resemble a poetry recital.

If having viewed Luke Fowler's film about Laing's counter asylum The Philadelphia Society, What You See Is Where You're At (2001), you may get a sense of understanding what Laing expected from his "alienating concrete or electronic music". After all, alienation is a key concept of his philosophy. Besides, Messrs Howard and Blaikley had proved their ability to wander into more versatile territory

- array of instruments. Laing's many different moods and personae are grasped quite well.
- That Laing questioned the very concept of "normality" – and the "normal" experiences and behaviour that are derived from it – means he also questioned the very essence of "normal" morality and "normal" values. He claims that modern man is alienated from himself, i.e., he is just fragments of his potential: "We are so much less than what we are". This alienation is achieved by outrageous violence by human beings on human beings, typically in interpersonal relationships that had formed the cornerstone of "normal" society for a long time: marriage, the couple and the family.

## **"Howard and Blaikley had no reason to refrain from delivering far-out stuff for Laing's project"**

by providing songs for albums like Flaming Youth's Ark 2 ('69) and '72's Private Parts by Peter Straker. Together with The Tremeloes' Chip Hawkes, Blaikley had also taken care of the soundtrack for Ugo Liberatore's May Morning ('70), an instant flop featuring Jane Birkin with the Trens performing the music. Howard and Blaikley had no reason to refrain from delivering far-out stuff for Laing's project. Quite the opposite is true. The collaboration with Laing is the result of Blaikley's professional interest in psychology, since he actually trained as a psychotherapist and ran a private practice.

Numerous meetings at the psychiatrist's house preceded the recording sessions and we can safely assume that Howard and Blaikley had good reasons to opt for a varied collection of styles and genres executed by an equally vast

- The so-called normal person is nothing but a product of repression and other types of destructive action, but he is also the one who distinguishes between normal and abnormal, sane and insane. He further argues that we are our experience and "as we experience the world, so we act". The violence "normal" people inflict on anyone dreaming of a different world or trying to materialise one, obstructs or smothers personal experience. Eventually, we are "bereft of our humanity". Some escape or drop out. As a rule, the end result is submission, apathy, cynicism, and more violence to keep "normality" intact.
- So what exactly did The Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band mean in 'We Are Normal'?
- What is normal? Who is normal? It's certainly something to consider. [\[5\]](#)



Alan Blaikley, Laing, Ken Howard, musical director Nic Rowley and engineer Stephen Lipson in the studio; the '78 album



## **Family Life**

Laing's contribution to counter-culture is enormous, particularly in the areas of interpersonal relationship like education, family life and sexuality. It is also vastly under-rated because theory and study were not exactly the strength of most hippies and alternativos, whereas political movements kept their fingers pointed at "the structures". If the concepts of Herbert Marcuse, Karl Marx and Jean-Paul Sartre on alienation and repression are not your cup of tea, Ken Loach's film, Family Life ('71), provides an easier but honest inroad into Laing's world. It is a pitiless account of how a perfectly healthy young girl in search of her own life and experiences in a changing society is destroyed by the violence inherent to the traditional family, haven of traditional, "normal" values. Her destructive parents do this in the name of "normality" because they want their daughter to be "sane". This violence they call love. Laing calls it repression and inhumanity.

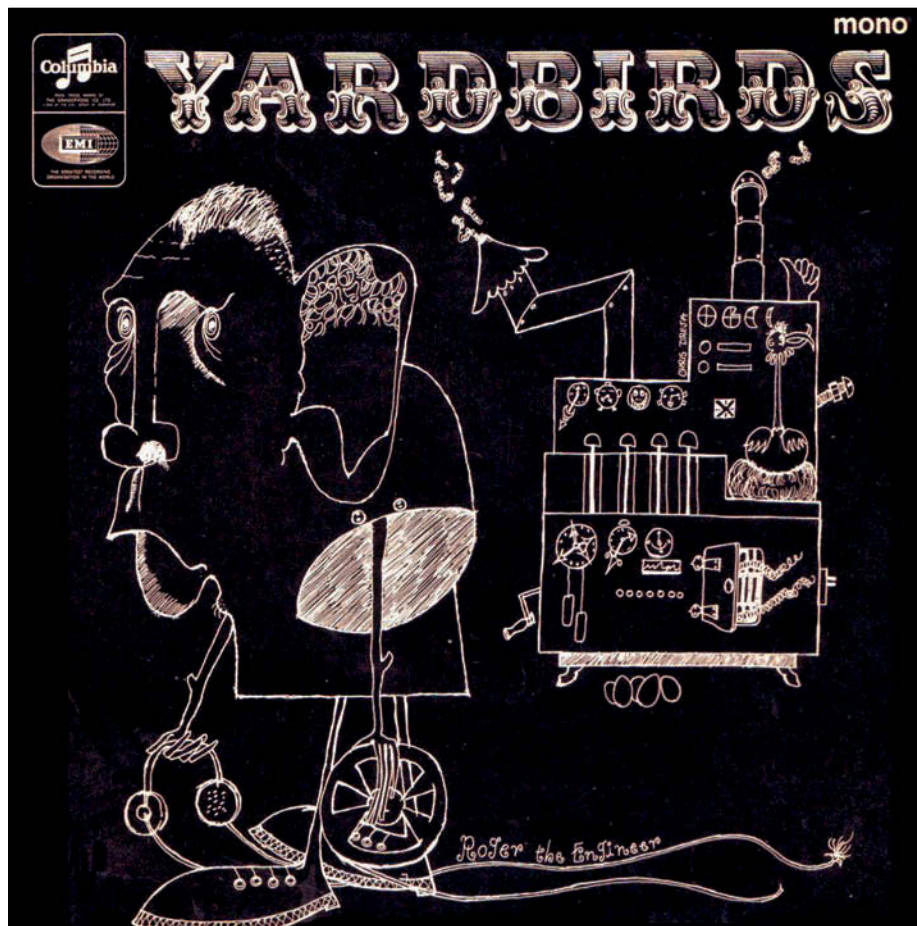
Just like Laing did on a philosophical and psychological level, teenagers around the world questioned normality in everyday life. The generation gap is a battle between "normal" authorities (parents, teachers) and "deviant" teenagers. You may remember (and not necessarily cherish) endless reasoning and possibly shouting about dirty long hair, scandalous skirts, despicable exhibitions of love like hugging and kissing in public ("Why don't we do it in the road?"), degenerating sexuality and an assortment of dirty ways of living and behaving in this permissive society. Alternatives like communal living, new sexual relations, antiauthoritarian education and real free press met with retaliation by the self-defined "normal" people and their institutions – the family, school, the police and courts of justice leading the moral majority.



# Over, Under, Sideways, Down


Selling LPs during the '60s could be unpredictable, when groups constantly in the singles hit parade released long players that sold poorly and missed the album chart. Many bands fell victim to this trend, and one way for the record companies to claw back a little lost revenue was to select a number of tunes for an EP release.

**NIGEL LEES** goes over, then under, perhaps sideways, but certainly not down with **THE YARDBIRDS'** second UK EP



In mid-1966 The Yardbirds were flying high with their fifth consecutive Top 10 hit and their output for Columbia over the previous 18 months or so had indeed proved lucrative for the label's parent company, EMI. Despite missing the LP charts, *Five Live Yardbirds* had been a reasonable and steady seller and the *Five Yardbirds* EP – of which most definitely more of later in this series – had done pretty well in the Extended Player sales listings. Moreover, through a trio of compilation albums, *On The Scene*, *Scene 65* and the soon to be released *Go!*, Yardbirds tunes generated even more coin for the coffers with a couple of tracks on each LP. So, given the group's then current status as automatic hit-makers and one of the hippest

most respected bands in town, there at least must have been a little concern when their second album, *Yardbirds*, only climbed to #20 in the *Record Retailer* listings (which only ran to 30 entries anyway). Retrospectively more familiar as *Roger The Engineer* after its release in July '66, this eccentric, eclectic and experimental collection of wholly group-composed songs would barely spend a couple of months in the album charts. As the Winter of '66 approached and the unreal 'Happenings Ten Years Time Ago' failed to crack the Top 40, there surely were a few panic buttons being pressed at EMI HQ. With the once highly profitable Yardbirds now a fiscal disappointment (and with no new records in the pipeline), EMI attempted to increase

their receipts with a February '67 EP, drawn exclusively from the *Yardbirds* album. Though an attractive item, the EP cover hardly drained the energies and imagination of the company art department – on the front they merely created a "negative" of the LP cover (but went as far as putting the same "Yardbirds" script at the top rather than the bottom) – for the rear though they did dig out a great photo of our heroes. Problem was, either through negligence, ignorance or just couldn't care less, the picture employed displayed Keith, Jeff, Jim, Chris and Jimmy Page – and Page of course wasn't a Yardbird until after the album was made. Perhaps unsurprisingly, 'Over Under Sideways Down' was chosen as the EP's opening tune, obviously the most familiar of the record's four selections with which to grab the attention of a prospective buyer – despite the fact it was the *fourth* separate release of the song in less than a year! In spite of many a future discography though it was not the actual title of the EP, which in reality – like the LP – was simply entitled *Yardbirds*. Following 'Over' was 'I Can't Make Your Way', a charming, irreverent but oddly absorbing ditty with some striking Beck-ola as its centrepiece, and a song that a couple of months later would once again grace record shop shelves – well a *few* anyway – when a Scott McKay cover version produced by Jim McCarty would be released on Columbia. Flip over to the second side and one finds 'He's Always There', a further striking adventure into the unconventional with Keith Relf in particularly fine vocal fettle, competing with a hard fuzz guitar riff and Jeff showing off superbly at the finale. Ending proceedings was the venerable 'What Do You Want', yet another Yardbirds tutorial in "this is how you do freakbeat" of which many a budding musician undoubtedly took note. The EP attracted few punters and the failure of the subsequent 'Little Games' 45 would unfortunately hammer the final nail in the coffin for new Yardbirds product in the UK as far as EMI were concerned. From then on it would be sporadic releases across the globe, exhaustive but thankfully profitable touring, and then a band called Led Zeppelin. 





# Bored In The USA

The enigmatic Josh Tillman returns as **FATHER JOHN MISTY** with a scathing, witty and beautiful album.

**TOM PATTERSON** talks about leaving the “sad wizard” music behind him, change, love and that funny name

Josh Tillman: hearing distant mariachi horns

**T**he year 2015 promises to be a vintage year for American singer-songwriters. North Carolina’s Matthew E White is due to release his long-anticipated sophomore album *Fresh Blood*, John Grant continues to pump out intriguing songs from his Icelandic headquarters, and rumours abound of new recordings from Regina Spektor and Bill Callahan. Striking ahead of the

pack though is Josh Tillman, whose second solo album under the *nom de guerre* Father John Misty, *I Love You, Honeybear*, is already contender for album of the year.

Formerly drummer with indie-folk troubadours Fleet Foxes, Tillman released seven albums of sparse alt-folk under the abbreviated name J Tillman before changing tack and recording the

2012 album *Fear Fun* under the Father John Misty moniker. Co-produced by Laurel Canyon maverick Jonathan Wilson, *Fear Fun* was a volte-face for the previously introspective-sounding Tillman. Funny, sad, angry and self-aware, and fully imbued with a freewheeling LA-spirit (Tillman having relocated to the city following a tenure in Seattle), *Fear Fun* was also kaleidoscopic in sound, causing reviewers across the board to compare him to



Neil Young, Harry Nilsson, Phil Spector and even Nathanael West. Inspired by a newfound love with his now wife Emma, *I Love You, Honeybear* further ups the ante.

"There's a case to be made that it sounds and acts a bit like solo-era John Lennon, Scott Walker, Randy Newman, Harry Nilsson, and Dory Previn, while taking more than a few cues from Woody Allen, Kurt Vonnegut, Alejandro Jodorowsky and Muhammad Ali," read the hilariously self-aggrandising press release notes, written by Tillman himself – and the thing is, he's right. Put simply, *I Love You Honeybear* is a stunning album. At times intimate and confessional, despairing and joyous, *Honeybear* deals with themes of love, longing, self-loathing and, as Tillman tells me, "the terrestrial concerns of intimacy", all with a naked honesty that's rare in music nowadays.

Conversation with Tillman is much like the album itself: soul-searching and philosophical and very, very wry. A 45-minute chat with Tillman over the phone from LA veers from intellectual ruminations on the despair of the bourgeois, to how hard it is to flog scripts in Hollywood, from how love and marriage has changed him as a man, to why love songs are usually so sentimental, all linked by his free-flowing and verbose train of thought, his ideas racing ahead of his mouth (an unexpected pause in the conversation leads to the confession, "Sorry, I was turning to Emma and mouthing, 'What the hell am I talking about?' and she patted my knee to say 'It's okay.'"). In the end, however, the key point we continually return to is just how intensely personal *Honeybear* is for him.

"I'm glad I no longer have to make my anticipated follow up ever again," Tillman says. "When we were mixing it, I just wanted to melt into the floor, when I was playing it for people for the first time, because it wasn't until then that it really hit home how vulnerable a thing I had made. There's a little bit of a dirty laundry aspect to the whole thing. But that was the only direction there was to go.

"I think that there was definitely a point in time where I was loath to part ways with the voice and method of working of the last album," he adds. "I liked where I had ended up and I think I was afraid to leave that space. It took me a while to figure out how I would be able to stop being sentimental about the last album and the way it got made and the way this album had to be made and the way that these songs are drastically different from the songs I was writing a few years ago."

And how. Gone are the days of Tillman's "sad wizard music" (as he once called his alt-folk sound in an interview with the *Dallas Observer*), *I Love You, Honeybear* building on the lyricism and personal storytelling style of *Fear Fun*, and with Jonathan Wilson again as co-producer, Tillman has made a record that's gorgeously

crystalline, all brill-building strings, mariachi trumpets, balladry piano and even, on the song 'True Affection', icy European electro.

"With this album, the lyric dictates what the song is going to sound like," Tillman explains. "Like a song like 'True Affection', which is about more or less trying to romance or woo someone via email or text message, the frustration of that, that tune had to sound synthetic and inorganic in order to bring the thing home.



**"You very well might see me burst into tears at certain points. These songs are just so personal and to perform them I have to go to some fairly exposed places"**

'Chateau Lobby #4 (In C For Two Virgins)' is about Emma and I running about LA when we met and were living here. The mariachi thing is something you hear all over the place here, it's a signifier of the place.

"So that's how it proceeds," he continues, "but that makes it sound a lot easier than it was. It makes it sound like there was a lot less head scratching going on. Eventually it gets there. Just like listening to what a song needs, sometimes it feels too obvious. For me, I had to take the long way around just about all of these songs to find what the song just demanded in the first place. I got so hung up about trying to subvert my initial instincts and I really just didn't trust them, because I guess I thought I needed to be more clever than that, or thought I was more clever than that, or something. But now I'm just telling you how the sausage is made."

There's one key ingredient in the sausage, however, that I haven't mentioned yet – and that's Tillman's sense of humour. For all my talk of *Honeybear*'s lyricism and poetic meaning, it is above all funny. Tillman has a turn of phrase that's witty and ribald, subverting clichés and cocking a snook at the status quo in a fashion very similar to Randy Newman. Occasionally ironic, sometimes joyful, sometimes bitter (Tillman has even inserted canned laughter into the punningly-titled 'Bored In The USA'), I

wonder if his humour ever throws listeners for a loop.

"Oh yeah, I think it's definitely problematic for people," Tillman asserts. "Some people can't tell when I'm being serious or not. It's definitely subtle in a lot of ways. But it gets confusing for me too. There are lines that I sing live, that I don't think are funny, that are real knee-slappers for the audience and I don't get it. I think laughter is genuinely rooted in anxiety and the closer you get to the bone of a human issue or a taboo or truth or commonality the only recourse people have is to laugh. I think laughter is like a form of domination. It's a way of neutralising an idea that's threatening. Obviously it's also joy and a lot of different things but when I walk around I hear people laughing all the time and I never hear anything that funny. I hear a lot of anxiety in the interactions that I catch in the real world."

Speaking of the real world, Tillman is due to take the album out on the road any day now, his February show at London's Village Underground having sold out in less than two hours. So what will the punters lucky enough to have picked up a ticket for the forthcoming tour experience?

"You very well might see me burst into tears at certain points," Tillman admits. "These songs are just so personal and to perform them – to get access back into the song, to perform them – I have to go to some fairly exposed places."

Tillman says that he's "not sure" if he'll make another album quite as nakedly candid as this one, but one thing is fairly certain – with the mournful J. Tillman days over, he's going to stick with being Father John Misty for the time being.

"I think probably on a pragmatic level, I'll keep (the name) because a few albums from now I won't want talk about why I went back to Josh Tillman, and what significance that has. I don't really want to have the name conversation anymore. I'll keep it. I think it looks particularly funny on a marquee."

So, I ask, is he tempted to become a musician for hire again a la Fleet Foxes, even if it's just to take a break from the raw confessionals, to give himself a break from the painful soul-bearing?

"On the tour for the last album, you couldn't drag me away from the drum kit. Every opening band needed a drummer, and I was like 'I'll do it!' I still love doing it but I'm so fully committed to this work. This is what I've been waiting for my entire life, to get into this position to be able to do this work. I have this suspicion – this wholly unfounded suspicion – that this is the work that I needed to do."

Amen to that, Father John. 

*I Love You Honeybear* is out now on Bella Union



Easy Chair in 1968, with Jeff (second right)

# Blame Lucille

**JEFF SIMMONS**, the afro-sporting leader of legendary Seattle psych band **Easy Chair** and one-time Frank Zappa sidekick also made a damn fine solo album in 1970 for Zappa's Straight label, *Lucille Has Messed My Mind Up*.

**RICHARD ALLEN** recently caught up with Jeff following the release of Easy Chair's rare one-sided demo album on World In Sound

**Shindig!**: You were in an early line-up of Indian Puddin' & Pipe, the transferrable band name that Matthew Katz used for various outfits.

**Jeff Simmons**: Yes. Our group, Blues Interchange, fell into the clutches of the notorious Bay Area scenester Katz in late 1967. Anyone with any taste knows that name he bestowed upon us, was pure BULLSHIT. He gerrymandered a ballroom in disuse and attempted to franchise "hipness". This temporary wrong turn into the *demi-monde* lasted only a few months but we had some fun. Eventually I wised the guys up and we took a hike. We went to a cabin on Whidbey Island and rehearsed for a few days. We emerged in the sun as Easy Chair.

**SD!**: How did you become involved with Frank Zappa?

**JS**: We were listening to Cream, Albert King and Electric Flag but we were wild for Procol Harum, Traffic, Syd Barrett with Pink Floyd

and Hendrix. We didn't know much about the Mothers. I had heard 'Mother People' with its bars of 7/8 or 5/8 and thought to myself, "Hmmm that's kinda like Don Ellis." Comedian Murray Roman heard us opening for The Chambers Brothers and asked us if we would like to sign with Tetragrammaton Records. We thought for a moment and said, "Sorry, never heard of ya." A month later I spotted a Deep Purple album and noticed it was on Tetragrammaton. I became rather nauseous and told the guys, "The next clown that says 'Boo' is our guy!" Then, around September '68, a guy from the Trips Lansing Agency scored us a date supporting the Mothers at the Seattle Centre Arena, but by this time the band was a year removed from its original line-up and sophomoric recording. We had a new lead guitar player by then called Burke Wallace and a more defined professional repertoire that left behind our earlier meanderings on vinyl. The DJ who introduced us at Seattle called me "a guy who looks like he stuck his finger in a light socket." Unfazed by the DJ's comment, we

played to a great reception and unbeknownst to us, the promoter had asked the Mothers to sit in the audience for a contest they were running called "Find The Freaks And Win A Ham". After the show Frank Zappa suddenly walked into the dressing room asking who wrote the music for the group. Not wanting to seem elitist, I told him we all did. He explained that he had a new label called Bizarre, with a group called Alice Cooper, and if we were ever down in California we should come see him since he'd be interested in working something up. After he left to perform, Phil looked at Al, I looked at Burke, and we laughed and danced and squealed. Not long after that in December we were playing two nights at The Shrine Auditorium in LA, second billed to the Mothers!

**SD!**: So why did Easy Chair fade into the background before making an album?

**JS**: Well the Chair was decimated by the sheer *ennui* of hotel living, pending life choices, and the drummer flipping out. Though much had



been promised, the ephemeral nature of music had slipped our grasp. Frank Zappa's manager Herbie Cohen called a meeting for Burke and I at Barney's Beanery. Al had freaked and gone home. Phil was only 17 and was headed for Stanford University. That left me and Burke, and when Herbie opined, "It's cheaper to do a solo album – it's your tunes anyway," the very next day Burke went back to Frisco. Herbie put me on retainer. Al came back briefly and we did the soundtrack for *Naked Angels* with Randy Steirling. After that, all vestiges of Easy Chair were gone and I got together with Craig Tarwater who played a Gibson TV model Les Paul and a Firebird. He had played with a band we idolised in Seattle called The Daily Flash. He was a filthy good rock and blues player, as evidenced whenever I stop my "teenage yelping" on the *Lucille* LP. Ron Woods, the drummer on that album, was much cooler and better than even I knew at the time. He was from the great Seattle R&B band, The Dynamics. Let's not forget the engineer/producer Chris Huston, a Brit Invasion star from The Undertakers, who was more than great – a great guitarist and artist in his own right. His sound capture and production skills, *non-pareil*!

**SD:** Frank apparently chose your song, 'I'm In The Music Business', as one of his favourite recordings of all time. That must be quite an honour.

**JS:** Not only was it a honour it was a riot. There were two pure instrumentals on *Lucille Has Messed My Mind Up* – one by Craig and one by me. When I played them for Herb, he shouted, "If I want instrumentals I'll listen to Mantovani! Get back in the fuckin' studio!" The first instrumental was Craig Tarwater's riff, which became 'Wonderful Wino'. Frank, bless his heart, was fascinated with anthropology, and when I described how a down and out part-time junkie neighbour had been reduced to doing porno home movies in his apartment with his girlfriend – "They gave me \$40 for a crotch shot" (true quote from the guy) – Frank went wild with laughter, and we conjured up a song, 'I'm In The Music Business', about a guy who was supposed to be in law school but instead opted for being an entertainer, and it's not working out. Then the guy's story about the film, plus lines like "I can't get a job as a bus-boy" and "Help, I need a sandwich" and so on.

**SD:** As one of the few people to share a writing credit with Zappa what was it like working so closely with the great man?

**JS:** Well after production bogged down on the *Lucille* album, I was getting light in the wallet, so I bought a pack of Winstons, 'coz I knew Frank smoked them. I visited him at his pad off Mulholland Drive at the top of Laurel Canyon. I played him the biker soundtrack I had worked on [*Naked Angels*] and what I had recorded on my album to that point. He checked it out and then I blurted out, "Frank, could you loan me 100 bucks?" I recall he paused, filled his cheeks with Winston smoke, smiled, and said (to his



Jeff Simmons with Frank Zappa at the Bath Festival 1970

wife), "Gail, get Jeff some spaghetti!" He then told me he had a tune for me and sang and played 'Lucille...' on guitar. Right then I realised that he loved Huey 'Piano' Smith! The first record I ever bought was 'Don't You Just Know It' by Huey 'Piano' Smith & The Clowns. It was a rollicking New Orleans sendup with a rocking backbeat and truly unintelligible vocals which made me love it even more. Not long after that, Frank and I went in to Whitney Studios in Burbank and cut *Lucille*.

**SD:** What's your favourite memory of working with Frank?

**"Zappa suddenly walked into the dressing room asking who wrote the music for the group. Not wanting to seem elitist, I told him we all did"**



Jeff Simmons today

**JS:** There are many, but affording me the opportunity to be on stage with the calibre of musicians that populated his world was the ultimate. Also, one time Frank, (knowing that I didn't like coffee) offered me a cup at his home. I remember saying to him "Frank, you know I don't drink coffee." And he responded, "But Jeff, it's Colombian!"

**SD:** How did your involvement with Dweezil Zappa come about at the 2010 Zappa On Zappa concert at The Roundhouse in London? You got a great reception.

**JS:** My Nephew wanted to go see Dweezil in Seattle and bugged and bugged me to go. He had already purchased tickets but I decided to call Gail and she offered some will-call tickets that were better. During the concert I found it to be too loud so I went to the dressing rooms and started drinking beers and eating their hummus. I looked in the mirror and remembered how the Mothers had played in this exact venue, with me on bass, some 40 years ago. Suddenly a stage-hand with headphones on and a black shirt came rushing in and said, "He's asking for you." Next thing you know, I was on stage being introduced, which resulted in a huge ovation. 'Wino Man' went down smoothly which led to me being contacted by Gail for the UK show. When I looked up at the huge marquee of The Roundhouse in Chalk Farm and saw myself billed third, after Gail and Dweezil all I could say was, "WHY DIDN'T I ASK FOR A DIRECT FLIGHT?" 🍷

*Jeff Simmons is currently planning the return of Easy Chair*





All aboard the vincebus.  
Blue Cheer in 1967.  
L-R: Dickie Peterson,  
Leigh Stephens and  
Paul Whaley





# The Original Heavy Metal Kid

In a sincere and revealing final interview, **BLUE CHEER** bassist Dickie Peterson tells **FREDDY VILLANO** about his formative years in North Dakota, the birth of “the first metal band” and the majesty of being San Francisco’s heaviest





This pic: Peterson, Stephens and Whaley. Right: Guitarist Randy Holden (right) joins in time for '68's *Outsidemside*



**I**n 1968, when Blue Cheer's 'Summertime Blues' peaked at #14 on the *Billboard* Hot 100 chart, it helped catapult their debut album, *Vincebus Eruptum* (Philips), to #11 on the *Billboard* Top 200. The bombastic-sounding album would eventually etch these illegitimate,

bastard sons of the late '60s, West Coast hippie movement into the annals of rock 'n' roll history. But it almost didn't happen that way. "The record company picked 'Summertime Blues'," recalls bassist/vocalist Dickie Peterson. "We [he and band mates, guitarist Leigh Stevens and drummer Paul Whaley] wanted 'Parchment Farm' or 'Doctor Please' – something that *we* thought was outrageous." But the band ultimately relented. "I am so glad that we did," admits Peterson. "I owe a whole career to that song."

Blue Cheer formed in San Francisco, California in '66 and were named after a brand of LSD created by Grateful Dead soundman Owsley Stanley. They embodied the term "power trio", defied the hippie culture of their contemporaries and, according to legendary music critic Lester Bangs, "may have been the

first true heavy metal band".

Richard Allan "Dickie" Peterson was born on September 12th '46 in Grand Forks, North Dakota. He claims he knew he wanted to play music by the time he was eight years old. "I was in my mother's face about music all the time," he recalls. "We were a very poor family, but somehow she wrangled up a set of drums." Peterson learned the basics, but quickly lost interest. He then picked up the guitar, but admits it still didn't feel like he was doing what he really should be doing. It was when he finally landed in high school and met a classmate by the name of Tommy that his destiny unfolded. "I was fascinated by this guy," admits Peterson. "He was an actual *musician* already." The two became friends and Peterson was eventually invited over to Tommy's house, which is where he first spied a Fender Precision bass guitar. "The place was a wreck – definitely a musician's pad," he recalls. "His bass was just sitting there and I kept staring at while we were talking, so he finally said, 'Pick it up.' So, I picked it up and he

asked, 'Can you play, man?' I said, 'No, but I will.' That was it. I didn't know one thing about this instrument or the concepts that go along with it, but I knew right then that I found *it*."

Peterson was soon driving the employees at Popplers Music in Grand Forks nuts. "I was in there every day after school – old man Poppler hated me," he laughs. His father bought him a Sears Roebuck Silvertone bass shortly thereafter, acknowledging, somewhat surprisingly, that it wasn't even made of wood. Regardless, he quickly put it to use in his first band, which consisted, ironically, of salesmen from Popplers. They mostly played tunes by Mississippi blues legend Jimmy Reed. "I knew of only two bass players in Grand Forks at the time and I was one of them," Peterson confesses, noting that they didn't ask him because of his ability. "These guys taught me music," he says. "They also taught me how to drink beer, they got me laid – I was their project." It was around this time that The Beatles came out and their music set the wheels in Peterson's brain spinning. "But The

**"I knew of only two bass players in Grand Forks at the time and I was one of them"**





Beatles seemed untouchable," he admits. "Then came The Rolling Stones and I said, 'Fuck, yeah. That's what I want to play.' I wasn't playing well by any means, but it was the kind of music I was aiming at."

Peterson was quickly hooked and decided to pursue music full-time once he graduated high school. His family's expectations for his future were far different, however. They wanted him to either attend college or serve in Vietnam, which was raging half a world away at that time. "It was almost a tradition in my family – if there's a war you go." But by the time Peterson graduated high school he'd been to seven funerals. "So, I said, 'No, I'm not going,' and took my bass and hit the road," he says with a laugh. He avoided the label of draft dodger by making sure that he was deemed Class 4-F: not acceptable for military service. "I told the recruiter I wanted a gold trigger and silver bullets and I'd kill anybody they want. They wanted nothing to do with me after that," he says. Though he refused to ascribe to military doctrine, he insists that discipline was not the issue. "You have to have some discipline to play music," he says. "But there was no way I was going to march around in circles and shoot people. Guys like me were cannon fodder. So, yeah, I beat the draft."

And so, in '66, having escaped both military



service and college, Peterson bought a Fender Jazz bass and hitched from Fargo, North Dakota to Sacramento, California, where he hooked up with his older brother Jerre, who by then, was singing and playing guitar. Together they joined the Sacramento-based folk-band, Group B. Dickie was on bass and Jerre was one of the singers. "I never wanted to be anything but a bass player," attests the younger Peterson. "But Jerre started writing songs with vocal harmonies and he would make me sing with him. He'd teach me the melody and he'd figure out different harmonies. He forced me to do it. If I didn't, I got punched." Peterson says he learned more about music from his brother than anyone else. "He didn't teach me music,

but he taught me how to learn, which is more valuable."

Ultimately, Peterson reverted back to his plan of doing something dirtier than what Group B was doing. He still wanted to do something more along the lines of The Rolling Stones and so, in between sets every night, Peterson would huddle in a corner and woodshed songs by Chuck Berry and others. Group B didn't like it and kicked him out.

The timing, however, was perfect. Peterson was living in San Francisco by then, where the Haight-Ashbury counter-culture was blossoming into The Summer Of Love, LSD was legal and the music scene, spearheaded by The Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and Quicksilver Messenger Service, was wide open. "You could do any-fucking-thing you wanted," recalls Peterson, who saw an opportunity to create whatever kind of band he wanted. "Musically, the rules had been thrown out, but they weren't thrown out as far as we threw them out." For Peterson there was a difference between what he wanted to do and what others were doing. "Blue Cheer wasn't your average hippie band," he happily attests. "We were brutal and angrier. Instead of 'kiss babies and eat flowers' we were more like 'kiss flowers and eat babies'."



Blue Cheer was originally conceived as a six-piece band with Jerre Peterson on guitar and vocals, a harmonica player, a Hammond B3 player, Leigh Stephens on guitar, and Paul Whaley on drums. When Peterson realised it was mostly himself, Stephens and Whaley making all of the noise, he decided to ditch the harmonica player and Hammond player, much to the chagrin of his brother. "My brother said, 'We're all a team, if you throw them out, I'm going to walk.' So, I said, 'Jerre, if you have to walk, walk. And he did. Otherwise Blue Cheer would've been a quartet.'" Up until that point, Peterson sang only one song: 'Summertime Blues'. "I was scared stiff to do that," he remembers. But he stumbled through his new role as bassist/vocalist and "eventually," he says, "it just turned into what I do. It must've been horrible. Nowadays if I try to sing without a bass I look like Joe Cocker."

As for his bass playing, Peterson had a somewhat magical encounter with Muddy Waters when he was still only 19 years old that helped shape his style. "The advice he gave me about bass playing was to play the spaces," he recalls. "That philosophy of bass playing fit right in to what I wanted to do and I found that it gives my guitarist room to be a guitar player." Peterson also liked to compare his bass playing to painting. "The low end of the drums and my bass playing are like the canvas," he professes. "The cymbals and guitar are the paint. Without the canvas, paint is just a mess."

Within weeks of them being signed to Philips, Blue Cheer recorded *Vincebus Eruptum* in three days. It was released in January '68. When they went into the studio to record, the engineer told them to set up like they were doing a concert. "So we brought in six Marshall stacks, turned them up to 10 and blew the mixing board away. The engineer was freaking out." An hour into recording they had to stop. "We were doing something nobody else was doing. And yet nobody realised that what we were doing was blues music; just louder." The album, essentially recorded live, was released in January '68 and 'Summertime Blues' made the band overnight sensations.

By August '68 they had recorded and released their second record, *Outsideinside*. The title refers to the fact that the album was recorded partially outside. It was their last album to feature the classic line-up of Peterson, Stephens and Whaley. The ensuing tour lasted a year and, in '69, at Newport Pop Festival, the three of them decided to end it. "The three of us knew we were never going to play together again," recalls Peterson. "We had gotten a scathing review from *Rolling Stone* and about midway through our set we all looked at each other and said, 'Fuck this, man.' We just walked away. We were no longer who we were. We were older and they wanted us to stay younger. They didn't want us to develop into anything other than what we were at that

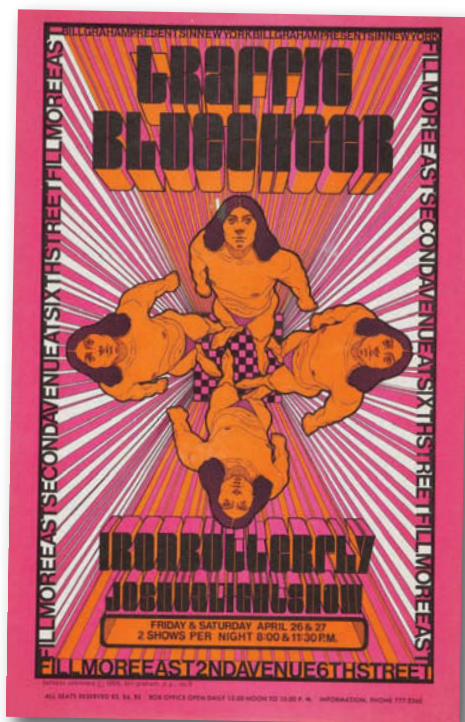


In the summertime. Peterson, Holden and Whaley in Amstelveen, Holland in '68

**"The low end of the drums and bass are like the canvas. The cymbals and guitar are the paint. Without the canvas, paint is just a mess"**







moment when we recorded that album [Vincebus].”

Peterson ended up doing several more albums under the moniker Blue Cheer, including *New! Improved!* and *Blue Cheer*, but he says he did these “mostly because it was the only way to get out of a contract.” The band had been wracked by personnel changes by then, going through innumerable drummers and guitarists. Peterson officially pulled the plug in ’71.

In ’79 Peterson and Whaley assembled a new version of the group that eventually included guitarist Andrew ‘Duck’ MacDonald, who held that post up until Peterson’s death on October 12th, 2009. The trio had just released *What Doesn’t Kill You...*, their most consistent-sounding record of new material in decades. New songs like ‘Rollin’ Dem Bones’ and ‘I Don’t Know About You’ capture the bombast and fearlessness that made Blue Cheer pioneers of a musical genre. But for Peterson, Blue Cheer was always just a blues-based power-trio with attitude. “The secret of rock ‘n’ roll,” he says, “is that it’s 10% technique and 90% attitude.”

As for being associated with the term heavy metal throughout his career, Peterson defers to American beat generation writer William S Burroughs. “He wrote a book called *The Soft Machine* (’61) and in it are these junkies who are referred to as the heavy metal kids. And for a while we were definitely heavy metal kids, there’s no doubt about it. But I don’t really think we’re a heavy metal band nor do I think we ever were. I’m not saying there aren’t elements of heavy metal in our music. But there’s also a great deal of punk in our band as well, and garage and grunge, as there was in The Stooges and The MC5. We’ve always referred to ourselves as a power trio. We’re just power freaks. We go for the low end, that’s what we do.” [9](#)

## THE APPLAUSE BEFORE THE CHEER

Four bands that featured Randy Holden and Gary Yoder before they joined later line-ups of Blue Cheer. JON ‘MOJO’ MILLS curates

### SONS OF ADAM

The highly talented LA guitarists Randy Holden may have only played with the Cheer on their third album, 1969’s *New! Improved! Blue Cheer*, and at that only on one side, but his presence is very distinct. After playing surf with The Fender IV Holden found himself at the eye of the storm on The Sunset Strip scene with the phenomenal Sons Of Adam – along with, for a short while, Michael Stuart who would soon join Love. Quitting before the brilliant ‘Feathered Fish’ was issued in ’66 Holden appeared on the band’s first two Decca singles, which although far more restrained were impressive garage band fare none the less.



### THE OXFORD CIRCLE

San Franciscan veteran Gary Yoder joined the Cheer in time for their fifth album *The Original Human Being* in ’70 (a departure from their key sound) after guesting on the previous year’s *Blue Cheer*. Three years before that Yoder played blistering guitar in The Oxford Circle, who released one dynamic garage-punk single ‘Foolish Woman’ / ‘Mind Destruction’. Big Beat’s posthumous *Live At The Avalon* ’66 show how they psyched-out and fuzzed-up the influences of Them and The Animals for a burgeoning new era.

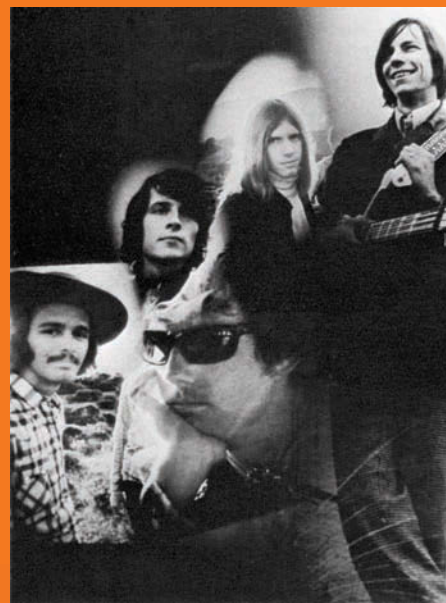
### THE OTHER HALF

By ’67 Randy Holden was playing in The Other Half, who also cut a fiery version of Arthur Lee’s ‘Feathered Fish’ (which was featured on their sole self-titled album from ’68). The album was recorded at the seminal Golden State Recorders, San Francisco (Grateful Dead, Syndicate Of Sound, Butch Engle & The Styx, Mourning Reign...). A searing hybrid of Yardbirds-infused garage-punk and early West Coast psychedelic rock, it’s also housed in one of the most iconographic sleeves of the period.



### KAK

While not based in San Francisco, Kak were very much a San Fran band, and were clearly indebted to the Moby Grape sound. It was this style that Gary Yoder would take to Blue Cheer in ’69. Having already cut demos with the Cheer’s Paul Whaley and Bruce Stephens in ’67 it was with Kak that the one time Oxford Circle firebrand tempered his playing with the influences of folk and country. The quartet’s self-titled ’69 Epic album is a delight from start to finish.



Blue roots. The Sons Of Adam (top) with Randy Holden, second left; The Oxford Circle (below) with Gary Lee Yoder (left); Kak (above) with Yoder, second right





# Seasons of the Witches

In this extract from a new book in which he explores the nuanced connections between rock 'n' roll and the occult during the years of rock's coming of age, **PETER BEBERGAL** looks at the growing popularity of witchcraft in the late '60s, and the song that may have helped usher in its revival









Absolutely wizard!  
Donovan and sitar in 1966; the  
*Sunshine Superman* album that  
begat 'Season Of The Witch'

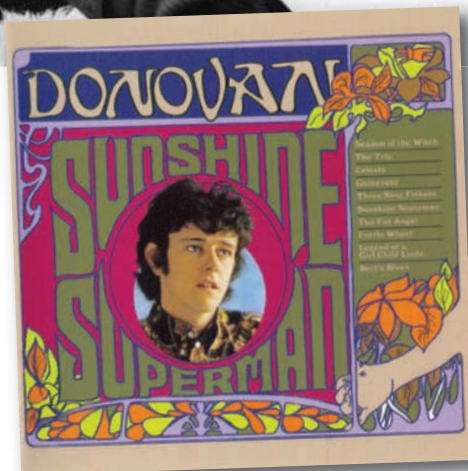


itting at a party strumming his guitar, the Scottish troubadour Donovan came upon a riff that seemed to hypnotise him. He played it over and over again and was told later he worked on it for seven hours. This riff was to become 'Season Of The Witch', a dark and

prophetic song suggesting the new age dawning brings with it darkness. Something about it stuck. (Since then, the song has been covered by dozens of artists, including Robert Plant and Joan Jett.) 'Season Of The Witch' was a departure from the other songs on Donovan's 1966 album, *Sunshine Superman*, whose titular opener begins, "Sunshine came softly a-through my a-window today." But 'Season Of The Witch' was oracular in another way. Something dark was coming for Donovan. The same year, Donovan was arrested for possession of cannabis and, while he wasn't much of a drug user, the British press used him as the poster child to further exploit the middle-class fear that the counterculture was rife with amoral drug fiends.

In interviews with the press, Donovan was nothing like the rock stars who were his peers. He continually pushed back against making any political statements, scandal couldn't stick to him, and he preferred to talk about keeping a neighbourly fox away from his chickens. "The fox is a friend, too, but I'll have to have a chat with him," he told *Los Angeles Times* in '68. Like

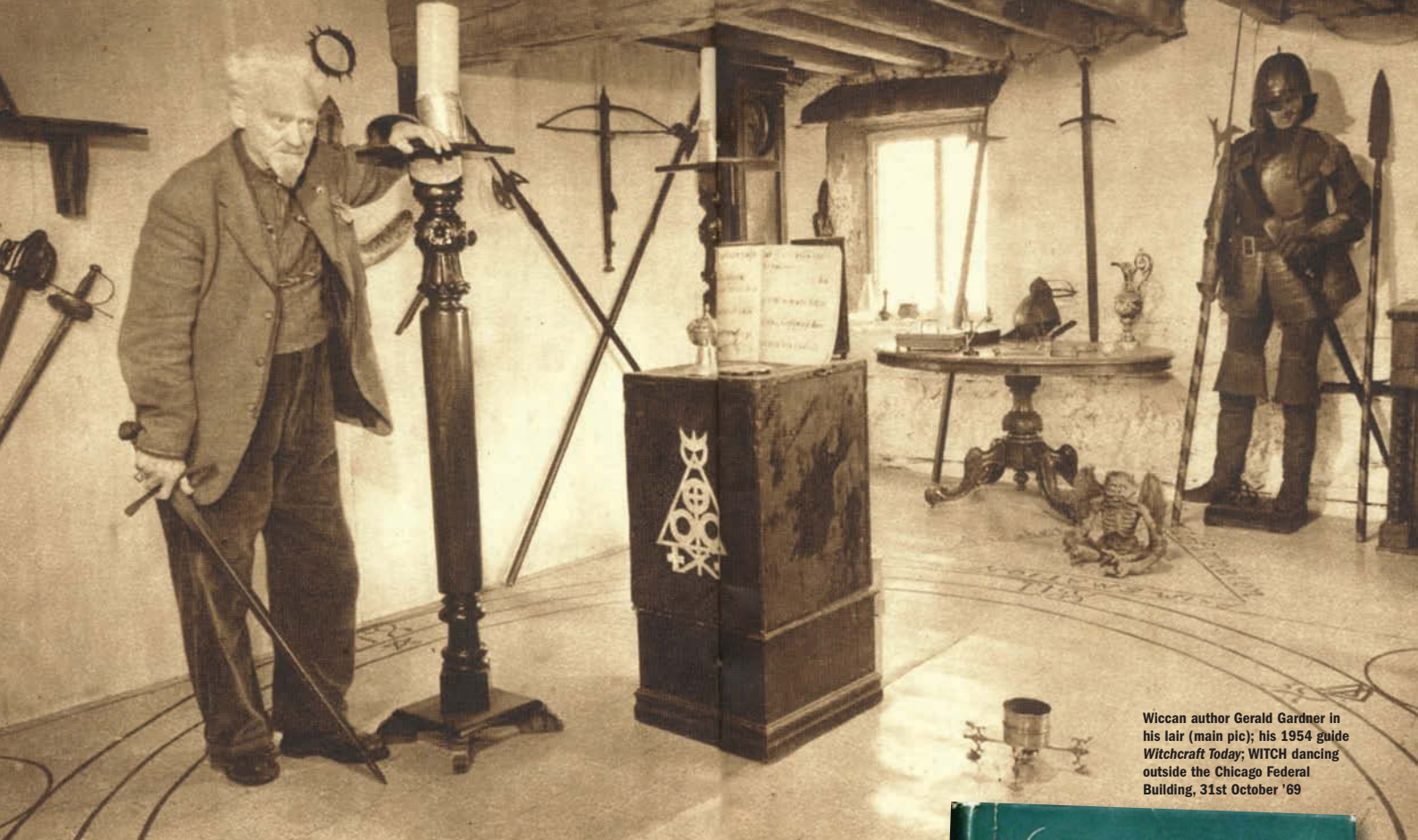
they did with many rock musicians, the fans and the media were looking to him to say something about the world, about the future of things. By this time, audiences were looking for wisdom, and it seemed rock musicians, by virtue of being incarnations of Bacchic energy, must also have spiritual wisdom. There was obvious power in their music, the way it shaped culture, the way the youth had followed it liked a piper toward drugs, sex, and other excessive rebellions. But Donovan wasn't having any of it. Donovan grew up among Gaelic mythology and legend, and his music drew from other influences ranging from Bob Dylan to Eastern ragas with which he crafted whimsical and psychedelic pop. *Sunshine Superman* is a walk through a fantastical landscape of wizards, Arthurian legend, jewels and gemstones, and princesses. But 'Season Of The Witch' became an anthem and, in an interview decades later, Donovan described the song as "ritualistic". Donovan eagerly jumped into the portal the '60s had opened into Wonderland. There he had permission to explore musically the idea that divinity was not predisposed to exist only in heaven, but was



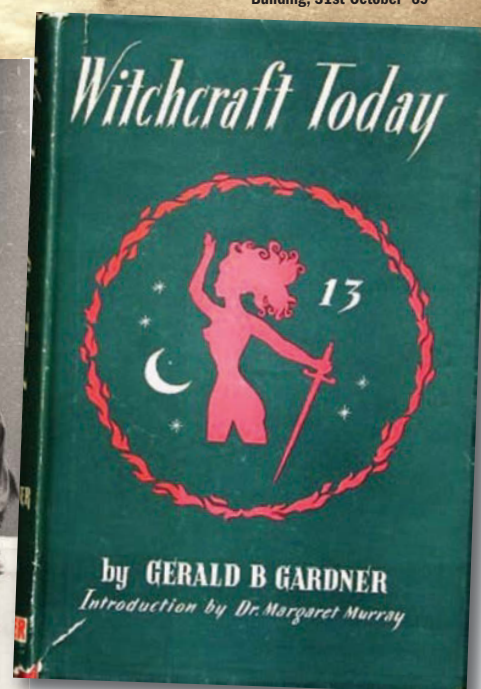
part of the very fabric of the world. It expressed itself through myth as well as nature. This is pantheism, where God can be found in every tree and flower, every note of every song, every stoned romp in the bed of a lover. It is also pagan, where the world is animated by spirits, where nature is a book that tells the secret story of the world. Of his iconic song, Donovan said, "Maybe it is the first kind of Celtic-rock thing I was doing, a rediscovery of our roots in Britain, which of course became the British sound."

"'Season Of The Witch' became an anthem and, in an interview decades later, Donovan described the song as ritualistic"





Wiccan author Gerald Gardner in his lair (main pic); his 1954 guide *Witchcraft Today*; WITCH dancing outside the Chicago Federal Building, 31st October '69



The New Forest of southern England is a protected expanse of woods, once used as a source of lumber as early as the 17th century, and long before then, a sacred place to ancient people who left behind burial mounds, called barrows. It is here a supposed horned deity cult of pre-Christian worshippers passed down their rituals and practices since before Christianity came to dominate Western Europe. In '39, Gerald Gardner, a retired anthropologist with a personal interest in the occult, met and was initiated into a coven that gathered in the thick of the forest. The story of Gardner is fraught with rumour and controversy, but it is likely at some point around '36, he did encounter a group of people claiming to be witches. Indeed Gardner was deeply influenced by Margaret

Murray and her thesis that claimed before Christianity (and until the witch trials of The Middle Ages) there was a centralised witch cult that worshipped a horned god by way of various rites and observances. Gardner believed that aspects of this cult survived in modern-day England. Gardner wanted to go "public" with details that had been secreted away for generations. Fearful of British intolerance, Gardner's first book was presented as a novel called *High Magic's Aid*. In '51, The Witchcraft Act, which had been in effect since 1542, was repealed and Gardner wrote two nonfiction books, *Witchcraft Today* and *The Meaning Of Witchcraft*. Gardner also perpetuated Murray's idea that had largely been debunked by other scholars. Pockets of pagan worship might have

existed all over Western Europe, but the notion it was ever a centralised religion that transmitted esoteric wisdom through cyphers was not widely accepted. But Gardner had enough to build his own religion. Using what fragments he could find from those who practiced some form of pagan worship, as well as gloss from his friend Aleister Crowley, Gardner cemented the notion of witchcraft as religion into the popular consciousness, while alerting a burgeoning counterculture that pre-Christian spirituality was alive and well.

Witchcraft, known to its followers as Wicca, was, along with Eastern mysticism, the spiritual system *de rigueur* amongst the hippies, and offered a means of rebellion that



# The shocking truth about **Witchcraft** as it exists today in our cities and suburbs!

**SEE:** Actual Human Sacrifice on  
The Bloodstained Altar of Baal!

**SEE:** Weird Demonic Rites  
of the Cult of Kali!

**SEE:** Erotic Prayers to the  
Goddess of the Cloven Hoof!

**SEE:** Occult Manifestations in  
The Coven of the Dead!

**SEE:** Voodoo worshipers and  
the Obscene Price they pay!

**SEE:** Macabre Orgies of a  
Secret Sect of Evil!

**SEE:** The Sensual Ecstasies  
of Hippie "Families"!

**SEE:** The Church of Satan celebrate  
its infamous Black Mass!

EXPOSED thru the eye  
of the HIDDEN CAMERA!

A P.A.C.-CARAVEL PRODUCTION

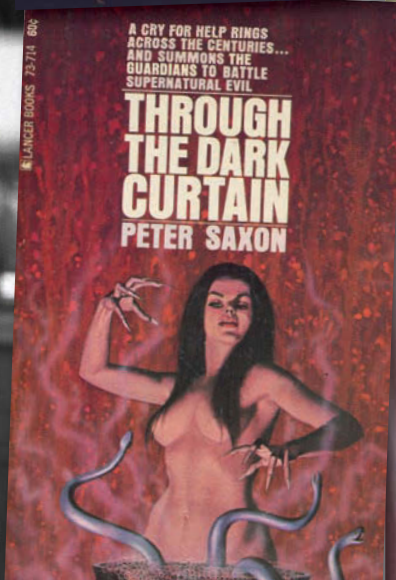
## Witchcraft '70

DIRECTED BY LUIGI SCATTINI • ADDITIONAL SEQUENCES  
PHOTOGRAPHED AND DIRECTED BY R.

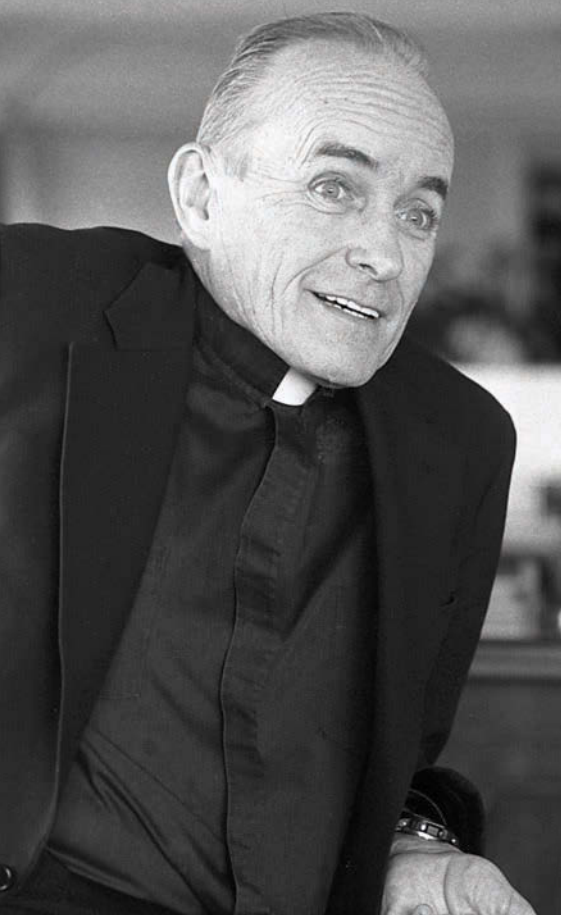
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UNDER 17 ADMITTED  
THEY MAY BE ACCOMPANIED

A TRANS AMERICAN RELEASE



*Witchcraft '70* (above) is one of several occult exploitation "documentaries" of the era; Elizabeth Montgomery and Agnes Moorhead in TV's *Bewitched* (this pic); *Time*'s '72 occult exposé; pulp novels like this one by fictional author Peter Saxon enjoyed a renaissance in the late '60s; Catholic priest, sociologist and journalist Andrew Greeley (left)





could steer clear of politics. Still, they couldn't stop the corporate machine from grinding it up and spitting it out as commercialism. The range of '60s pop culture references to witchcraft was startlingly in its variety. The fabric maker Collins & Aikman took out a full-page ad in the September 13th, '64, issue of *The New York Times* with the headline "WE practice witchcraft" and an image of a darkly clad woman spinning about in a field followed by the ad copy: "Here's a gown that looks like black magic." The television sitcom *Bewitched* presented a smart witch who ran a household and presented the worst danger of the witch's craft as a troublesome mother-in-law. Wanda The Witch magically kept her hair liberated in Hidden Magic hairspray commercials. But all this really did was to keep the ideas of occultism alive in the popular consciousness. For every television show and advertisement, there was a new occult book being published.

In '69, Andrew Greeley, a Roman Catholic priest who moonlighted as a reporter for *The New York Times*, had enough material for a full-length piece on the new religions found on college campuses, offering up examples of the student-run occult-guerrilla group WITCH

much of the new concern with the arcane is a genuine attempt to find enrichment for arid lives."

Greeley's cynicism misses the point and fails to ask the most essential question. Why was the occult in vogue, and why were so many young men and women the disciples of a new age? On the surface the answer is not at all complex. What had Christianity offered them? Churches appeared to hate rock (in '66, WAYNE, a Christian radio station in Alabama, had organised the burning of Beatles records), hate sex, and love war. Many denominations, including The Catholic Church, supported the American troops in Vietnam. While reactions to organised religion were not always sophisticated, the youth was not wrong to see the mainstream Christian church as something generally opposed to change and to a kind of self-determination. Freedom had to mean more than democracy, which was also not doing a bang-up job as far as race, class, and war were concerned. Atheism would not do, either. There had to be meaning beyond the mundane, the artificial, and the dogmatic. But it had to be new, even if by way of the very old.

**"Not only do the hippies sport beads and amulets that have supposed magical powers: they also believe firmly and frighteningly in witchcraft"**

(Women's International Terrorist Corp From Hell), a coven of warlocks, courses on astrology and Zen, and the best and brightest at MIT meditating, casting The I Ching, and tripping on chem-lab acid. The students claimed a "return to the sacred", a heavy suggestion that not only was science failing to provide meaning, but the mainstream religions had all but abandoned their sacred charge to unite people with the divine. The press was rarely sympathetic. A *Time* magazine article by Greeley bemoans the superstition in the modern age and casts a wide net around the youth who were seeking something beyond the mundane.

He writes: "Mini-skirted suburban matrons cast The I Ching or shuffle tarot cards before setting dates for dinner parties. Hippies, with their drug-sensitised yen for magic, are perhaps the prime movers behind the phenomenon. Not only do they sport beads and amulets that have supposed magical powers; they also believe firmly and frighteningly in witchcraft. Some of the hippie mysticism is a calculated put-on – as when Abbie Hoffman and his crew attempted to levitate the Pentagon last October – but


The '60s' potent mix of LSD guru sycophancy and occultism opened up a door into the popular consciousness that could never be closed. Even more so than the Occult Revival of the *fin de siècle*, the '60s performed a powerful conjuration of a spirit that was all but banished when Christianity quieted its song and put it in a cage to stop its rutting. But the spirit of Pan or Eshu or whichever manifestation best represents the archetype at any given moment, could not be locked up. The god Dionysus was often called "the god who comes", or "the god who arrives", because he will find a way home no matter how he might be cast out, barred, buried, or even burned. He is on the margins, sometimes just out of sight, but with rock he came to the fore, his power in the rhythms of rebellion and defiance.

While the occult in its broadest sense is a set of spiritual practices that provide direct communion with the divine, often called Gnosis, it is also an ancient human drive through which the spirit of the dancing gods; the noisy gods; the trickster gods; and the gods of intoxication, madness, and ecstasy manifest themselves through history. Before

the advent of Christianity, the mystery cults of the ancient world promised initiates and acolytes that the gods were ever present, and through certain ritual activities would share their secret knowledge. The destruction of their temples and their icons might have buried their altars, but what they offered could never be entombed forever. Just as the *orisha* of Africa made themselves known through the popular and religious music of African Americans, this Dionysian spirit found a perfect vehicle through rock 'n' roll of the '60s, and from there was enfolded into the whole of popular culture.

Unfortunately violence, war, heroin, and an overall cultural burnout eventually left little room for the revolutionary and transformative promise of spiritual liberation by way of LSD, yoga, and tarot cards. The spiritual '60s would give way to the excess of the '70s, characterised by disco and cocaine. But the die had been cast. Mysticism had changed rock 'n' roll and no



matter how far it sometimes got buried, it would continue to manifest, first in the cosmic mythology of progressive rock, and later in the experimental electronic sounds of trance, house, and underground ambient. But before mysticism's resurgence, rock would undergo another kind of change. Like all great myths, the occult story of rock involved a descent into the underworld, a transformation, and an ascent. But Orpheus' journey into Hades was not without dangers, and the long walk back to the light required sacrifice. At least he got to play music all along the way. Rock 'n' roll would do no less, even in its darkest moments. 



With thanks to Peter Bebergal and Tyler Fields. *Season Of The Witch: How The Occult Saved Rock And Roll* is published by Tarcher/Penguin





The Mind Garage on the forecourt of their consciousness. Clockwise from front left: Jack Bond, Norris Lytton, Ted Smith, John Vaughan, Larry McClurg



THE  
EXPEDIENT  
OF  
EDEN

**It's Christian Rock, Jim, but not  
as we know it.  
GEORGE CANON follows  
psychedelic rock band THE MIND  
GARAGE out of underground  
clubs and into church**





**G**rowing up in West Virginia in the mid- to late '60s, you could argue that there wasn't any other place on the planet you could be further from rock 'n' roll. In those days your television viewing was confined to three television stations that all signed off the air at midnight and local AM radio that was designed to provide news, weather and sports and played mainstream pop music and Top 40 songs exclusively. These were conservative times and this was a very conservative place, a place that provided only fleeting exposure to the type of loud, hard, psychedelic and garage-rock music that was exploding from London to LA and San Francisco to New York. How is it then that one of the best garage/psych records ever recorded

The band was highly regarded locally and their reputation for playing British invasion and psychedelic covers of the day, along with a few originals, was such that they were often booked throughout the US Midwest playing on bills with more established national artists. The importance of The Glass Menagerie to the success of The Mind Garage cannot be understated as it was on these tours that the future members of The Mind Garage gained an education in how to entertain a large live audience by watching the headliners perform to crowds of up to 10,000. When the tour ended in the spring of '67 the band broke up when their guitarist John Fisher left to join The Shadows Of Knight and drummer Jim Straub left for parts unknown, never to be heard from again. McClurg, Lytton and Bond (keyboards)

and sometimes called anti-Christ. The unfortunate longhair walking alone somewhere at night would now and then come across a group of rednecks, frats or jocks hanging out drinking. They would block the path to intimidate the hippy and one of them might whip out scissors to cut the long hair. Having your person threatened over the length of your hair seems absurd now. In some respects Morgantown, a mix of intellectuals and cowboys, seemed like The Wild West." The cultural revolution was not limited to just secular circles but was also being fought in churches where young ministers and priests and members of the congregation were demanding changes be made to the services to make them more relevant to them and today's world. Reverend Paine and the band were both

## **“At one memorable gig at The Fairmont Theatre a fan showed up with a bathtub and proceeded to bring it into the theatre lobby and take a bath”**

came from a band based there and that its release would mark the beginning of one the most fascinating and significant careers in rock history?

The Mind Garage story begins in Morgantown, WV, with the release of the classic 'Asphalt Mother' single on their own label and includes turning down an opportunity to play Woodstock, walking away from RCA Records in 1970 at the height of their success and the first, hugely controversial integration of rock music and religion that saw the band performing during services in churches around the country. It ends with a petition for their induction into The Rock 'n' Roll Hall Of Fame. The story of The Mind Garage is much more than how a group of talented musicians worked their way out of the backwater to find success in the music business, it's about how their efforts ultimately influenced and paved the way for an entire new "Contemporary Christian" genre of rock music and how that music is incorporated into the worship services of Christian churches today and maybe, more importantly, why they disappeared at the height of their popularity.

The Glass Menagerie was formed in Morgantown in '66, by a group of students attending West Virginia University, and included the core of what would become The Mind Garage. The band featured Larry McClurg (vocals), Tom Warfield (lead guitar), John Fisher (bass), Norris Lytton (sax) and Jim Straub (drums). Early on Jack Bond would show up wherever they would play and watch the band perform. Norris Lytton remembers, "He was a dedicated fan." When circumstances forced The Glass Menagerie to shuffle their lineup, Jack was invited to join as keyboardist.

immediately sought to put a new band together. They recruited John Vaughan, who'd been teaching guitar at a local music store and through him acquired Ted Smith, an exceptional drummer and percussionist. The new band clicked from the first time they played together and it was obvious that collectively they had found the right chemistry. With The Summer Of Love on the horizon they had an opportunity to put all they'd learned in those months on the road into creating something new and exciting.

The band was still unnamed but that all changed, as did their future direction, when John Vaughn introduced them to a young Episcopalian campus minister named Michael Paine and his wife Victoria. Reverend Paine had this idea to combine the church's new Liturgy with rock music, much the way Bach had used the popular music of his day being played in taverns, to create his music for the church. Reverend Paine saw in the band a vehicle for making his vision a reality. His wife Victoria came up with the inspired choice of a name for the band: The Mind Garage.

Despite the cultural revolution exploding nationally, long haired musicians were considered "hippies" and violently disliked and ridiculed, especially in a town like Morgantown, where conformity was the rule and conformity meant being like all the other students involved in fraternities, sports and dances – wear your hair short and dress conservatively. Larry McClurg recalls the members of the band being threatened and harassed. "Those dirty beatnik hippies is what they called us. We were spat upon as freaks, called communists, and were victims of discrimination, hatred, ridicule, lies, beatings,

on the front lines of this revolution and therefore could not only relate to one another but help support each other by working together to change the status quo, and that's what they ultimately accomplished.

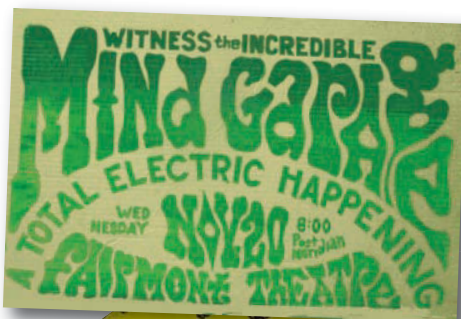
The Mind Garage began their recording career in '68 with the 'Asphalt Mother'/'Reach Out' single pressed on their own Morning Glori label. The A-side is one of the all-time greatest garage/psych records ever recorded (in this writer's opinion) and sets a template that many punk records would follow without ever hearing it. Their sound was new and exciting – less British invasion and more loud, hard and heavy with lots of fuzz and psychedelic influences. The record was pressed in a lot of 1,000 and placed in local record stores in Pittsburgh, Morgantown, Clarksburg and Fairmont, WV, and when they sold out that was it. The single never appeared on a Mind Garage album and remained undiscovered and almost forgotten to this day.

Their live shows at that time were legend, with Larry McClurg possessing enormous charisma and even some Jim Morrison-like stage presence. The music was said to mesmerise the audience and capture their attention to the point that in between songs you could hear a pin drop. Their lighting and light shows were effective in creating an atmosphere where the audience felt they were being taken on a journey and according to those who attended they were. When they would play these "Electric Happenings" as many of the performances were billed they would include, in addition to the light shows, psychedelic fashion shows and all sorts of other musical styles, with opening acts playing jazz and Indian music. The concerts were interactive

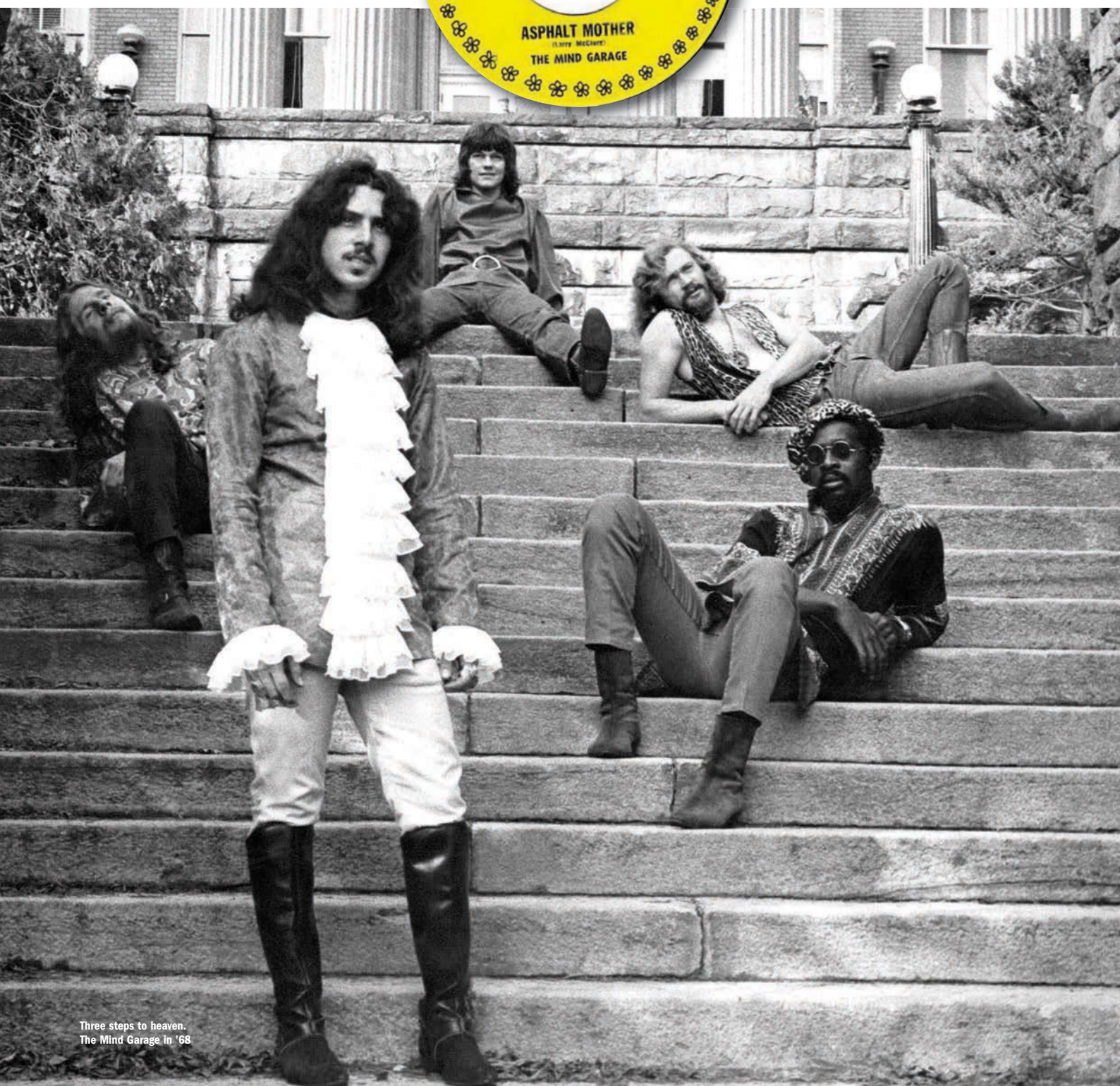


with "Total Environment, Total Involvement" themes, where the audience was as much a part of the show as the music.

At one memorable gig at The Fairmont Theatre a fan showed up with a bathtub and proceeded to bring it into the theatre lobby and take a bath. Tom Preston remembers: "The absolute best show The Mind Garage put on that I was witness to was in November of '68 at The Fairmont Theatre in Fairmont. It was billed as 'A Celebration Of Life' and a 'Total Electric Happening'. I picked up my girlfriend, Donna, now my wife, and went over two hours early because I wanted a good seat. When I got there several were already gathered in front of the theatre. As time passed the entire street filled



up and the police gave up trying to make people line up and just routed traffic around the main street. This was a large old style theatre with a balcony that held a lot of people but I could see it was going to be packed. Donna was knocked down once from the pushing crowd and things were starting to get pretty hairy when they finally opened the doors and let us in. When we entered the lobby out of the corner of my eye I could see someone in a tub taking a bath so I knew this was not going to be a routine thing. There were other performers and acts (the band that opened was The Overwhelming Odds) including a bizarre psych fashion show and dancers, but The Mind Garage *was* the show. They performed with a light show and you could not ask for a better



Three steps to heaven.  
The Mind Garage in '68





way to watch them because you could just sit back and take it all in. The acoustics were just perfect and the sound was mind-blowing. The Mind Garage not only had the right sound but the band had a spark or charisma or magic. They just had it. We have seen many other rock concerts by bands much more famous both indoors and out, but perhaps because it was the first real rock concert for us, The Mind Garage at The Fairmont Theatre is the one Donna and I look back upon as the most

controversial idea at the time and was met with resistance. The band would often use a poster designed by Tom Warfield, the bass player in The Glass Menagerie, to promote their performances. The posters were themselves very controversial and depicted a bare-chested woman with long flowing hair that nearly covers the breasts, with her arms raised, surrounded by the group. It would later be modified so that the woman's bare chest would have "We Welcome You To The Electric Liturgy,"

in how many churches conduct their worship services around the world today.

No one is really sure how Tom Surman (AKA Cossie) from Pittsburgh, PA, became aware of The Mind Garden. In those days, before interstate highways connected the country, Pittsburgh was a difficult 2 ½ hour trip by car and may as well have been on another planet. Somehow he found a way to track them down, and after witnessing one of their performances

**“After the rock worship service, one fur collared woman exclaimed to her dark suited husband on the way out, ‘I didn’t know they were like THAT! That was BEAUTIFUL’ ”**

memorable. They were far out in front of the curve and ahead of their time.”

A residency at The Mother Witherspoon in Morgantown would also draw large crowds that would queue up early, forming lines that would extend down the street. The small club was always packed. John Vaughan sums it up, “The best in terms of pure, abject pandemonium was definitely The Mother Witherspoon’s.” It was closed at the end of ’67 or very early ’68. The beer license wasn’t renewed because of an alleged underage person being inside. Larry McClurg: “We continued to pack the club for a few months before we started playing at The Olympia. If you understand that WVU was probably the heaviest drinking party school, pulling a crowd into Witherspoon’s without alcohol was an awesome feat. I remember graffiti at the top of the stairs, ‘Keep the baby, Faith’. It was a play on the Cultural Revolution phrase, ‘Keep the faith, baby’.”

Oddly enough, The Mind Garage was not “overly” religious, but Christian. John was the son of a Baptist preacher. Ted and Jack were Catholic, Norris and Larry were Protestants. Reverend Paine’s suggestion to the band to create a modern rock worship service, to accompany the new Episcopal Liturgy, led them to create what later became known as the “Electric Liturgy” or “Electric Mass” but when they attempted to perform it in the church the church fathers forbade it. It was a very

A Festival of Feeling, The Electric Mass” covering it. Eventually Reverend Jennings Fast of The Trinity Episcopal Church in Morgantown allowed the band in and the service was so well received that offers to perform it in other churches followed. Larry recalls, “After the rock worship service, one fur collared woman exclaimed to her dark suited husband on the way out, ‘I didn’t know they were like THAT! That was BEAUTIFUL.’ And so it was.”

The “Electric Liturgy” consisted of 10 pieces of music that flowed into one another, rather than the more conventional and traditional approach of separate songs, and was revolutionary for the rock music of the day. While the band’s performance of an “Electric Mass” was shocking and generated controversy it also garnered a lot of attention nationally and they were featured on the Huntley/Brinkley Report, referenced in *The Village Voice* as “Theo-rock” and the entire Mass was filmed by ABC and shown on their *Directions* program when it was played at St Mark’s Church in New York City. “Electric Mass” was always performed in churches and they charged a fee to perform – they never played it in theatres or clubs when they toured. The significance of this is best understood when framed against the fact that these performances were pre-*Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Godspell*, Leonard Bernstein’s *Mass* and The Electric Prunes’ *Mass in F Minor*. These performances mark the beginning of today’s Christian Rock and played no small part

was convinced of their talent and potential and offered to manage them. To his credit, the band would say, he never tried to change them. Some demos were soon cut in Pittsburgh and Tom, with his connections in the music business, was able to secure them a recording deal with RCA records. They set about recording their debut album *Mind Garage* in the spring of ’69 at the RCA Studio in New York City. *Mind Garage* was well received and is representative of the hard psychedelic/garage-rock combined with vocal harmonies that the band was best known for. The album features some great garage (‘Life’) and psychedelic rock (‘Doctor John’ – which sounds eerily like heavy metal – before there was heavy metal). Ted Smith’s drums truly demonstrate how diverse and talented the Garage were musically, but it’s ‘What’s Behind Those Eyes’ and its mix of Tommy James & The Shondells harmonies and John Vaughan’s fuzz guitar that’s the real highlight. In a better world it would have been a big Top 40 hit when it was pulled as a single.

In early August Tom Cossie approached the band with an opportunity to play the Woodstock Music And Arts Festival but the band declined as they viewed the offer as just another non-compensated promotional appearance, of which they had already done many, and needing the money had accepted a paying gig in Cleveland with Dick Clark Teenage World’s Fair that weekend. It was a decision that Larry McClurg recalls as life changing. No one knew at the time that





It's a liturgy. Around the time of second album, *Mind Garage Again*, in 1970

Woodstock was going to be WOODSTOCK. (Interestingly, they had another opportunity to attend the festival when an offer for them to travel in a chartered bus from Cleveland to the festival [as regular festival goers] showed up. The band still didn't understand it was WOODSTOCK and again declined.)

A pilgrimage to San Francisco was made that fall and the Haight-Ashbury scene was experienced, but when returning to West Virginia to begin recording their second album John Vaughan stayed behind. The quartet headed to RCA's studio in Nashville to begin recording *The Mind Garage Again* when it was decided to record the "Electric Liturgy", rather than risk not having it captured for posterity, as they had no intention of playing it forever. The album, released in January '70, featured a couple of new songs and covers of 'Jailhouse Rock', 'Lucille' and 'Paint It Black' on Side One and the 'Electric Liturgy' on Side Two. They then released 'Tobacco Road' backed with 'Jailhouse Rock' as a single, but this album was all about the *Electric Liturgy*, the first Christian rock record ever recorded in Nashville. After having played The Fillmore East with Iron Butterfly and performing their 19th and final mass that spring, by April the band had stopped playing and soon drifted apart. RCA offered them an extension of their recording contract but if not ever formally splitting, the Garage just stopped showing up at the house they shared, left their equipment behind, never to record or perform together again. Their manager

eventually sold the equipment and as Norris Lytton would recall, "It was as if we had all been called together for a time or a task, and now it was recess. It was like exhaling. It's strange, almost funny as if someone forgot to call another practice, that's all."

The Mind Garage did eventually get back together very spontaneously in '83 at the wedding anniversary of a friend. This led to a recording session, *The Carolina Session*, a few weeks later but those tracks remain unreleased and the band once again parted ways for another 24 years.

Then, in 2007, all five of the original members of The Mind Garage reformed to play a reunion concert at Goodstock, a three day music festival envisioned as this generation's Woodstock in Summersville, WV, and organised by Artie Kornfeld (of Woodstock fame) and Larry McClurg. The festival had tried to secure several big name national bands but unfortunately many decided not to attend leaving Sky Saxon & The Seeds and The Mind Garage headlining. Their set was well received but the liturgy was not performed. However, they still plan to perform it at least once more in the future.

Recently, an acetate of initial demo recording sessions in Pittsburgh, prior to RCA, and including 'Asphalt Mother' surfaced and was released as *A Total Electric Happening*. The record captures them at their finest – a young,

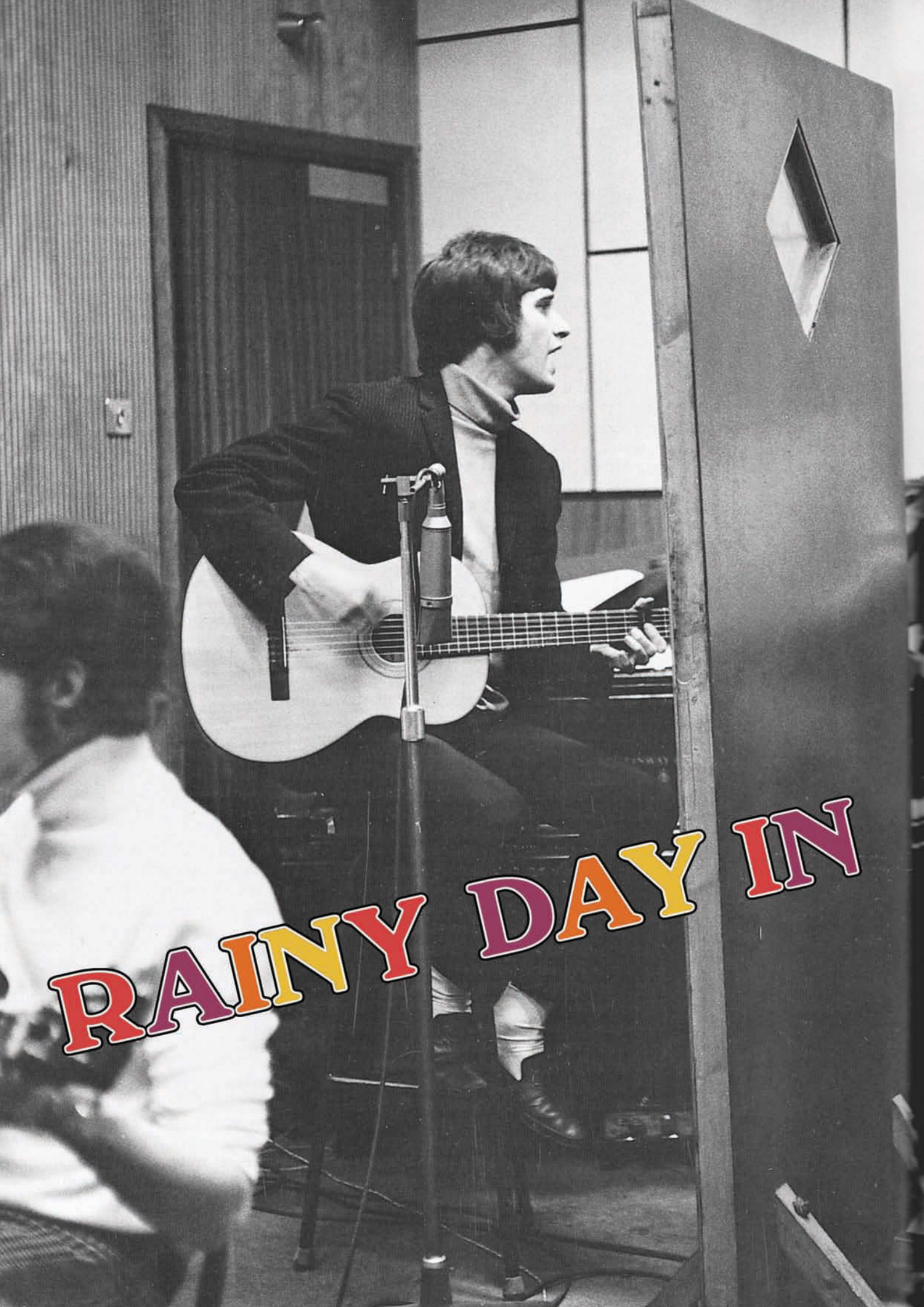
original, energetic group that RCA heard, loved and signed. Even though it is not a live recording it does capture the raw sound that propelled a group of West Virginia University students to the heights of rock and who would, with Reverend Michael Paine's help, create a new genre of rock music and method of Christian worship that may yet gain them induction into The Rock 'n' Roll Hall Of Fame based on their role in the integration of rock music and religion.

In 2009, they once again began writing and recording new material with the result being a new Mind Garage record titled *The Mind Garage 5* released on their Yellow Sun Music label. More recently they have been recording a new version of the liturgy that will be made available as a free download or an autographed physical copy. This approach is consistent with the band's view of keeping the liturgy more a work of worship and not for profit. It is available at [www.mindgarage.com](http://www.mindgarage.com).

Their story certainly makes a strong case for consideration. Like sand in an hour glass, slowly history is beginning to recognise The Mind Garage as a classic band that definitely mattered more to the world, and helped change it more, than some of the more commercially popular bands of the era. [\[5\]](#)

With thanks to Amadeus Wächtler. *A Total Electric Happening is available now on Captain High*



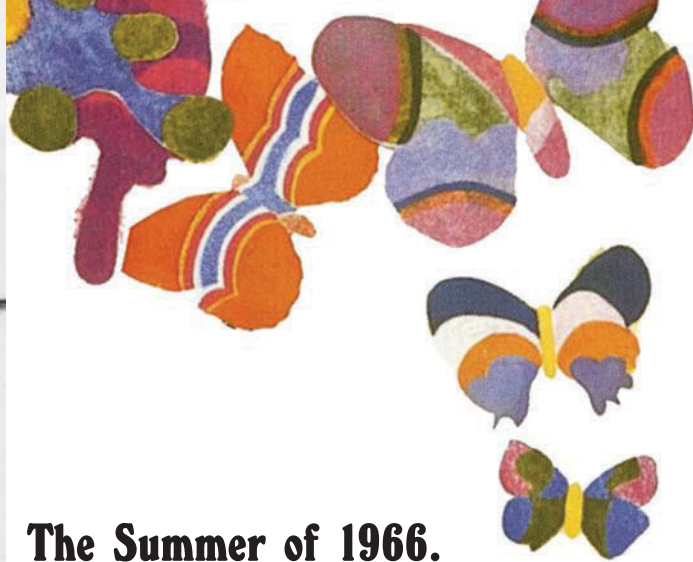


RAINY DAY IN





They're not like everybody else.  
Ray and Dave Davies (with  
Peter Qualfe, seated) in Pye  
Studios, April 1966



## The Summer of 1966.

As England swung in a Union Jack fog of mini-skirted dolly birds, World Cup victory celebrations and London-centric art, music and films, the group responsible for its musical soundtrack was in disarray.

Brow-beaten and world-weary after two years of non-stop activity, **THE KINKS**, and in particular their leader Ray Davies, unravelled spectacularly at the precise moment their international breakthrough seemed assured. As their photos adorned every magazine cover in the country and nary a week passed when they weren't ensconced safely in the Top 10, both here and abroad, Britain's third band entered a period of darkness blighted by legal nightmares, personnel changes and nervous breakdowns.

**ANDY MORTEN** paints a picture as black as the intended cover for The Kinks' '66 album, *Face To Face*





**“I** was a zombie. I went to sleep and I woke up a week later with a beard. I don’t know what happened to me. I’d run into the West End with my money stuffed in my socks, I’d tried to punch my press agent, I was chased down Denmark Street by the police, hustled into a taxi by a psychiatrist and driven off somewhere. I woke up and said, ‘What’s happening? When do we leave for Belgium?’ They said, ‘Ray, it’s all right. You had a collapse. Don’t worry, you’ll get better.’”

It’s mid-March 1966 and Ray Davies of The Kinks is not well. The group’s punishing schedule, coupled with their leader’s deep worries about ongoing wrangling between their management, record label and publisher, had conspired to floor him. “To say the least,” he later claimed with typical understatement, “I was acting irrationally.”

Ray had been diagnosed with influenza and nervous exhaustion on March 8th and the remaining Kinks – Dave Davies, Peter Quaife and Mick Avory – had embarked on an eight-day tour of France and Belgium to promote their latest single, ‘Dedicated Follower Of

Fashion’. While Ray stayed in bed under doctor’s orders, his place was taken by Mick Grace of East London band The Cockneys. “He looked a bit like Ray,” Dave wrote in his memoir, *Kink*, “and, as it turned out, he was a manic depressive, so they had a lot more in common than I first thought.” Dave handled lead vocal duties for an abridged set that focused on the group’s earlier hits and standards like ‘Louie Louie’ and ‘Milkcow Blues’, while Grace played rhythm guitar and kept his head down. “We were in Belgium,” the younger Davies brother recalled, “and this wise spark of a kid yells out, ‘Hey! He’s not Ray Davies.’ It was a disaster. It was awful.”

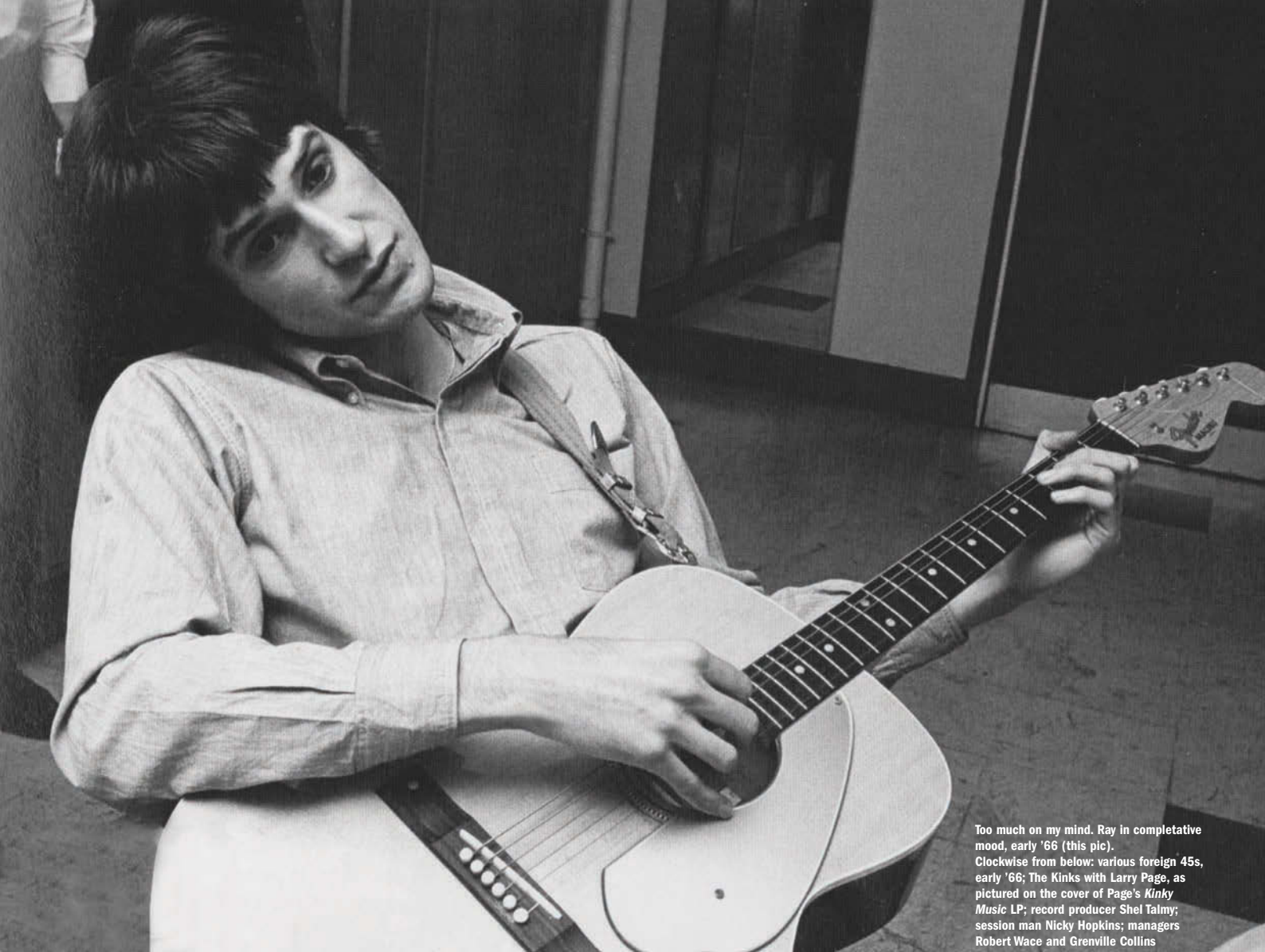
While his comrades did their best to keep it together, Ray convalesced at home in Muswell Hill, eating salad and listening to Frank Sinatra. When a pre-recorded performance of ‘Dedicated Follower Of Fashion’ was aired on *Top Of The Pops*, Ray was so horrified by what he saw that he attempted to throw the TV set out of the window. When that failed, he had to make do with putting it in the oven, as if to destroy the images of himself and The Kinks in a fruitless bid to rid himself of the pressure. Statements announcing Ray’s temporary retirement from the group and the continued employment of Grace for British dates

following the European tour were released. Live engagements were cancelled with many fans having to make do with personal appearances by members of the group or, more likely, nothing at all. It was a trying start to what would become a trying year.

**“Mick Grace looked a bit like Ray and, as it turned out, he was a manic depressive, so they had a lot more in common than I first thought”**

**Dave Davies**





Too much on my mind. Ray in completative mood, early '66 (this pic).  
 Clockwise from below: various foreign 45s, early '66; The Kinks with Larry Page, as pictured on the cover of Page's *Kinky Music* LP; record producer Shel Talmy; session man Nicky Hopkins; managers Robert Wace and Grenville Collins





After the breakdown. Clockwise from this pic: Ray's return to the stage and the introduction of his short-lived moustache, April '66; new Kink John Dalton on *Ready Steady Go* in June; publicity photo announcing Ray's return; on the road with the Ray-less Kinks. L-R: Mick Avory, Mick Grace, Peter Quaife, Dave Davies



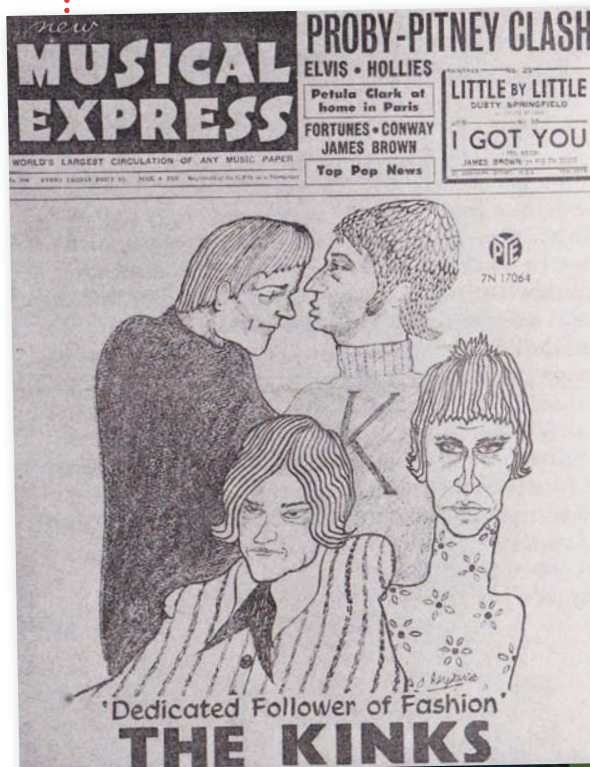


Ray's retreat from the public face of The Kinks at this crucial juncture in their career must have set alarm bells ringing everywhere; from his band mates to the warring factions within the powers that be: managers Grenville Collins and Robert Wace, publisher Edward Kassner, publicist Brian Sommerville, recording manager Larry Page and producer Shel Talmy. It was Sommerville who was on the receiving end of Ray's attempted attack on the 17th. He quit the next day. When Page, who was only too familiar with Ray's wayward behaviour, relayed the incident to road manager Sam Curtis, Curtis responded, "For all I know he was in a constant state of nervous breakdown. How would anyone know the difference?"

By the spring of '66, The Kinks had worked their way up to become one of the most popular and commercially successful bands in Britain. They'd racked up seven hit singles – six of them going Top 10, two reaching #1, all of them written by Ray – in a little over a year and been flung into the ensuing '60s music biz treadmill of tours, travel, telly, more tours and, seemingly as an afterthought, recording albums. The internecine warfare between the group's members is well-documented. Ray and Dave Davies were like chalk and cheese. "If Ray was a bit more like you," commented Ray's wife Yvonne years later, "and you were a bit more like him, you'd both have been better off." Mild-mannered drummer Mick Avory was the whipping boy. So intense were the eruptions of tension between he and Dave that Avory was convinced he'd killed the guitarist at a gig in Cardiff in '65. The avuncular, fanciful Quaife remained the mollifier. For a while.

The September '65 EP, *Kwyet Kinks* (so called because it spotlighted a predominantly acoustic, folkier alternative to the group's garage-rock 45s), featured 'A Well Respected Man'. The song marked the first significant outing of a new approach that eschewed the riffs and ramalama in favour of a distinct music hall influence. "I couldn't listen to anything to do with rock 'n' roll," Ray later explained, "it made me go funny." Lyrically, the song was the first of the character studies that Ray would soon turn into a fine art, and caught him poking fun at the vagaries of the English class system that he found so fascinating. Released as a single in the US, it reached #13, its picture cover portraying the group in their out-moded hunting jackets and frilled shirts, forever cementing their Englishness.

Third album, November's *The Kink Kontroversy*, contained thinly-veiled portrayals of its writer's own troubled psyche while appearing to bid farewell to the group's pop and R&B templates. The accompanying single, 'Til The End Of The Day', can now be viewed as the end of the first incarnation of The Kinks.



By the time that 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion' (written after Ray had had a "violent punch-up with one of those awful '60s trend-setters") had been released just three months later, the mawkish uniforms of the previous year had been replaced by checked trousers, garishly-coloured ties and flowery, spoon-collared shirts. Swinging London was all the rage and The Kinks' new single, with its "Carnabetian army" and "discotheques and parties" became its theme tune. The March 4th edition of *New Musical Express* boasted a cover illustration of the four Kinks decked out in the latest Carnaby Street threads, advertising the release of the single, which peaked at #4 and won Ray an Ivor Novello award.

But behind the scenes, the group's infrastructure was crumbling. Upon returning from the Belgian tour that Ray had apparently little knowledge of, the rest of the group encountered a list





of cancelled appearances, including a *Top Of The Pops* taping, and the realisation that a mooted 10-day engagement at The Paramount Theatre in New York would have begun on the 27th, had the US authorities deigned to give the group the green light to return following the previous year's contretemps there and their ensuing ban.

Yet once relieved of his concert obligations, Ray appears to have made a noticeable recovery, despite a press release dated March 28th claiming that "Ray is still ill and all concert dates are cancelled." That weekend he appeared on BBC TV's *Juke Box Jury*; a few

days later he was reviewing record releases for *Disc Weekly* magazine. His return to the stage took place on the 31st when The Kinks, with Ray sporting a short-lived moustache, lip-synched to 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion' on *TOTP*.

The April 10th edition of *Melody Maker* carried an interview with Ray in which he espoused an increasingly English perspective. "I hope England doesn't change," he said. "I'm really proud of being British. I don't care if a bloke votes Labour or Conservative as long as he appreciates what we've got. I just want to keep writing very English songs." Whether these

words would have been the same had The Kinks just got back from a week in New York is debatable, but the seeds of their Golden Years, and Ray's return from the brink of disaster, had clearly been sewn.

With 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion' sliding down the charts, a follow-up was needed. 'Sunny Afternoon' had been written by Ray on his sick bed. Dave remembers the first time he heard it, during a visit to his brother's home. "Ray insisted I get my guitar and listen to an idea he had," he wrote in *Kink*. "I got that now familiar chill up my spine and knew that this was something special."



Dedicated followers of fashion, summer '66; more foreign record variations





Ray has since pinpointed the song's origin to a meeting with his accountant, populating its lyric with his fears about money and family and career as a form of therapy following his illness. "The first song I wrote out of that dip was 'Sunny Afternoon'," he said. "I wanted to write something that we could sing in the pub." Everybody in the Kinks camp agreed on the song's hit potential and it was cut quickly on the morning of May 13th at a session that Ray remembers as being "one of our most atmospheric". Nicky Hopkins added piano and melodica (a small, breath-powered keyboard) while Ray, Dave and Ray's wife Rasa (see sidebar) contributed the song's trademark "ooohs". It's worth noting that less than a month earlier, The Lovin' Spoonful had made their British debut at The Marquee. The American quartet's laid-back, goodtime sound, as exemplified by their February smash, 'Daydream', proved a profound influence on many British acts, and The Kinks were no exception.

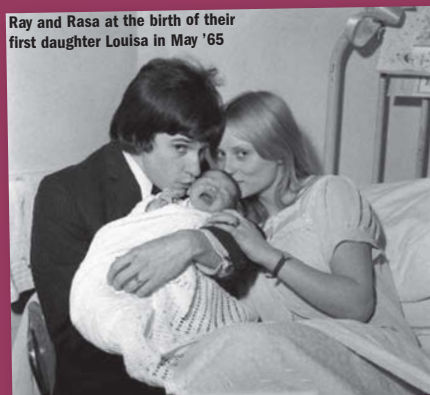
The fact that 'I'm Not Like Everybody Else' (a snarling, self righteous statement of outsider-dom, previously offered to, and rejected by The Animals), 'This Is Where I Belong' (a Dylan-indebted mid-period highlight which would suffer the ignominy of being relegated to a Euro-only B-side), 'A House In The Country' (another snipe at the ruling classes, presented as an R&B rave-up and released as a single by The Pretty Things in July) and 'Fancy' (a hypnotic, Eastern-tinged existential rumination, presumably aimed at brother Dave) were also committed to tape during the



**"I'm really proud of being British. I don't care if a bloke votes Labour or Conservative as long as he appreciates what we've got"**  
**Ray Davies**

## Who Is Rasa Didzpetris?

**GITTE MORTEN tracks down the former Mrs Ray Davies**



Eighteen-year-old Lithuanian-born pop fan and convent schoolgirl Rasa met The Kinks after a gig in Sheffield on May 19th, 1964. She hit it off with Ray and they corresponded over the summer, eventually meeting up in London in mid-August. Ray has since described a movie-style reunion at Tottenham Court Road tube station, after which romance blossomed, followed somewhat swiftly by the young couple's wedding in the bride's home town of Bradford on December 12th.

However, by this time Rasa had already experienced her debut as backing singer on a Kinks record, when 'Stop You Sobbing', recorded back in August during her first visit with Ray, was released on their debut album in October. Precise details of the whens, hows and whys are unclear but Rasa states that she regularly sang with The Kinks between '65 and '72. Her ambition had been to become an actress but instead, starting to sing just "happened". "I found my voice and was truly happy to contribute." Rasa's voice can be heard on many classic Kinks and Dave Davies songs, most notably 'Waterloo Sunset', 'Death Of A Clown', 'Sunny Afternoon' and 'Days'. Generally, if you can hear an ethereal high voice in the mix on *any song* from this period, it's Rasa. Singing and recording quickly became an important part of her life. "Working in Pye Studios in Marble Arch, London with producer Shel Talmy was exciting," she tells *Shindig!* "My life changed; from the girl who was from a convent school in Bradford, to a girl singing backing vocals with my husband and other members of the group. After the various takes of the song[s], to hearing the final vinyl was amazing and I remember my head buzzing with joy, tiredness and achievement."

Rasa would begin to take a very active role during the writing process, much of which happened in the family home, even, on occasion, adding to the lyrics. She contributed the famous "In the summertime" coda on 'Sunny Afternoon', for example. "I would make suggestions for a backing melody, sing along while Ray was playing the song on the piano. At times I would add a lyric line or word. It was rewarding for me and was a major part of our life." Tensions within the band became apparent, though, as Ray could be secretive about his songs even during recording - at times, members of the band weren't even aware of what the vocal line they were recording parts for would be. Dave, who asked Rasa to sing on 'Death Of A Clown', was very complementary about her singing, though, and has said - about her performance on 'Waterloo Sunset' - "Having Rasa there, that female vibe, softens the attitude of the song. It makes it warmer."

Rasa and Ray divorced in '73 and Rasa has since then occasionally appeared on stage with The Kast Off Kinks. Her memories of her time as backing singer with The Kinks remain, she says, "bittersweet".

same two-day session speaks volumes about The Kinks' return to functionality. It was, however, to be short-lived.

'Sunny Afternoon' was released on June 3rd, the same day that the group appeared in Morecambe, Lancashire. Peter Quaife opted to travel home in the equipment van with roadie Jonah Jones in order to avoid confrontation with the brothers during the long drive back. Jones, desperately in need of sleep and still helping run his father's newsagents between Kinks road trips, fell asleep at the wheel and careered off the M6 motorway into a stationery lorry. Quaife suffered a broken foot and cracked skull; Jones was lucky to be alive. "I can still hear him screaming as they pulled shards of glass from his mouth," Quaife recalled. Peter's girlfriend, family and Dave and Mick visited him in Warrington Hospital. Ray didn't.

Pete required a minimum of six weeks' convalescence, meaning that The Kinks needed to find a replacement quickly. They were still in the process of honouring live dates cancelled during Ray's illness and could scarcely risk further disruption. John Dalton, formerly of Decca R&B combo The Mark Four (who would become The Creation after Dalton's departure), was only too aware of his new band mates. "I remember The Mark Four played Streatham Ice Rink in '64," he tells *Shindig!*, "and there was a Kinks poster on the wall. We thought we were doing well to be playing the same venues as them." The Mark Four's former road manager now worked for The Arthur Howes Agency as The Kinks' record plugger, and saw that they were auditioning for a temporary bass player. The audition took place on June 9th in the basement of Belinda Music's Saville Row offices. "I think I got the job because I looked okay and I supported the Arsenal," he claims, modestly. "After running through a couple of numbers, they asked me if I'd go with them to the BBC to record *Top Of The Pops*. Of course I jumped at the chance!" Dalton joined the group as they lip-synched to 'Sunny Afternoon'.

Following this baptism by fire, Dalton joined The Kinks as they embarked on live dates in the UK, Norway and Spain, where the promoter attempted to avoid paying them due to Quaife's absence. John Dalton was even thrown in jail for the night while the band's equipment was confiscated. Unsurprisingly, the remaining Madrid dates were cancelled.

By the end of the month, 'Sunny Afternoon' was sitting pretty at #1. Ray's glee in displacing The Beatles' 'Paperback Writer' from the top could not be disguised. "This is the turning point for The Kinks," he told the press, "Having reached #1 with a non-rock 'n' roll type song we now have the chance to change completely." His still darkened mood was exposed later, when he admitted, "when 'Sunny Afternoon' was #1 I did want to quit. I couldn't





Branching out. Ray in North London

see the point of carrying on. Then I realised that if I stayed with the group I could do more within that framework.”

In typical Kinks fashion, the good news was tarnished somewhat by the cancellation of a recording session and a show in Worthing, Sussex – the reason this time was that Dave was too ill to attend. Ray has subsequently said that he suspected Dave had his own breakdown at this point, though there’s little mention of it anywhere, least of all in Dave’s own memoir. Certainly, the younger Davies’ predilection for booze, birds and pills, and a tendency to default to self-medication in times of stress must have rendered the 19-year-old’s physical and mental wellbeing somewhat

fragile after two and a half years. In an effort to limit any further damage, Ray, Mick and John diligently travelled to Worthing and performed their chart-topping single as a trio, before promptly fleeing. That evening, the previous week’s taping of the song appeared on *TOTP*. The difference between the public’s perception of The Kinks and the ongoing strife within the group could scarcely be more pronounced.

The Kinks had been recording in an ad-hoc manner for most of the year and had amassed enough songs for a new album. Indeed, there had been regular mentions in the music press about such a thing since the spring and, on July 5th, a new 14-track album was mixed and sequenced at Pye Studios. But the complex

power struggles within The Kinks’ management, publishing and recording camps, urgently needed resolving and, on July 13th, Ray, Collins, Wace and their accountant flew to New York to meet notorious business manager Allen Klein. Klein’s reputation already preceded him at this point, some three years before his high-profile dealings with The Beatles. He and his lawyer Marty Machat proved a formidable team that had represented Sam Cooke, James Brown and The Four Seasons, and, more recently, The Rolling Stones. The summit was deemed important enough for Pye boss Louis Benjamin to fly out and join them. Donovan, another Pye act, had recently been appropriated by Klein and Benjamin was keenly aware of the danger.



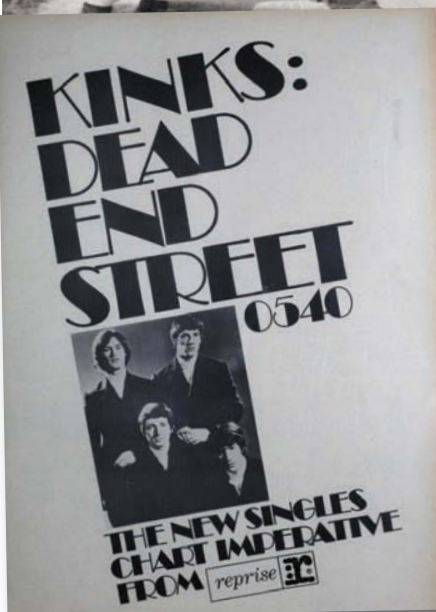
There was an enormous amount at stake if Klein attempted to remove Pye, Page, Talmy *et al* from the Kinks equation, and much to be gained for himself and his own business ends. In truth, Talmy's input in the studio had been marginalised for some time, with Ray producing much of the impending album himself. On the 18th, a press release announced that The Kinks would be signing with Klein and that an "independent production deal" was being set up.

On July 30th, an estimated 32 million TV viewers watch England beat Germany in The World Cup Final. The iconic images of team captain Bobby Moore being held aloft by his team mates are accompanied by the crowd's valedictory chorus of 'Sunny Afternoon'. Even Prime Minister Harold Wilson joined in. The Kinks watched the game before setting off to a gig in Pinhoe, Devon, where they arrived two hours late and delivered a 10-minute set before the midnight curfew. They were openly jeered by 6,000 impatient fans.

The group's *laissez-faire* attitude to its fans appeared to be at an all-time low as its members broke for their traditional summer holidays in early August. In the meantime, The Kinks' American label Reprise released 'Sunny Afternoon' and *Greatest Hits* – a 10-track affair made up of previous A-sides and select B-sides and EP tracks – which, astoundingly, becomes the group's only US Top 10 album. Allan Klein's business relationship with Mickie Most resulted in Herman's Hermits releasing their version of the as-yet unreleased Ray Davies song, 'Dandy', as a single. Ray later claimed he was intending the song as the next Kinks A-side and felt undermined by Klein, though it did become a Kinks single in many European territories in October. The Hermits' version reached the US Top 5. A slew of Davies tunes

**"I received a phone call from one of the managers, telling me that Pete wanted to come back. The next day I had to go out and become a coalman"**  
**John Dalton**

Avory, Davies, Dalton and Davies  
Senior on tour in Europe in June '66



were released during this period as The Kinks' own record releases remained scuppered by the ongoing legal issues (see sidebar).

The planned release date for the new Kinks album, now entitled *Face To Face*, came and went. It would be almost another three months before it finally saw the light of day. Instead, Pye released the *Well Respected Kinks* set (with a track listing largely mirroring that of *Greatest Hits*) on its budget imprint Marble Arch in early September. It reached the UK Top 5, the last Kinks album ever to do so.

September also saw Peter Quaife's official departure from the group, the bass player





opting to settle in Copenhagen with his girlfriend Annette Paustian (whose cousin Lisbet was dating Dave Davies). John Dalton became a full-time Kink and the group immediately set off on a 13-day European tour, though not before cancelling a trip to Iceland. The tour took place largely without incident, despite the audience in Odense, Denmark tearing up the venue as a protest against some fans being thrown out of the show for sneaking in without paying. The Scandinavian Musicians Union blamed the group (who, to be fair, did little to counter such outbursts) and banned them from returning in the short-term. A planned return to Austria and Switzerland was also cancelled, followed by a press release announcing that *all* remaining live engagements for the rest of the year are off. "The cancellations were very tedious," bemoaned co-manager Robert Wace. "A couple of promoters were hit very hard and it affected The Kinks' credibility as a live act."

Much of October was swallowed up in resolving the group's recording issues but eventually a settlement was reached. The Kinks signed a new five-year deal with Pye in the UK, and a similar five-year deal for Reprise to license Kinks recordings from Pye in the US. A clause in the contract enabled Pye to repackaging Kinks recordings in any way they saw fit, resulting in a slew of compilations and reissues over the coming years. On October 18th, the UK release of *Face To Face* was announced for 10 days later but when it appeared, Ray's suggestion of an all-black cover was, not surprisingly, ignored in favour of a typically florid technicolour design courtesy of Pye's in-house art department.

On a more positive note, the group was finally able to reconvene for recording. The first song attempted was 'Dead End Street'. It had been four months since the release of 'Sunny Afternoon' – an eternity in '60s pop terms – and the group's already fragile public image had been further blemished by continual cancellations and Ray and Dave's penchant for making press announcements concerning all manner of fanciful projects; from solo careers to pantomimes to films to outright retirement. The need for a new single was paramount. If 'Sunny Afternoon' embodied the optimistic, easy-go-lucky glow of that golden summer, then 'Dead End Street' was the sound of the inevitable comedown. To all intents and

purposes, Britain was bankrupt – Wilson's government facing an estimated £900 million debt – and no amount of Union Jack mini-dresses could disguise the fact. Ray has since claimed he wrote the song following one of his soul-sapping business trips to New York, and that its sense of dread and despair was hammered home by the Aberfan mining disaster on October 21st. While The Beatles hunkered down in Abbey Road piecing together their Lewis Carroll and LSD-indebted dreamscapes, 'Strawberry Fields Forever' and 'Penny Lane', Davies looked to George Orwell and depression-era America for his inspiration.



A first attempt at cutting the song with Shel Talmy behind the desk was deemed unsuitable and it was re-recorded without him, a novel double-tracked bass guitar part and a mournful French horn contributing to the song's downbeat feel. With its lyrical references to leaking kitchen sinks and second class citizens, 'Dead End Street' was gifted an equally enthralling flipside, 'Big Black Smoke' – two of only three Kinks studio recordings to feature John Dalton, who was about to receive some surprising news. Peter Quaife was back in the band.

"It all came as a bit of a shock," says Dalton. "It was all going well then, on November 15th, I received a phone call from one of the managers, telling me that Pete wanted to come back and, as he was still part of company, I would have to be fired. The next day I had to go out and get a normal job, so I became a coal-man." Dalton would once again become a Kink in '69 when Quaife left for good, and has only good things to say of his '66 tenure. "I can honestly say that in my time with The Kinks the band as a unit

got on very well. You got the odd brotherly argument, but nothing too serious."

Quaife's return to the fold was certainly sudden. He'd returned to London with his new wife, only to find himself instantly courted by both brothers. Dave claims to have invited Peter to the recording of 'Dead End Street', wooing him with assurances that "the band wasn't the same without him and that we needed him". Despite the often stressful conditions he'd endured prior to his enforced *sojourn*, Quaife freely accepted the invitation to re-join the group and the very same day found himself shooting a promotional video for the new single, in which the group cavort around the slums of Camden Town dressed as undertakers. The BBC, for whom it was primarily intended, refused to screen it.

'Dead End Street' was released on November 18th and rose to #5 in the UK. Within a week The Kinks were back in the studio recording 'Two Sisters' and 'Village Green' – the pace of their progress was astounding; Ray's tribulations seemingly vindicated. *Face To Face* received favourable reviews and, despite marking the last time a new Kinks album would dent the Top 20, would become a significant work in The Kinks' canon, the first to be entirely composed by Ray Davies.

It closed the book on a tumultuous chapter in The Kinks' career – one of many – and, while the pieces of this most fractious and delicate puzzle appeared, at least to the outside world, to fit together once again, Ray couldn't help but end the year with further self-serving threats of resignation. "I might leave the group," he told the press, "but I want Dave to be emotionally and financially secure first." Dave's response when presented with this quote 45 years later? "Can you use the word 'cunt'?" ☹️

*With grateful acknowledgments to Ray Davies: A Complicated Life by Johnny Rogan (Bodley Head), X-Ray by Ray Davies (Viking), Kink by Dave Davies, All Day And All Of The Night: The Kinks Day-By-Day by Doug Hinman (Backbeat), Mark Paytress's liner notes to Face To Face: Deluxe Edition (Sanctuary) and thanks to John Dalton, Rasa Davies, Geoff Lewis and Olga Ruocco.*

Ray Davies: A Complicated Life by Johnny Rogan is published by Bodley Head



# Kovered!

ANDY MORTEN kronikles a dozen Ray Davies-penned 45s from 1966

## Leapy Lee

'King Of The Whole Wide World' (Decca, March)

The future 'Little Arrows' hit-maker – one of Kinks managers Robert Wace and Grenville Collins' stable – cut this *Kontroversy*-era non-Kinks Davies tune with assistance from Dave Davies and Peter Quaife and members of American girl group, Goldie & The Gingerbreads. Produced by Ray, the single flopped, as did most of the titles on this list.



## The Truth

'I Go To Sleep' (Pye, April)

Previously recorded by, and originally written for Peggy Lee in 1965, a number of artists tried their hand at this moody ballad before The Pretenders eventually hit with it in '81. Carnaby-pop duo The Truth turn in a typically over-wrought, over-produced reading here that recalls Paul & Barry Ryan's recordings of the era.

## Barry Fantoni

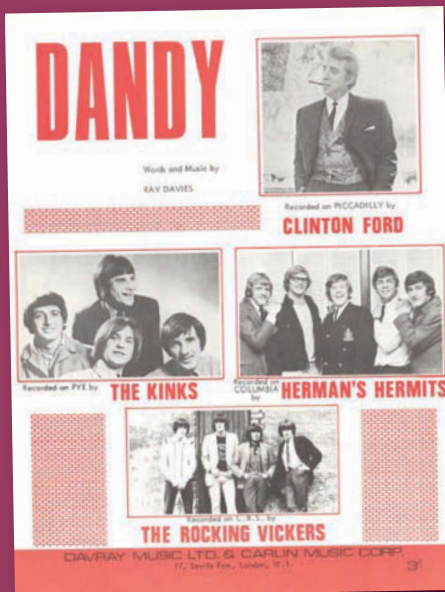
'Little Man In A Little Box' (Fontana, May)

Fantoni was a veritable '60s renaissance man: actor, TV presenter, author, cartoonist and musician, his work at *Private Eye* magazine and cynical attitude to Swinging London aligned him strongly with Ray Davies, who had been taught by Fantoni at art college. Ray wrote this song especially for him and was present at the recording session in February.

## The Pretty Things

'A House In The Country' (Philips, July)

The Pretties shared The Kinks' rebellious outlook and early career trajectory but, after a promising start chart-wise, were struggling to make hit records by mid-66. This R&B-infused rocker, bearing the unmistakable influence of The Spencer Davis Group's 'Keep On Running', was the first sighting of a song destined for October's *Face To Face* album. The Pretties' unusually muted version scraped its way to #50 in August, becoming their last hit of the decade.



## The Rockin' Vickers

'Dandy' (CBS, August)

It was, perversely, the squeaky-clean Herman's Hermits who took this *risqué* *Face To Face* highlight into the US Top 5 in late 1966. But, before that Mickie Most-helmed hit, Blackpool R&B wailers The Rockin' Vickers (featuring the young Ian 'Lemmy' Willis) had cut it as their follow-up to the Pete Townshend-penned 'It's Alright'.

## The Thoughts

'All Night Stand' (Planet, September)

One of Ray's bleakest and most fascinating non-Kinks creations of the era (his demo has been included on numerous reissues) was reportedly written as the theme tune to a never-completed movie based on Thom Keyes' novel of the same name. The song was cut by Liverpoolian act The Thoughts under the aegis of ousted Kinks producer Shel Talmy for his Planet label but its dark theme ensured it failed to trouble the charts. Interestingly, a completely different recording of the song was used for the US release a month later.

## Mo & Steve

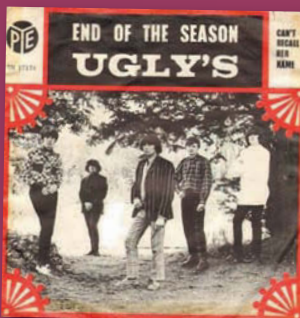
'Oh, What A Day It's Gonna Be' (Pye, September)

A true curio in the canon of Ray Davies covers, this atypically optimistic ballad is cut from the same cloth as 'Rainy Day In June' and 'Too Much On My Mind' but the unknown Mo & Steve's recording suffers from a decidedly MOR arrangement courtesy of Tony Hatch's favoured arranger, Johnny Harris.

## The Ugly's

'End Of The Season' (Pye, September)

Birmingham's Ugly's weathered most of the '60s without achieving commercial success, despite a series of assured 45s for Pye, CBS and MGM. Today, they're best remembered these days as a stomping ground for key Brumbeat players such as Steve Gibbons, Dave Pegg and Dave Morgan. Their fine version of the Noel Coward-indebted 'End Of The Season' preceded The Kinks' release by over a year.



## The Gates Of Eden

'Too Much On My Mind' (Pye, October)

Another *Face To Face* cornerstone, given a respectable treatment by the mysterious Gates Of Eden, which even duplicates Nicky Hopkins' tinkling harpsichord employed on The Kinks' version. The deadlock on new Kinks product would soon be lifted, and the flood of Davies covers would slow down as 1967 dawned.



## Five's Company

'Session Man' (Pye, November)

Another Pye Records act that got in on some Davies action with this competent reading of the *Face To Face* tune, reportedly written about the aforementioned Nicky Hopkins. Five's Company briefly featured Bob Brunning, who would go on to join Fleetwood Mac in 1967 and Savoy Brown the year after.

## Los Cincos

'Most Exclusive Residence For Sale' (Philips, November)

There remains some conjecture as to whether Los Cincos were led by future US hit-maker Albert Hammond, or were part of the short-lived "Iberian Invasion" that followed in the wake of Los Bravos' success with 'Black Is Black'. Either way, one can imagine Ray approving of the mariachi-tinged sound on offer here.

## The Attraction

'Party Line' (Columbia, November)

An Essex act led by the wonderfully-named Dean Maverick, The Attraction followed up their summer 1966 stab at the Stones' 'Stupid Girl' with this fuzz-heavy redux of *Face To Face*'s opening rave-up. Freakbeat collectors break into sweats at the merest mention of its rough-arsed flipside, 'She's A Girl'.



Many of these tracks, alongside curios like Petula Clark's French language version of 'A Well Respected Man', were scheduled to be included on Sanctuary's *Kinky: The Songs Of Ray Davies* in 2002, the release of which was cancelled following alleged intervention from Davies himself.



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★★★★★

Snapper 13-CD / 2-DVD / 10" box set



The Pretty Things were one of my very first loves. Having started off in my early teens on the stepping stone drugs that were The Beatles and the Stones, by the time I was 16 I was mainlining the Pretties' visceral mid-60s recordings with all the enthusiasm of a hopeless addict. Their early incarnations were meat and drink to me and their music suffused my daily life. Imagine, then, the gamut of emotions that I was left to process after first encountering them live. It was, I think, The Half Moon in Putney in 1985, and sure they romped through 'Rosalyn' and maybe even 'Don't Bring Me Down', but there were also – God forbid – plenty of dreaded blues jams, some fairly turgid covers and little of the anarchic lust for life that the early records so vitally encapsulated. They seemed like a band dead on their feet, waiting for the axe to fall.

All of which makes their recent half-century anniversary the more remarkable. Through their

sheer pig-headed refusal to bow out – or bow down – the Pretties managed to survive the creative nadir in which I first encountered them, produce two more studio LPs and survive long enough to reap the retrospective acclaim they've long been due. Their continued existence, it must also be acknowledged, owes much to manager and general minder, Mark St John, whose, shall we say, combative and forthright efforts to reclaim previously unpaid royalties are immortalised in a dossier of legal documents that comes with this mighty boxed set, which is limited to 2,000 copies and retails for £125. It serves as a fitting culmination to the group's long, slow renaissance.

So what else do the lucky few get for their hard-earned bucks herein? Well, naturally, there are all 11 studio LPs – sadly not on vinyl, but on high-

quality CDs expanded with bonus tracks, predominantly consisting of assorted 45 and EP add-ons from the relevant periods, along with some alternate takes. Any long-term Pretties nut will doubtless already have their favourites from this meaty *oeuvre*, with my own personal obsession being '65's *Get the Picture?* However, there's a real pleasure to be gleaned from playing all 11 from start to finish and tracing their career's strange arc and in finding previously overlooked gems tucked away in places you'd never bothered to really explore. Who knew, for instance, that '76's *Savage Eye* contained the loose, dark gem, 'Sad Eye'? Not me, that's for sure!

For real fans, though, the serious fun lies elsewhere: in the astounding hard-cover 100-page book written by über-fan Mike

Stax and crammed full of facts, anecdotes, photos and cuttings; in the two-hour DVD of the recent David Peck documentary that features a wealth of wonderful interviews with main players and incredible '60s footage; and especially in the two CDs' worth of rarities. Here, you get raw, stripped-down demos of tracks like '67's 'Bright Lights Of The City' and 'Children' that go some way towards explaining the dislike that Pretties front man and sole constant member Phil May retains for the *Emotions* LP; there's a searing '64 BBC romp through 'Johnny B Goode'; a disconcertingly brief three-minute take of 'Defecting Grey'; a mind-melting live version of The Byrds' 'Why' from the summer of '68 and much, much more.

In a token nod to us vinyl freaks, there's also a 10" *faux* acetate containing the full-length demo of 'Defecting Grey', a scorching 'Turn My Head' and early demo or rehearsal takes of 'Don't Bring Me Down' and 'I Can Never Say' taken from the archives of Dr Andrew Few. There's more, of course, but these main courses should be plenty enough to have you pressing that Purchase Now button pronto.

**"There's a real pleasure to be gleaned from playing all 11 albums from start to finish and tracing the career's strange arc and in finding previously overlooked gems"**





## THE 49TH PARALLEL Singles

★★★★★

### SEARCH PARTY Montgomery Chapel

★★★★★

Both Lion LPs



Two legit vinyl releases by bands that have achieved considerable respect amongst collectors. How

you view The 49th Parallel material will depend on how familiar you are with their music since these early singles reveal a Canadian garage band at odds with the polished psychedelic rock/pop found on their sole album. 'Citizen Freak' rates as one of the best acid-punk records of the '60s and is worth the price of the entire LP alone.

Montgomery Chapel by Search Party is an altogether different experience. In 1968 the Reverend Nicholas Freund, inspired by the local and growing San Francisco rock scene, persuaded some students to create a Christian acid-rock album. The result is by far the best Christian psychedelic record and this beautiful official reissue does real justice to the concept showcased by the ominous nine-minute trip-out, 'So Many Things Have Got Me Down'.

Richard Allen

## AKA

### Do What You Like

★★★★★

### Reflection

★★★★★

Both Granadilla CDs



Legends within their home country, where lead singer Ucok Haraahap's live antics involving coffins, stripping,

whips and the like remain the stuff of myth to this day, AKA hailed from the tough Javanese port city of Surabaya and were quite capable of producing

some of the hardest post-Hendrix slabs of sound to have ever emanated not only from the world's most populous Muslim nation, but from anywhere on earth. Both these LPs feature crunching, psychotic progressive hard-rock/funk killers delivered in intense English and landing somewhere near the ballpark that The Power Of Zeus made their home. When AKA were good, they were incredible.

However, as is almost always the case with Indonesian bands, the rough edges were more than balanced out with a string of saccharine pop pap delivered in the local lingo and as such, these two schizophrenic albums deliver a maybe 30% hit rate and require very selective cherry-picking indeed.

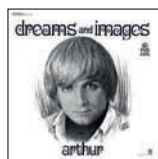
Hugh Dellar

## ARTHUR

### Dreams And Images

★★★★★

Light In The Attic CD



Were you to look up the word fey in any decent dictionary, the definition would probably say something like

"sensitive and rather mysterious or strange", whilst a quick search for winsome might get you "charming – in a childlike, naive way". If truth be told, a short sample of sound from this 1968 LP, originally put out on Lee Hazelwood's LHI label and now reissued on vinyl and CD for the very first time, would capture the essence of words far more succinctly.

To say this is the work of a sensitive and poetic soul is to take understatement to an extreme where it loses almost all meaning. Let's be clear: in places, *Dreams And Images* makes Donovan sound like Slayer! If twee, saccharine, orchestrated folk with lyrics like "I say, Hey you over there! / You look like a human chair / What do you think you're going to wear?" is your thing, go gorge.

Hugh Dellar

## THE BEVIS FROND Inner Marshland

★★★★★

Cherry Red CD



This is the fourth reissue of the Frond's sophomore release, so there's no excuse for not owning it. Mining

the same lo-fi, homegrown ambience as his *Miasma* debut (but with perhaps more backwards guitars and silly voices than necessary), Nick Saloman once again plays (almost) all the instruments, gregariously stepping aside for his Outskirts Of Infinity mate Bari Watts' blistering solo on 'Once More'. The spacey instrumental 'Defoliation (Part One)' transforms psychedelia into a near-religious experience, and see if you can survive 'Part Two's' effects-laden cacophony and solve its opening riddle.

'Termination Station Grey' is jangly, wah-wah pop, 'Hey Mr Undecided' is a wonderful baroque ditty, and there's more Hendrixian wankery ('Mediaeval Sieneese Acid Blues') for air guitarists. A generous half hour of contemporaneous bonus tracks prove once again that Frond's throwaways are better than many artists' released material, including his own, as I would've preferred several (e.g. the jaunty instrumental, 'Solid Vimto') over some of the parent album's overindulgences.

Jeff Penczak

## THE BYRDS

### Avalon Ballroom, San Francisco

November 2nd 1968

★★★★★

Keyhole CD



A live set here from the hairy country-rock iteration of The Byrds, featuring sole original member Roger

McGuinn plus Gene Parsons, Clarence

White and John York (Gram Parsons having exited over the summer of 1968 and Chris Hillman quitting the band just two months earlier). This is the line-up that would only exist for a year, putting out *Dr Byrds & Mr Hyde* and *Ballad Of Easy Rider* – neither stone cold classics, but both perfectly lovely early examples of country-rock.

Recorded live for radio broadcast, this set is infused with the departed spirit of Gram, and whilst the sound is acceptable rather than amazing (there's no Woodstock-level of fidelity here), there's still some stellar guitar work from Clarence White, plus rocking extended jams of 'Eight Miles High' and 'This Wheel's On Fire'. Ultimately though, this is one for die-hard fans and completists rather than the casual Byrdmaniac.

Tom Patterson

## CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND

### Somewhere Over Vancouver

★★★★★

Gonzo Multimedia CD



Recorded at Vancouver's Commodore Ballroom in March 1973 in the wake of the release of *Clear*

*Spot* with Don Van Vliet in fine voice fronting a formidable configuration of The Magic Band (take a bow Zoot Horn Rollo, Rockette Morton, Roy Estrada and Ed Marimba) this is a particularly fine document of The Magic Band's unique power as a live act before the disintegration of the line-up and with it the onset of the Captain's faltering musical direction which kicked in as the doldrums of mid-70s beckoned.

Packing a set list drawn principally from *Trout Mask Replica*, *Safe As Milk*, *The Spotlight Kid* and the aforementioned *Clear Spot*, though a touch rough around the edges in the sound department the quality of the performances and the choice of repertoire combine to make this the

Arthur dreams of having an image





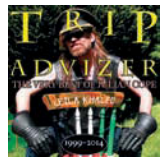
best of The Magic Band's "official bootleg" live recordings to surface thus far on Gonzo.  
**Grahame Bent**

### JULIAN COPE

#### Trip Advizer

★★★★★

Lord Yatesbury CD



Pagan politics sit surprisingly comfortably amidst *Raw Power* riffs and minor key menace on Julian

Cope's *Trip Advizer*, a collection of 16 tracks culled from the arch contrarian's more recent output. It is a testament to the man's inherently

melodic gifts that songs about Anglo-Saxon deities, tyrannical rulers and Norse mythology are made to sound so irrefutably catchy.

In recent years Cope has adopted the role of frazzled folk balladeer, a psychedelic minstrel recounting his nation's history (as well as his own) through a gleeful crash of acoustic chords and a fistful of half remembered melodies. A love for proto-punk sleaze remains, however, and the grinding riffs that grace 'Hell is Wicked' and 'Zoroaster' are a reminder of Cope's ability to channel both the brooding intensity of Iggy Pop and the schlock horror of early Alice Cooper. A perfect primer for the uninitiated and proof of Cope's enduring appeal.

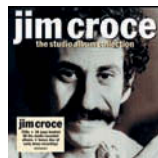
**John Ebbs**

### JIM CROCE

#### The Studio Album Collection

★★★★★

Edsel 7-CD box set



It's easy to forget how big a superstar Jim Croce once was. His story would make a poignant movie – the

musically talented truck driver from Pennsylvania who'd almost given up on a singing career when his third album, 1972's *You Don't Mess Around With Jim*, went orbital, following the surprise Top 10 single success of its title track.

Croce's earnest brand of country-folk rock may seem tame by today's

standards, but he resonated hugely with American blue collar workers of that era. A natural communicator, he brought his songs alive with characters encountered during his travels and, before dying in a plane crash in '73, scored his first US #1 with 'Bad, Bad Leroy Brown'. Once the hits started coming, Croce didn't really budge from his winning formula. Nevertheless, he always articulated the dreams and frustrations of his middle-American audience with soul and sincerity.

This box, which includes all five of Croce's studio albums plus unreleased material and demos, is a timely tribute to a great, pre-Stringsteen, working class hero.

**Chris Twomey**

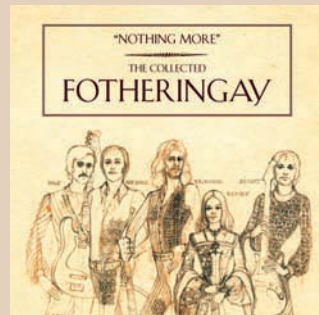
# Nothing Left

### FOTHERINGAY

#### Nothing More: The Collected Fotheringay

★★★★★

Universal 3-CD/DVD box set



Once seen as an anomaly sandwiched between Sandy Denny's tenure with

Fairport Convention and her subsequent solo career, Fotheringay's lone 1970 album has now taken its rightful place among the pantheon of British folk-rock greats. In fact it's widely regarded as the most cohesive collection of Denny songs and performances, despite her penning only four of its nine songs. 'Nothing More', 'Winter Winds', 'The Sea' and 'The Pond And The Stream' found her successfully bridging her folkie past and the grandiose material that followed. Her vocal on the group's adventurous arrangement of the traditional 'Banks Of The Nile' still elicits shivers. Muscular readings of Dylan's 'Too Much Of Nothing' and Gordon Lightfoot's 'The Way I Feel' saw guitarist and future husband Trevor Lucas step up to the mic, as well as

contributing his own 'The Ballad Of Ned Kelly' (a deadringer for the '69 Bee Gees tune, 'Marley Purt Drive').

Sadly, it was over as quickly as it began, and sessions for a follow-up were canned as Denny reluctantly struck out on her own. *Fotheringay 2* was pieced together (and augmented) by the three surviving members in 2008 and was met with critical acclaim, although its reliance on outside material and traditional songs diluted its caché somewhat.

Both albums are expanded for this new, definitive collection with demos, alternate takes and various unused "Joe Boyd mixes", while a third disc adds an entire concert performance from August '70 that boasts Sandy's stunning *a capella* 'Lowlands Of Holland' and no less than seven

previously unreleased BBC recordings.

The real meat for collectors who already own the lion's share of this beautifully packaged and expertly annotated set, is a DVD containing the group's legendary performance on German TV's *Beat Club*. Only two songs – 'Too Much Of Nothing' and 'Gypsy Davey' – were broadcast at the time, the remaining 'John The Gun' and 'Late November' seen here for the first time ever, possibly as the result of Sandy being largely obscured by the shadow of her baby grand piano. The group is on fine form with Gerry Conway's urgent drum fills and Donahue's country-tinged solos a joy to behold – further tantalising evidence of how good this particular aggregation could've been were they allowed to grow.

**Andy Morten**



Folk-rock's great white hope. Fotheringay in 1970



## ■ GRAHAME BENT guides you through some rare and brilliant Brazilian obscurities



With their farewell live dates on the horizon the time is almost upon us to bid a fond farewell to

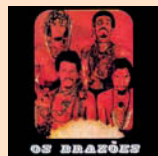
**BUENA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB** – the institution that has re-energised vintage Latin and world music over the past 19 years. By way of a parting shot, World Circuit have assembled **Lost And Found** (★★★★★) a selection box of previously unreleased studio tracks, some of them dating back to the original Buena Vista sessions at Havana's historic Egrem Studios in 1996 and live recordings featuring the original all-star BVSC line up including the late Ibrahim Ferrer, Compay Segundo, Ruben Gonzalez and Cachaito Lopez plus surviving veterans Guajiro Mirabal, Eliades Ochoa, Aguaje Ramos and Omara Portuondo. As an affectionate salute and "adios" to the time-warped marvel that has been all things Buena Vista this is all you could wish for.



**ABERLARDO BARROSO** with Orquesta Sensacion's **Cha Cha Cha** (World Circuit, ★★★★★) transports the

listener spirit, body and soul back to the far off golden age of the *cha cha cha* explosion in pre-revolutionary Havana of the '50s. Originally issued on Cuban independent label Puchito, the majority of these effortlessly

stylish recordings date from 1955 to '57 when the golden-voiced Barroso was at the height of his success and popularity while fronting one of the most celebrated *conjuntos* in the illustrious history of Cuban popular music.



With their heady combination of psychedelia, samba, rock and soul it made perfect sense that **OS BRAZOEZ**

served as Gal Costa's backing band throughout the heyday of the Tropicalia era although, regrettably, this hot combination was never immortalised on wax. Originally released on Sao Paulo's RGE Discos in '69, Os Brazoes self-titled debut is now reissued on vinyl for the first time by RGE/Mr Bongo (★★★★★). Mixing re-workings of Gilberto Gil and Jorge Ben with ear-catching originals including the spacy out there 'Modelo Lunar', 'Volksvolkswagen Blue', 'Espiral' and 'Gotham City', Os Brazoes' combination of trippy vocals, fuzz guitar, wah-wah and echo a plenty does its thing like home-grown Brazilian cousins of Funkadelic/Parliament.



Sticking with the Tropicalia connection, **TOM ZE**'s self-titled second studio album is likewise now reissued for

the first time on vinyl by RDE/Mr

Bongo (★★★★★). As one of the founding fathers of Tropicalia this the sequel to his '68 debut, *Grande Liquidacao*, is a distinctive reservoir of imaginative song composition and subtle, understated performances which belies the at times experimental and subversive nature of the material.



Mixing covers and re-workings of Brazilian songs and imported standards, multi instrumentalist **ZITO RIGHI**'s

'68 studio collection **Alucinandolandia** (Superfly, ★★★★★) originally issued on Brazilian label Hot now gets the high quality reissue treatment, complete with crazily psychedelic cover artwork and the original sleeve notes. Overall, the tracks which work best and pack most power are those featuring the vocals of Sonia Santos, including 'Poema Ritmico Do Malandro', 'Somos Todos Irmaos', 'Birimbau' and 'Primeira Conjugacao'.



**QUINTAL DA CLAROFILA**'s **O Misterio Dos Quintais** (Granadilla, ★★★★★) is an album that's guaranteed to

have you reassessing your assumptions about the stylistic range of Brazilian folk music. A self-styled gaúcho-folk duo featuring the brothers Dimitri and Negrede Arbo, Quintal Da Clarofila were one of the few such acts who actually made it into a recording studio. Originally released on Brazilian

independent Bobby Som in '83, this collectors' item reveals an extraordinary tapestry of sound woven by the Arbo brothers on flute, sax and guitar and with lyrics from the pen of their poet brother Antonio Carlos Arbo. Fearlessly concocting a trippy stew of Brazilian influences with a host of folksy, psych, jazz, pastoral and oriental borrowings, the results are, at times, little short of astounding. Arguably, most astounding of all is 'Liverpool' – possibly the most unlikely tribute to the Fab Four you're ever likely to encounter.



The very fact that **SANTA Y SU GENTE**'s one and only album, *Urgente*, exists at all is little short of a miracle.

Released in the aftermath of Chile's brutal CIA-backed military coup of September '73, *Urgente*, here reissued for the first time by Lion (★★★★★), was recorded for the government-controlled IRT label and later released on RCA/IRT/Alba. Fronted by conga player Santiago Santos, Santa Y Su Gente boasted a seven piece line up augmented by three vocalists who between them cooked up a vibrant fusion of Latin rock, soul and Afro-jazz, where the vibe ranges from the Santana-esque to the very Santana-esque, with the blissed-out sounds of 'Pajaro En El Jardin' also managing to recall the sophistication of Flora Purim and Airtio Moreira.

### BONNIE DOBSON She's Like A Swallow And Other Folk Songs

★★★★★  
Big Beat CD



Bonnie Dobson is mainly known in psych-folk circles for her two albums for RCA, 1969's self-titled release and '70's

*Good Morning Rain*. Her earlier albums, of traditional folksong, garner less attention.

*She's Like A Swallow* is a stunning collection of 13 traditional songs (and one by Ewan MacColl) that introduced the 21-year-old Dobson to the folk world. She brings a heft to these songs that belies her youth; for example, 'The Jam At Gerry's Rock' is a deep lament, while 'The Silkie Of Sule Skerry' is a surreal masterpiece, anticipating some of her later work, such as 'Winter's Going'. As Dobson trills each song, like a swallow, the pretty rue of her vocal adds another layer of tragedy to these tales of betrayal and disaster.

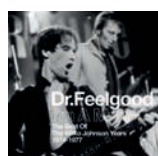
"I sing a song (any song) which has substance and content,

meaningful and genuine emotion," Dobson writes in the original sleeve-notes. Her performances are measured and innocent, making their tragedies all the more profound.

**Jeanette Leech**

### DR FEELGOOD I'm A Man: The Best Of The Wilko Johnson Years 1974-1977

★★★★★  
Rhino CD



Roaring out of Canvey Island in the mid-70s, Dr Feelgood were different. A twisted throwback to a time when

British R&B was played at breakneck speed by enthusiastic white boys in the sweatiest downmarket venues imaginable. Lee Brilleaux, arm pumping, sweating, spitting booze through his harmonica – Wilko Johnson twitching across the stage with all the grace of a tasered Meerkat and featuring a rhythm section who resembled the bouncers at the local sticky carpet disco they swam against the tide of the denim and satin clad bands of the day.

This brief skim through the early days of the group features some of their signature numbers – 'Roxette', 'Twenty Yards Behind', 'All Through The City', these songs of cheating lovers, speed-driven nights and paranoia chopped out on Wilko's battered Telecaster were game changing music at the time and the likes of Strummer *et al* were watching.

If you're new to the band this taster might satisfy, but for the full story the recently released *All Through The City* box set is the way to go.

**Henry Hutton**

### EDWARDS HAND Rainshine

★★★★★  
Wooden Hill CD



Not requiring an apostrophe – the name is the coalition of its two protagonists' two surnames and not a paeon

to the hand of some bloke called Edward – this duo are known to UK '60s pop-sike aficionados under their previous mis-spelt moniker, The Piccadilly Line. As Edwards Hand they

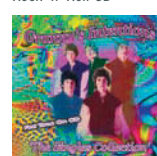
made two excellent albums: a self-titled 1970 baroque pop gem and the prog-pop opus, *Stranded*. This third set from '71 has in fact never been released until now.

It reveals the duo working closely with George Martin at the helm, his suitably impressive production adding credence to the largely American-influenced material. Elements of Laurel Canyon sunshine and country-rock tinge the pronounced English vocals and Rod Edwards' piano work lends an authority to the proceedings – as it did on the Jade album, *Fly On Strangewings* – most evidently on the orchestrated highlight, 'It's My Time', and bonus track 'They're Only Gonna Take My Life'.

**Richard Allen**

### GRANNY'S INTENTIONS The Singles Collection

★★★★★  
Rock 'n' Roll CD



Limerick quintet Granny's Intentions emerged from Ireland's thriving beat group scene with four singles

for Deram in 1967 and '68.





Keith Mansfield at work on another score

# Sshh! It's A Library

**STEVE GRAY, DAVID LINDUP, KEITH MANSFIELD AND OTHERS**

**The Good Life**

★★★★★

**BRIAN BENNETT**

**Drama Montage Volumes 1 & 2**

★★★★★

**JOHN SCOTT**

**Theme Sets & Life's Ritual**

★★★★★

**FRANCIS MONKMAN & PAUL HART**

**Energism & Futurism**

★★★★★

**ROGER WEBB, PETE MOORE, CY PAYNE, JAMES CLARKE, TONY OSBORNE AND OTHERS**

**The Hustlers**

★★★★★

All Dutton Vocalion CDs



It's a good few years now since library music cuts like these – never intended for public consumption – started making their way into the hands of us plebs via a mix of fortuitous car-booting and well-curated compilations. Suddenly it was possible to hear again some of the great incidental music and theme tunes that filled the TV airwaves throughout the '70s and '80s. Many of the composers and musicians involved in those long-ago sessions became, if not quite household names, a little less anonymous. These

new collections and re-issues from Vocalion, focusing on the output of the Bruton and Chappell labels, prove that there's still some gold left to mine as we play our game of "where's that one from?"

*The Good Life* is a new compilation from a variety of Bruton staff composers including Keith Mansfield and Johnny Pearson, evoking laid back and unusually sunny '70s vibes; all sweeping strings, flutes and fretless bass. As for Brian Bennett's 1978 collection, *Drama Montage*, if you ever dreamed of swinging your Granada round the grimy streets of Shepherd's Bush or stalking villains in an abandoned chemical works then this is the soundtrack for you.

John Scott's *Theme Sets* and *Life's Ritual* are also presented in their original format and are the most purpose-written collections here. The former is filmic and dramatic, the latter by turns pastoral, funky and moody in a slightly unsettling way. Francis Monkman (*Curved Air*) and Paul Hart's *Energism* and *Futurism* are real gems, driving, synth-heavy, arpeggio-laced and proggy – superb early '80s stuff. Finally comes *The Hustlers*, a compilation of Chappell Material from the early '70s by Roger Webb and others; upbeat, swinging and brassy.

The original production (and performance) of all these recordings was top-notch and these new transfers gleam. Extensive liner notes with each disc give a history of the Bruton and Chappell libraries and informative, comprehensive biographies for each of the composers. Very impressive too is the packaging, which evokes the collectable colour-coded styling of the original library albums while making it less utilitarian.

These are niche artefacts, but if it's your niche, snap them up.

**Christopher Budd**

Self-composed debut, *The Story Of David*, delivered a tough, Hammond-heavy blues-rock take on the pop sound of the day but lacked commerciality. Assigned to Deram's hot in-house writers/producers, Wayne Bickerton and Tony Waddington, 'Julie Don't Love Me Anymore' added pop nous but failed to chart, as did a spirited reading of the much-covered 'Never An Everyday Thing' (see *Shindig!* #29). The jaunty, phased pop-psych of flipside 'Hilda The Bilda' ensured that this remains their most cherished 45. 'Take Me Back' veered into country-rock with its debt to *Music From Big Pink* but became their last outing.

This first time collection adds a previously unheard '67 demo of The Four Tops' 'Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever' and a new tune cut during a recent reunion. The crude, clichéd artwork does the band few favours but, on the plus side, a 2-DVD history chronicling their '60s career and reunion will thrill fans.

**Andy Morten**

**THE GRATEFUL DEAD**

**The Best Of The Grateful Dead**

★★★★★

Rhino 2-CD



As an aural accompaniment to the Dead 50 Tour, Rhino unleash two and half hours of head music from

all of the band's studio albums released between 1967 and '89, including the rare 'Dark Star' single. If the early sides dazzle and the down-home *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty* inclusions add manna for the soul (further reinforcing how 'Box Of Rain' is quite possibly the most heart-wrenching tune ever committed to vinyl), it's the lesser praised tracks that – when singled out on their own – take on new meaning.

Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter's 'Eyes Of The World' from '73's *Wake Of The Flood* continues the ebb of the Americana albums with a gentle dusting of white powder; '80's 'Far From Me' (*Go To Heaven*) seemingly touches on Fleetwood Mac and Beatles influences and 'Touch Of Grey' (from '87's *In The Dark* and their only Top 40 hit) features decent Tom Petty type jangling that pays dues to the first influential decade of the band's career.

**Jon 'Mojo' Mills**

**HERBIE HANCOCK**

**The Warner Bros Years 1969-1972**

★★★★★

Rhino 3-CD box set



This three-disc box chronicles the highly creative period between Herbie Hancock's departure from the Miles Davis

Quintet post *Filles De Kilimanjaro* (1968) and the launching of his successful *Head Hunters* project on Columbia in 1973. Hancock's three Warner Bros albums *Fat Albert*

*Rotunda* ('69), *Mwandishi* ('70) and *Crossings* ('72) are presented in mini facsimile card sleeves with the inclusion of bonus tracks in the form of previously unreleased mono and stereo mixes and promo edits which when approached together reveal the gradual evolution and development of his all enveloping electric fusion sound.

With both *Mwandishi* and *Crossings* positively awash in spacey sonics, mellow trippy vibes and lengthy meandering tracks the contents of *The Warner Bros Years* not only makes clear the depth of Hancock's debt to Miles Davis but just how closely his own work came to echo Miles' groundbreaking recordings circa *In A Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew*.

**Grahame Bent**

**ANITA HARRIS**

**Anita In Jumbleland**

★★★★★

SFE CD



Does anything sound more 1970 than *Jumbleland*? A children's TV show set in a rubbish tip, which

features a piano that plays itself, a flying car called a "nittybug", (with an Afghan Hound to drive it) and Anita Harris. Spangles laced with LSD *par excellence*.

Make sure you're in the mood for twee, because not much can beat Harris on here. She makes The Free Design sound like Throbbing Gristle. Harris was no stranger to this kind of winsomeness (see '68's 'We're Going On A Tuppenny Bus Ride') but on *Anita In Jumbleland* she really knocks it up a notch. Many will hate this, a tooth falling out with every Harris vocal chirp. Yet *Anita In Jumbleland* contains a work of absolute genius: the best ever cover of 'Maxwell's Silver Hammer'. Hearing this jolly tale of serial killing and test tube self-love with all its irony shorn is remarkable. Harris's gruesomely happy take is extraordinarily psychopathic. Bang, bang.

**Jeannette Leech**

**JIMI HENDRIX**

**Hear My Music**

★★★★★

Dagger Records 2-LP



Pressed on 200-gram audiophile vinyl and housed in a heavyweight gatefold sleeve, this individually

numbered limited edition double album of previously unreleased instrumental studio recordings from 1969 must rank as the last word in official bootlegs. Compiled and annotated by Hendrix historian John McDermott, this latest artefact to surface from the Dagger Records imprint sources its content from two London and three New York studio sessions all within the relatively brief timespan of February-March '69.



# —Fruits de Mer Records—

a brilliant new progressive rock album *plus* news of a 4LP box-set, a London gig and a summer festival

## CRANIUM PIE 'MECHANISMS PART TWO'

a double LP of classic, but warped, UK progressive rock from the band whose previous album was voted Classic Rock magazine's "bonkers prog rock LP 2012" Extended keyboard-led pieces and wild fx, it might remind you of classic labels like Vertigo, Charisma, and Music for Pleasure. Gatefold sleeve, pressed on 180gm colour vinyl. ON SALE MARCH 30

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aural innovations

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## SIDE EFFECTS 4LP BOX-SET

eight bands, eight tracks, eight sides of music - it makes 'Tales of Topographic Oceans' seem like a walk in the park. Artists including The Bevis Frond, Sendelica, Arcade Messiah and Superjord reinterpret songs originally recorded by Pink Floyd, Miles Davis, Aphrodite's Child, Electric Sandwich, Yes and more... All four albums will be pressed on 180gm splatter vinyl - ON SALE MAY

## FRUITS de MER LIVE!

May 24: 'Games for May' at the famous Half Moon in Putney - a great way to spend a Bank Holiday Sunday

## FRUITS DE MER & MEGA DODO GAMES FOR MAY

On Sunday 24th May 2015 at The Half Moon, Putney, London, Fruits de Mer and Mega Dodo present Games for May. Tir na nOg, Schnauser, The Honey Pot, Mark & The Clouds, The Past Tense, and DJ Marra Bonfire

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TIR NA NOG  
SCHNAUSER  
THE HONEY POT  
MARK & THE CLOUDS  
THE PAST TENSE  
DJ MARRA BONFIRE

## The Bevis Frond SENDELICA

The Soft Bombs

JULIE'S HAIRCUT

SIDE EFFECTS

WREATHS

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL

arcade messiah

SUPERJORD

August 7-9: '13th Dream of Dr. Sardonicus' three nights at the Cellar Bar in Cardigan, including Sendelica, The Bevis Frond, Schnauser and Astralasia

## UFO Club : Fruits De Mer Records : Sendelica The 13th Dream of Dr Sardonicus a Festival of Psychedelia

over three nights at the Cellar Bar and Art Gallery in Cardigan, Wales

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ASTRALASIA  
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# Step Forward

## GEORGE JACKSON & DAN GREER

**George Jackson & Dan Greer At Goldwax**

★★★★★

## SAM DEES

**It's Over: 70s Songwriter Demos And Masters**

★★★★★

## JIMMY HOLIDAY

**Spread Your Love: The Complete Minit Singles 1966-1970**

★★★★★

All Kent CDs



As a recording duo George Jackson and Dan Greer released just one single together. The excellent *At Goldwax* focuses on the demos the pair cut during 1966/67 in Memphis with the intention of shopping to other artists. These intimate previously unheard sessions provide a rare glimpse of soul music in its purest form. A simple conversational vocal and softly played piano are all it takes to illuminate candlelit ballads like 'I'm Still In Love With You' or the fragile 'Come Back And Help Me Save Our Romance'. Pick of the bunch, 'A Road To Nowhere' and 'Will You Be Around' – both deep soul classics in the making, could have graced any James

Carr or Aretha Franklin LP.

Sam Dees is cult figure amongst soul connoisseurs of crossover '70s soul, who will welcome the batch of unreleased demos compiled on *It's Over*. Smooth with just the right amount of rough edges, Dees was a skilled and versatile singer and songwriter of gospel, funk, soul and progressive proto-disco sounds. The uplifting 'Today Is A New Day' and the rhythmic acoustic funk groove of 'Singing In Poverty' have a social consciousness and Dees sounds exquisite on the lovely 'I Know Where You're Coming From', 'We've Got To Get It Together' and the sensual 'Gimme A Little Action', which recalls Marvin Gaye's 'You Sure Love To Ball'. Be warned however, some of it does sound a bit soppy and too sweet in one sitting, recalling the creamy, slick Marmite sounds of the '70s disco era.

More becoming is the heart-warming croaky croon of Jimmy Holiday, a much under-rated performer who is best known for his song-writing duties for other artists such as Ray Charles and Bobby Womack. The quality of his solo work featured on *Spread Your Love* is apparent from the start. 'The Turning Point', a deep soul genre-classic that never was, should have catapulted Jimmy to the big league. Holiday excelled at these delicately poised, classy soul ballads (see also 'Baby I Love You' and 'Everybody Needs Help') but bubbly Motownesque duets with Clyde King, Stones-harp driven blues ('You Won't Get Away') and his beefy later tracks cut at Chips Moman's American Studio, add variety to his always beguiling, sincere, histrionic-free soulful singing.

**Paul Ritchie**

Recorded at London's Olympic Studios and New York's Record Plant and Olmstead Studios and now freshly remixed by long term Hendrix associate Eddie Kramer these working versions of tracks find Jimi variously accompanied by The Experience, Billy Cox, Jim McCarty of The Buddy Miles Express, then Miles Davis bassist Dave Holland and others as he commits his ideas to tape whenever a day or two's studio time could be squeezed into the Experience's punishing concert schedule.

**Grahame Bent**

## THE ILLUSION

**The Illusion**

**Together (As A Way Of Life) If It's So**

★★★★★

All Golden Archive CDs



As the mid-60s gave way to the late '60s, the term "Hard Rock" appeared. Separate and distinct from

"Heavy Metal", which would follow shortly. Typified by about 15 bands which had the word 'Savage' in their names. Got it?

The New York/New Jersey region boasted several of these outfits, most of whom, sadly, never made it too far away from their local base. Chief among them would be this well-loved Long Island combo, who made their first splash with three (yep, three) LPs. One national hit single in the fabulous, cranking 'Did You See Her Eyes', minor hits with 'Together' and 'Let's Make Each Other Happy', and that's, sadly, about it. And they opened for virtually every major touring act at the tail end of the '60s in the USA.

This is Big Rock Music, '60s style. It has hair on it. If you own the original LPs, you probably know that you had to shave them every week or two. If you don't own them, and your collection proudly features several Steppenwolf, Vagrants, Rationals, and Deep Purple Mk I LPs, then you should probably have these; especially the first one.

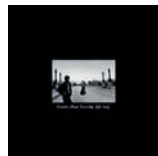
**Mike Fornatale**

## DAVID KAUFFMAN & ERIC CABOOR

**Songs From Suicide Bridge**

★★★★★

Light In The Attic CD



If ever a collection of songs passed the Ronseal test implicit in its title, then it'd surely be this 10-song set, a downer folk

selection that starts out bleak and then progresses on into the kind of stilled stark silence that almost erases its own being. Recorded in LA in 1983 and released as a severely limited pressing the following year, but featuring the kind of predominantly acoustic loner vibes that could've been laid down anytime between about 1968 and right now, the LP was a deliberately perverse selection of the

pair's most hauntingly depressing songs and attracted almost no attention whatsoever at the time.

With no particular standout track, it's the 4am dark-night-of-the-soul mood that lingers long after the final track vanishes into the vacuum. Certainly not a date album or any manner of party sounds, but if musical Alaska is your bag, it's one to cleave to through the long cold winter.

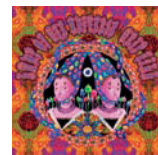
**Hugh Dellar**

## LAMP OF THE UNIVERSE/ TRIP HILL

**Lamp Of The Universe/Trip Hill**

★★★★★

Clostridium CD/LP



The return of two late '90s underground one man psych legends has been aided and abetted by

Germany's Clostridium Records, which has quietly been issuing limited editions in high quality vinyl and on CD since 2010. This one comes in a stunning psychedelic sleeve by ex-Freakbeat magazine artist Dale Simpson.

Lamp Of The Universe (AKA New Zealand's Craig Williamson) has been around for a while now producing albums of trippy sitar-laced psychedelia and the side-long 'Domain Of The Buddha' delivers a sitar space-rock symphony perfect for a late night session. Trip Hill – Italy's Bevis Frond, if you will – is piloted by the mysterious Fabrizio and six tracks of intense guitar-led psychedelic rock merge US and European styles into a hybrid that draws equally on garage-psych and space-rock. With track titles like 'Raining Metallic Mushroom' and 'Driving Over The Rainbow' you should know exactly what you're getting.

**Richard Allen**

## CHARLES LLOYD

**Manhattan Stories**

★★★★★

Resonance CD



These previously unissued live recordings document the short-lived but highly eventful lifespan of this

all-star edition of The Charles Lloyd Quartet when tenor-man Lloyd found himself sharing the bandstand with Gabor Szabo, his sparring partner of old from The Chico Hamilton Quintet, and the powerhouse rhythm section of Ron Carter and Pete La Roca.

Dating from 1965, the two performances presented side by side on *Manhattan Stories* date were caught on tape amid the sharply contrasting surroundings of Judson Hall in midtown Manhattan and the legendary lower east side experimental jazz hot spot that was Slug's Saloon. While Lloyd may be the quartet's nominal leader and principal composer, in reality, this is a combustible partnership of equals such is the intensity of the interplay





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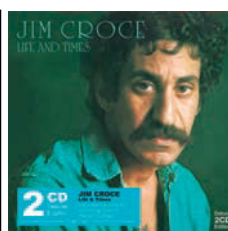
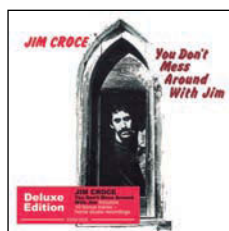
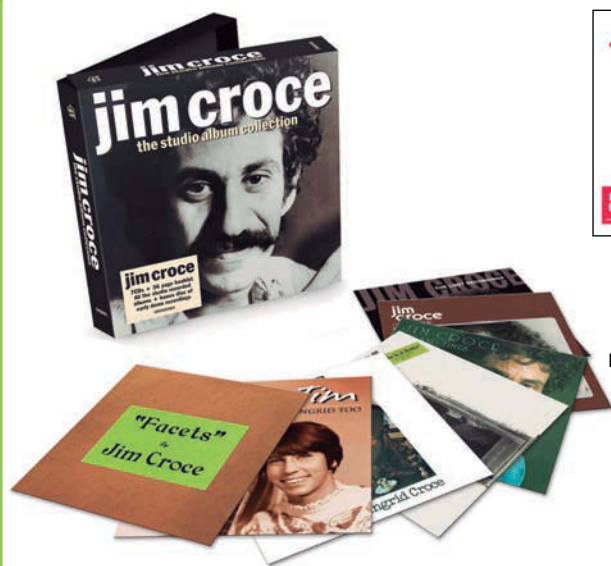








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between the four individual musicians as is most persuasively illustrated by the extended improvisatory flows on 'Sweet Georgia Bright' and 'Dream Weaver' from the Judson Hall and Slug's Saloon dates respectively.  
**Grahame Bent**

## MAX FROST & THE TROOPERS

### Shape Of Things To Come

★★★★★  
Captain High CD



*Wild In The Streets* was a clever film that, like Britain's *Privilege* featuring Paul Jones, took the premise of a

pop star leading a country, and in the case of *Wild In The Streets* placing everyone over the age of 35 in retirement camps and planting LSD in Washington's water supply. Remember: John Lennon had more clout than God.

The soundtrack of the film features the supposed hit music of the protagonist's group Max Frost & The Troopers, made by The 13th Floor

(essentially Davie Allan & The Arrows featuring the voice of Paul Wibier). 'The Shape Of Things To Come' is a classic, now rightly assembled on the legendary *Nuggets* box set. As you would expect from Mike Curb's Tower releases, the rest of the material is all solid Monkees-esque pop with punkish and psych edges, notably 'She Lied', which is acid-punk perfection. A clutch of single sides including Jerry Howard's 'Wild In The Streets' round out the package.

**Jon 'Mojo' Mills**

## THE MIKE COTTON SOUND

### The Mike Cotton Sound: Expanded Edition

★★★★★  
RPM CD



Expensive, collectible LP, rumoured to be the best example of "Trad Jazz Combo Transitions Into Beat Group In

1963 Without Missing A, erm, Beat". And without sucking.

Well, that's darned accurate. This thing just cracks its way out of the

speakers. They're not quite the early Manfred Mann, but that's as good a touchstone as any. Since I've made that comparison, I have to point to the one thing they were missing: a killer lead singer. The vocals are more than adequate; but you'll miss the presence of a Paul Jones, an Eric Burdon or a Terry Reid in several places here, despite the fact that a whole star-studded array of future luminaries passed through the band, too many to list. A pre-Animals Dave Rowberry makes a distinctive noise throughout.

They did add the missing Killer Lead Singer after the LP, for several single releases – all included here – in the American personage of Bruce McPherson Lucas. Oddly enough, the Lucas-fronted recordings aren't as exciting or vital as the earlier ones. Strange disconnect. Still great, though.

**Mike Fornatale**

## THE MIND GARAGE

### A Total Electric Happening

★★★★★  
Merlin's Nose CD

Before the church had bearing on these West Virginian freaks they self-



released a gargantuan psych/punk single, 'Asphalt Mother', on their own Morning Glori label in

early 1968 – both sides included here. The story of *Electric Liturgy* is known enough, and the two albums the band cut for RCA, although good, cannot compete with the pre-Christian unreleased acetate sides, which make up the rest of this CD. This is the sound of acid-punk as we know it. Psychedelic music that was crude and of the garage, but deeper than the boy/girl songs of a couple of years before. 'Asphalt Mother' really does sum it up: snotty vocals, fuzz-tone riffs, swirling organ and wig-out guitar.

'B 52' is almost Satanic in an Arthur Brown manner, 'Sale Of A Death Man' has all of the edge of the single, 'What Shall We Do 'Till Norris Comes' slows things down in a manner not unlike The Electric Prunes' *Underground* era with a dash of The Doors, and 'Circus Farm' is delightfully kooky.

# Too Much, Too Little, Too Late

## JELLYFISH

### Bellybutton

★★★★★  
Spilt Milk  
★★★★★  
Both Omnivore 2-CDs



When *Bellybutton* was released in 1990 it felt like an ambush of iridescent paintballs, aimed by pop-eyed nixies who looked like the child catcher from *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* with an insane clown posse of gleefully mutated Roger Corman extras. It was patently so much better and brighter than anything else on the mainstream pop menu that immeasurable success seemed a given, but then they trained the guns on themselves.

Omnivore Recordings, may your choice of deity bless and preserve them, have re-mastered both Jellyfish albums with a bonus disc apiece of demos and combustible yet intimidatingly nailed-on live performances. The demos categorically prove that drummer/lead vocalist Andy Sturmer and keyboardist Roger Manning had their thing sewn up like a contamination-proof shroud from the get-go. In most

cases, arrangements are identical to the official versions, right down to the phrasing of counter-harmonies – although album producer Albhy Galuten wisely vetoed the, erm, Galuten-free "yeah yeah yeah" coda on 'Calling Sarah' before committing the song to posterity. *Spilt Milk* proffers a particularly noteworthy haul of mislaid jewels – not least 'Ignorance Is Bliss', a theatrical chanson-polka, and 'I Don't Believe You', a neo-Buffalo-Springfield sparkler.

But what of the original albums themselves? *Bellybutton* remains an exemplar of wistful pop conveyed with

a contrastingly bumptious confidence. The sequencing still seems peculiar – 'The Man I Used To Be' and 'That Is Why' are flawless creations, but perhaps a tad halting for a how-do-you-do. However, the *rightness* of 'Baby's Coming Back', the queasy bossa nova 'Bedspring Kiss' and the heartsick anthem 'I Wanna Stay Home' are enough to make any nit-picker shut the fuck up. If Jellyfish's cartoony couture prevented some from taking them seriously, '93's *Spilt Milk* was a grown-up, debate-ending riposte: a damn-the-expense Wagnerian

construct which dared to imagine a concordance between *Pet Sounds*, *A Night At The Opera* and *Loveless*. String sections went head-to-head with grunge-gaze guitars, and even if Sturmer and Manning were still haemorrhaging classic pop at will ('Too Much, Too Little, Too Late', 'New Mistake'), this was sunshine-pop with ominously dark sunspots. 'The Ghost At Number One' out-aspires Brian and Van Dyke, and the allusive 'Russian Hill' is their most sublime achievement.

Grand folly my arse.  
**Marco Rossi**

Fluff? Jellyfish circa *Bellybutton*





Larry McClurg and gang had an awful lot going for them.  
**Jon 'Mojo' Mills**

## OBERON

### A Midsummer's Night Dream

★★★★★

Sommar CD/LP



Mushrooms, tights, a falsetto and a fair maiden. Another enigmatic rarity of the acid-folk era is brought back

to life by Guerssen offshoot Sommar, so no longer will you scabble to be the proudest owner of one of only 99 copies. This 1971 private pressing sees our seven-strong Oxford collegiate troop wearing colours proudly knotted to their velvet sleeves.

The opener, an arrangement of the traditional 'Nottamun Town' (P) entangles the listener with lush flute and fiddle throughout, whilst 'Time Past, Time Come' nods in the direction of Messrs Jansch and Renbourn. The eight minute-plus 'Minas Tirith' is a darkly brooding psych-folk monster that builds to a hapless drum solo, but is best remembered for some tasty West Coast guitar (not quite Harvey Mandel but definitely travelling that road). With hints of Comus and Dando Shaft, this is gonna slay the floppy hat brigade.

**Louis Comfort-Wiggett**

## WILLIAM ONYEABOR

### William Onyeabor

★★★★★

Luaka Bop 4-LP / 5-LP / 9-CD box sets



Luaka Bop's 2013 compilation, *Who Is William Onyeabor?*, was a revelation. Its mix of Afro Beat,

disco and Moog synthesizers in catchy, repetitive trance-inducing patterns seemed at once of its time (late '70s-early '80s) and unlike anything else.

Blessed with an enigmatic back-story, Onyeabor was from Nigeria, studied in the Soviet Union, became a Moog dealer, started a film company, a studio, and made nine albums before disappearing off the scene, declining interviews and becoming a man of God.

On the back of the success of the compilation, Luaka Bop have released all of Onyeabor's known works – amounting to nine discs (though two are remixed versions of the same tracks). In some ways, the box set reveals that the best tracks were chosen for the compilation but, that said, the quality level is consistently high. If you were smitten by the previous release, you won't be disappointed with the box.

**Richard Turner**

## THE PRIMITIVES

### Galore

★★★★★

Cherry Red 2-CD

Capitalising on their reunion and current resurgence on Elephant



(Spin-O-Rama was one of last year's best albums), Cherry Red have cobbled together the complete Galore discography,

including all its accompanying B-sides. The Primitives were riding high on the charts when RCA shit the bed and withheld *Galore* for a year, killing the momentum and the band, who broke up. Nevertheless, songwriter Paul Court says it contains some of his favourite songs, Tracy Cattell's vocals are the most alluring in rock, and Lightning Seed Ian Broudie's production sheen perfectly fits the gorgeous '60s-inflected jangly pop tunes.

Unfortunately, Britpop's E-dosed, drunken debauchery was killing music and *Galore* fell through the cracks. So here's your chance to catch up on the shimmering 'You Are The Way', a blistering 'Earth Thing', the festive, girl group winner 'Slip Away', Christian rock ('Hello Jesus'), and 10 live tracks that show they could capture that studio energy onstage.

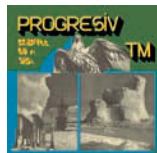
**Jeff Penczak**

## PROGRESIV TM

### Dreptul De A Visa

★★★★★

Granadilla CD



Whilst any humane human has to have a healthy degree of respect for folk who feel compelled to

freak out and make music regarded as subversive by the oppressive regime under which they find themselves living, it's also only honest to admit that highly musically proficient progressive rock that comes heavy on the buzz flutes, percussive breakdowns, fuzzy jazzed-up lead breaks and ponderous throaty foreign-language vocals is a rather acquired taste – and one I don't possess myself!

However, should you happen to be a fan of the kind of mid-70s hard-edged prog crunch popularised across the Eastern Block by the likes of Poland's SBB or Hungary's Omega, then perhaps this beautifully mastered reissue of the 1976 offering by Romania's Progresiv TM might just be for you. There are shades of Tommy Iommi in the fretwork, and plenty of touches of Tull too, should that rock your own particular boat.

**Hugh Dellar**

## STELLA

### Stella

★★★★★

RPM International CD



This superb disc brings together Stella's one and only long player from 1967 with an equally memorable

collection of 14 bonus tracks from '66-68 when her audacious presence as a pop subversive saw her tagged as the poster girl of anti-ye-ye. Revelling in a veritable pot pourri of



Lost and found. Bridget St John in her '70s prime

# A Gentle Woman

## BRIDGET ST JOHN

### Dandelion Albums And BBC Collection

★★★★★

Cherry Red 4-CD box set



We all fetishise and feast off the bodies of the work of those who've died tragically young. Who can say whether Nick Drake's back catalogue would've received the attention it subsequently has had he not taken his own life at the age of 26, or whether Sandy Denny would be as revered today had she not fallen down those stairs. One thing, though, is for certain: neither longevity nor her self-imposed removal from the musical arena has helped the astounding music Bridget St John recorded in the late '60s and early '70s gain more than a cult following, a travesty of justice that this beautiful box set may go some way towards rectifying.

The music of Bridget St John resides in a haunted world where

the listener drifts on hazy summer evenings through woods within which lurk a strange and indefinable kind of ultimate sadness, which is kept at bay by the warmth of the company you're keeping. Debut LP, *Ask Me No Questions*, was released in 1969 on Dandelion, the label set up by John Peel, a major champion of St John from the off, and is the most purist of the three official albums collected here: solo guitar and vocal, with an occasional second acoustic added. Bridget's deep languid voice is husky / dusky throughout and, as Sam Brumbaugh once pointed out, while the songs are sad, "they strive to connect. There's hope in them, as if Nico had possessed desire."

Follow-up, *Songs For The Gentle Man*, was produced by Ron Geesin and benefits massively from the ornate chamber pop flourishes and classical backing singers. A profoundly pastoral and intensely English kind of mellow gold. Third album, *Thank You For ...* is a similar set of unabashedly romantic and finely-wrought love songs that linger in the mind long after the disc spins to a halt.

There's the added bonus here of eight extra tracks recorded in Montreux as part of a European promotional tour for the album, which, along with the 19 cuts culled from the BBC's archives, make this an essential purchase for anyone with half an ear for British folk.

**Hugh Dellar**





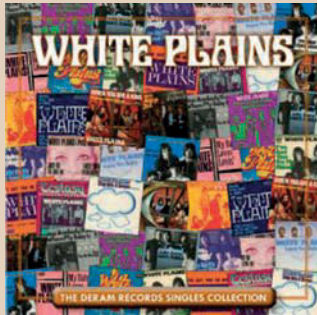
# Plain For All To See

## WHITE PLAINS

The Deram Records Singles Collection

★★★★★

7Ts CD



In the absence of a 13 single box set in the "Butlin's Psych Series", listeners will have to settle with this re-mastered CD. From their

beginnings post-Flowerpot Men studio project the Plains carved up a chunk of the airwaves for themselves with the stupidly successful Greenaway/Cook smash, 'My Baby Loves Lovin' (shouts "LOVE!") turning the Sunday lunchtime soundtrack into one of Motown hooks, sing-along choruses and happy as Larry good times.

Primarily a British bubblegum act ('Carolina's Comin' Home', 'Lovin' You Baby', 'Every Little Move She Makes') there's still room for two beguiling downer pop-psych cuts, 'Dad You Saved The World' and 'When You Are A King'. And if that ain't enough there's a handful of non-comped flipsides to tantalise: the Moodies-esque 'Beachcomber' and (with one helluva ballsy chorus) 'I Need Your Everlasting Love'. WARNING: resistance to this collection is not recommended.

**Louis Comfort-Wiggett**

## Ace songwriter ROGER HILL talks to *Shindig!*

**Shindig!:** How did your songwriting career take off?

**Roger Hill:** We would send our crude demos to publishers and eventually got offered a blanket songwriting agreement with Peer/Southern Music, then based in Denmark Street. One day my sister played 'When You Are A King' to her friend and employer, Roger Greenaway and from that moment everything changed. Roger bought us out of our contract and, within three weeks, the song was cut and released by White Plains.

**SD!:** How did it feel getting that Ivor Novello for 'When You Are A King'?

**RH:** It was a little overwhelming for two East End kids who still hadn't

figured out how you deal with "wow and flutter" on a two-track tape deck! We were in seventh heaven when we were called up to collect the award, which was for "Services to British songwriting". Still makes me proud!

**SD!:** What/who influenced 'Dad You Saved The World'?

**RH:** This was inspired by my grandfather who fought in the trenches in World War One. He was mustard gassed by the enemy and never recovered his breathing properly. I changed the title to 'Dad' because 'Grandad' didn't work with the melody. Our big inspiration back then was The Beatles.

"pop style cut-ups, inside-out psychedelia, wonky soul and rough-edged garage-rock", unbelievably these exotic creations were penned by the then 17-year-old Stella and her uncle and all exhibit an unmistakable penchant for Gainsbourg-Dutronc style flamboyance. Catch an earful of 'Cauchemard Auto-Protestateur', 'Poesie 67' and 'L'Idole De Jaunes'

and you'll hear Stella at her most irresistibly avant garde.

Thoroughly in tune with the rebellious and irreverent spirit of the age and the product of an extraordinary marriage of runaway talent and precocious self-belief, this is the place to uncover all you need to hear from *la fille anti-ye-ye par excellence*. *Allez mes enfants!*

**Grahame Bent**

## THE SWEET

Funny How Sweet Co-Co Can Be

★★★★★

7Ts CD



Before they became glam-rock's painted warriors, The Sweet had released a pile of singles and this

1971 LP, which effectively saw the quartet reduced to contributing their not inconsiderable vocal talents to such appealing Chinn/Chapman-sculpted confections as 'Co-Co', 'Funny Funny' and 'Little Willy' (chortle). In time-honoured fashion, the band was permitted to flex its instrumental and songwriting muscle on B-sides.

Earlier still, The Sweet had wrestled both with their identity and the Tin Pan Alley stranglehold of the late '60s music biz across four singles for Fontana and Parlophone, all included as a second disc here. These sides have been unfairly maligned over the years – not least by the band itself – but stand up against contemporary sides by the likes of The Tremeloes and The Herd. The flips, particularly 'Mr Gallagher' and 'The Juicer', are assured, much-coveted slabs of post-freakbeat hard-rock, sure to appeal to bespoke long-hairs everywhere.

**Andy Morten**

## VANITY FARE

I Live For The Sun: Complete Recordings 1966-1976

★★★★★

RPM 2-CD



Best remembered for a trio of UK Top 20 hits in 1968 and '69, Vanity Fare's chipper, polished harmony-pop

aligned them more closely with the likes of The Beach Boys and The Four Seasons than their Brit contemporaries. Indeed, their first single was a cover of The Sunrays' 'I Live For The Sun', powered by Trevor Brice's keening falsetto. Formed as The Avengers in '61, they'd become a finely-tuned machine by the time recording success came their way seven years later, gifting pop-pickers a run of 15 singles for Page One, DJM and Philips.

This set gathers everything recorded by the band between their '68 name change and their '77 split, as well as a rare US-only '66 single as The Sages. While their sole '68 album leans too heavily on the cabaret schmaltz of their stage act, self-composed flipsides like 'Waiting For A Nightfall' and 'Man Child' will appeal to fans of The Ivy League, West Coast Consortium, The Montanas *et al.* 1970's Greenaway/Cook-penned 'Carolina's Coming Home' is super-pop nirvana.

**Andy Morten**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

Ciao Bella! Italian Girl Singers Of The 60s

★★★★★

Ace CD

Following on from Ace's terrific French



girl singer comps, *C'est Chic!* and *Tres Chic!*, and their two Japanese *Nippon Girls* sets comes this smashing mix

that concentrates on the '60s Italian scene. Like the music of their French Ye-Ye counterparts, the tunes by these young groovy donnas are either kitschy and effervescent fun, or lovelorn ballads swathed in strings straight out of a spaghetti-style Brill Building.

Highlights include Rita Monaco doing her best Dusty Springfield on 'Thrilling', the Phil Spector-aping 'Quanti Ragazzi' by Isabella Iannetti, the hip-shaking 'Un Minuto E Non Di Piu' from Lesley Gore by way of Milan Milena Cantu, and Caterina Caselli con Gli Amici's killer Italian-language cover of 'Baby Please Don't Go'. Rounded off with the usual exhaustive Ace notes and bios, this is the perfect comp to play fortissimo next time you're riding your Vespa round the trattorias of Rome.

**Tom Patterson**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

Curiosity Shop Volume One

★★★★★

Particles CD



The first set in a new series from the people who brought us high-on 20 volumes of *Piccadilly*

*Sunshine*, 10 of *Mixed Up Minds* and numerous other thematic comps of long-lost 45s. The intention here seems to be to adopt the *Fading Yellow/Tea & Symphony* model of soft, orchestrated, baroque sounds. Psych fans may leave now – this is all about pure, unadulterated pop with a distinct MOR leaning.

Day 'n' Night's opening 'I Just Need Somebody' may announce itself with an eye-popping phased drum roll but it's a melodramatic ballad that wouldn't have sounded out of place on a Long John Baldry album. In amongst these delicately plucked strings, tissue paper drums and meandering choruses are some curious entries: Humbug's version of 'Groovin' With Mr Bloe' has balls of steel that stick out a mile in this company. Still, it's good to hear Lori Balmer's Bee Gees-curated 'Four Faces West' and 'Harry The Keeper' by Buggy, yet another Morgan Blue Town lunch break supergroup.

**Andy Morten**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

Instrumentals Soul Style

★★★★★

History Of Soul 2-CD



This 54-track collection is a comprehensive overview of some of the best late '50s/early '60s instrumental club

sounds. Covering many often-compiled tracks like The Mar-Keys'



'Last Night' with plenty of cool B3 Hammond-soaked obscurities like The David Rockingham Trio's Jimmy Smith indebted 'Bee Dee'.

Covering all corners of the US, Detroit's Motown is represented by Junior Walker and The Funk Brothers in various guises. There's essential cool Hammond jazz from Phil Upchurch, Jimmy McGriff and Googie Rene with frenzied greasy R&B from Ike Turner, James Brown, Freddy King, King Curtis and a host of other wild wannabees from the Northeast to the Midwest. The South regions include choice cuts from a smattering of New Orleans and Stax legends such as Allen Toussaint and Booker T & The MG's.

Best of all, a packed booklet includes detailed liner notes and lots of scrummy pictures of the artists and records covered.

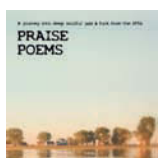
**Paul Ritchie**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Praise Poems

★★★★★

Tramp CD/LP



The mellow vibes and husky spiritual vocal of the appropriately monikered Warmth sets the tone for this

enriching collection of unheralded rare jazz, soul and funk grooves. Larry Covin's stoned croon sounds like it was beamed down on a trippy flute sound from another galaxy and the Balearic acoustic groove of Jorge Darden's jazzy, soulful 'Alone Again' recalls distant sunsets on watery landscapes. That's just the first three tracks on this excellent and rewarding box of tranquil and sensual surprises. Similar laidback hazy head-nodders come via Lee Stone and Innerflight, alongside sultry funky soul from Cookie Thomas and exotic way-out rhythms by Larry Dismond.

Tempos speed up and temperatures are raised by the funky Bobby Stroup, Tom Macke and Bold Breed but, on the whole the spaced out ambience of Nature's Time's 'The Way I See It' perfectly encapsulates the unperturbed floating feeling of these heady little masterpieces. Bring on volume two – praise indeed!

**Paul Ritchie**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Paradise Found Volume 1: Rare Exotic Sounds

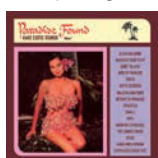
★★★★★

### FRANK HUNTER & HIS ORCHESTRA

#### White Goddess

★★★★★

Both Captain High CDs



"Exotica" often feels like reductive fakery, an unreconstructed '50s white man's view of "the foreign" as seen from an office in Hollywood. So it is that this otherwise interesting collection of *pacifico*

rarities is somewhat marred by the uncomfortable inclusion of the cringe-inducing Sondi and the what-the-fuck-am-I-listening-to of Chaino & His (ahem) African Percussion Safari. But, on the plus side, there aren't many other genres of music that routinely feature such lovely animal noises. Keep your 2015 head on, enjoy the soporific steel guitars and you'll be alright. Just remember, it ain't real.

All that being true, the main attraction here is the short but sweet *White Goddess*, originally pressed back in 1959 and something of a collector's item in its original incarnation. Wordless, *Star Trek*-esque vocals nestle up against the spacey sound of the Ondioline and Hunter's well-drilled orchestra cranking out some percussive loveliness. No gimmicks, no silliness. Much better.

**Christopher Budd**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### The Rubble Collection Volumes 1-20

★★★★★

Rubble 20-CD box set



If you're reading *Shindig!* and you don't own at least 10 *Rubble* albums please put down the magazine and go

and buy some now. For many of us, this legendary series of compilations changed the musical landscape of the '80s, opening up new vistas far beyond The Creation, Idle Race and Pretty Things titles on offer at the time.

Since then, the 19 original vinyl editions – complete with their lovingly-crafted, fact-filled inserts – have been topped up with a dubious 20th (with neither input nor blessing from *Rubble* curator Phil Smee) and represented as various vinyl and CD editions. Following 2007's two 10-CD box sets, the final Russian doll is revealed, which compresses the whole lot into one box of 20 CDs. Given the already prohibitive cost of those previous boxes (this one retails at £40 – £2 per disc, never mind the two 90-page booklets) it certainly offers a cheap entry point for novices. To those of us celebrating our 30th *Rubble* anniversary, it smacks of watching *Yellow Submarine* on a phone.

**Andy Morten**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

### Spiritual Jazz 6: Vocals

★★★★★

Jazzman CD



Jazzman continues its exploration of all aspects of the meeting points between the free end of the jazz

spectrum and all things spiritual – the difference from previous volumes being that this time the focus is trained on vocal-led or, at the very least, performances where vocals



Straight outta Texas. Zakary Thaks

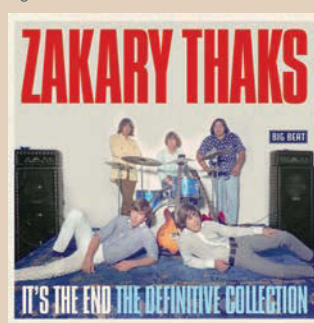
# Thaks Very Much

## ZAKARY THAKS

### It's The End: The Definitive Collection

★★★★★

Big Beat CD



Coming up with one track that retrospectively comes to be seen as the absolute embodiment of a style of music that wasn't even conscious of its own existence at the time of its original release could be seen as fortuitous. Penning three or four or, arguably, maybe even five out-and-out genre-defining killers moves you out of the realms of the one-off miraculous marvels and into the arena of the almost-weres and coulda-beens. Without ever having had to submit themselves to the litmus test of producing an album's worth of material in their natural lifetime, Corpus Christi's Zakary Thaks have long resided near the top of the second tier of '60s garage-punk deities.

'Bad Girl', their debut 45, released in August 1966 on local label J-Beck and then picked up on nationally by Mercury, will forever be one of the

form a significantly upfront part of the equation.

Appropriately, the collection opens with an edit from Max Roach's historic *Freedom Now Suite* (1960) which sets the standard for all that follows with its call to arms for social and cultural enlightenment through the raising of black consciousness. On a collection which freely alternates contributions from

all-time snotty teen-punk classics. The relentless pounding drums are enough to trigger a small earthquake, the tempo so relentless it pre-empted hardcore by a decade and a half, the lyrics cryptic and delivered with a suitable snarl and the short solo pure distilled essence of pubescent Dave Davies. Genius! The B-side of second 45, 'Please', was 'Won't Come Back', another screw-you kiss-off squeezed into a nagging, eye-scratching monster riff that erupts into primal two-note hammered-on solo and that was ably covered by The Chesterfield Kings. The follow-up, 'Face To Face', is mind-melting, fuzz-fuelled proto-psychedelic R&B in the same vein as The Yardbirds' best work of this time.

That's not all, of course. B-side of 45 #4, 'Can You Hear Your Daddy's Footsteps?', somehow merges overdriven guitar bleed, pop harmonics, angry generation gap emanations, harpsichords and bad acid, and some of the unreleased-at-the-time (though subsequently well pored over and frequently disseminated) tracks merit more than a cursory listen as well.

Nevertheless, any collection that peaks so hard and so strong early on is inevitably going to seem anticlimactic as it dredges on down to alternate takes and throwaway folk-rock side-project releases – even one as beautifully put together as this fully legit job has been, sonically splendid following re-mastering from original tapes and coming replete with a 16-page history, boss photos and cuttings.

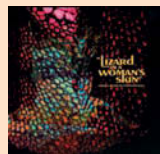
**Hugh Dellar**

the genre's heavy hitters with the little-known and downright obscure, particular moments of note include Clifford Jordan's 'John Coltrane', Pharoah Sanders' 'Prince Of Peace' featuring Leon Thomas, Gary Bartz & NTU Troop's 'Celestial Blues', Dr Haki R Madhubuti's 'Rain Forest' and Vibration Society's take on Roland Kirk's 'Spirits Up Above'.

**Grahame Bent**



## ■ GRAHAME BENT spends a little time in the company of *il maestro*



Appropriately given the fantastical mood of **LUCIO FULCI's** *Una Lucertola Con La Pelle Di Donna*

(1971) Ennio Morricone's dreamlike, hallucinogenic score remains one of his finest. A blend of melodic motifs typical of his best late '60s and early '70s work masterfully fused with experimental electronic effects, bouts of dissonance, psychedelic guitar, washes of organ and propulsive beats – the stunning limited edition expanded double heavyweight colour vinyl reissue of *Una Lucertola* complete with radically re-designed sleeve art work on *Death Waltz* (★★★★★) is little short of a collector's dream.

**MORRICONE** and sometime associates Gruppo D'Improvvisazione Nuova Consonanza's cacophonously experimental score for Elio Petri's '68 "artsploitation masterpiece",

*Un Tranquillo Posto Di Campagna* (A Quiet Place In The Country) gets its first ever official release on vinyl courtesy of Omni/Roundtable (★★★★★). Re-mastered from the original analogue stereo tapes this highly desirable item comes in an impressive gatefold sleeve with liner notes by Andy Votel of Finders Keepers.

The imposing **Milano Odia: La Polizia Non Può Sparare** (GDM, ★★★★★) is every bit as brooding and sinister a score as you'd expect to hear on the soundtrack of Umberto Lenzi's violent crime thriller of the same name made in '74 during Italy's so-called "years of lead" when the country was beset with kidnappings and terrorist incidents. Now available in a limited edition gatefold sleeve and colour vinyl edition GDM have once again excelled themselves by giving one of Morricone's most uncompromisingly sombre and left-field crime soundtracks from the '70s the deluxe reissue treatment it deserves.



**The Big Gundown (La Resa Dei Conti)** (Dagored, ★★★★★), comes reissued in a limited

edition, individually numbered, 25-track colour vinyl pressing with newly designed sleeve artwork and an accompanying poster. Featuring the choral power of *I Cantori Moderni Alessandroni*, Morricone's score for Sergio Sollima's '66 spaghetti western is, without a doubt, one of the major big-hitting scores from the first wave of the spaghetti western cycle alongside the *Dollars* trilogy, Luis Bacalov's scores for *Django* and *Quien Sabe: A Bullet For The General*.

Long unavailable, the maestro's score for Damiano Damiani's comedy spaghetti western **Un Genio, Due Compari, Un Pollo (A Genius, Two Partners And A Dupe)** (Quartet, ★★★★★) gets a superbly packaged limited edition CD release.

This soundtrack marked the end of Morricone's association with the genre that not only initially put his name on the map but whose very vocabulary he had done so much to codify in the years following *A Fistful Of Dollars*. Lighter and poppier in mood than the darker, more dramatic western scores, *Un Genio, Due Compari, Un Pollo* comes teamed with the score from Sergio Corbucci's '72 take on the comedy spaghetti genre *Sonny & Jed* (La Banda J & S – *Cronaca Criminale Del Far West*). While *Sonny & Jed* might only comprise six tracks this is nevertheless Morricone at his most inventive and sophisticatedly genre-hopping.

**Il Prefetto Di Ferro** (Dagored, ★★★★★) finds Morricone venturing deep into the silent, impenetrable world of the Sicilian Mafia on the soundtrack to Pasquale Squitieri's '77 period crime thriller. Dramatic sweeping orchestration alternates with traditional folkloric elements, specifically the haunting ballad 'La Ballata Del Prefetto Mori' performed by Sicilian folk musician Rosa Balestrieri.



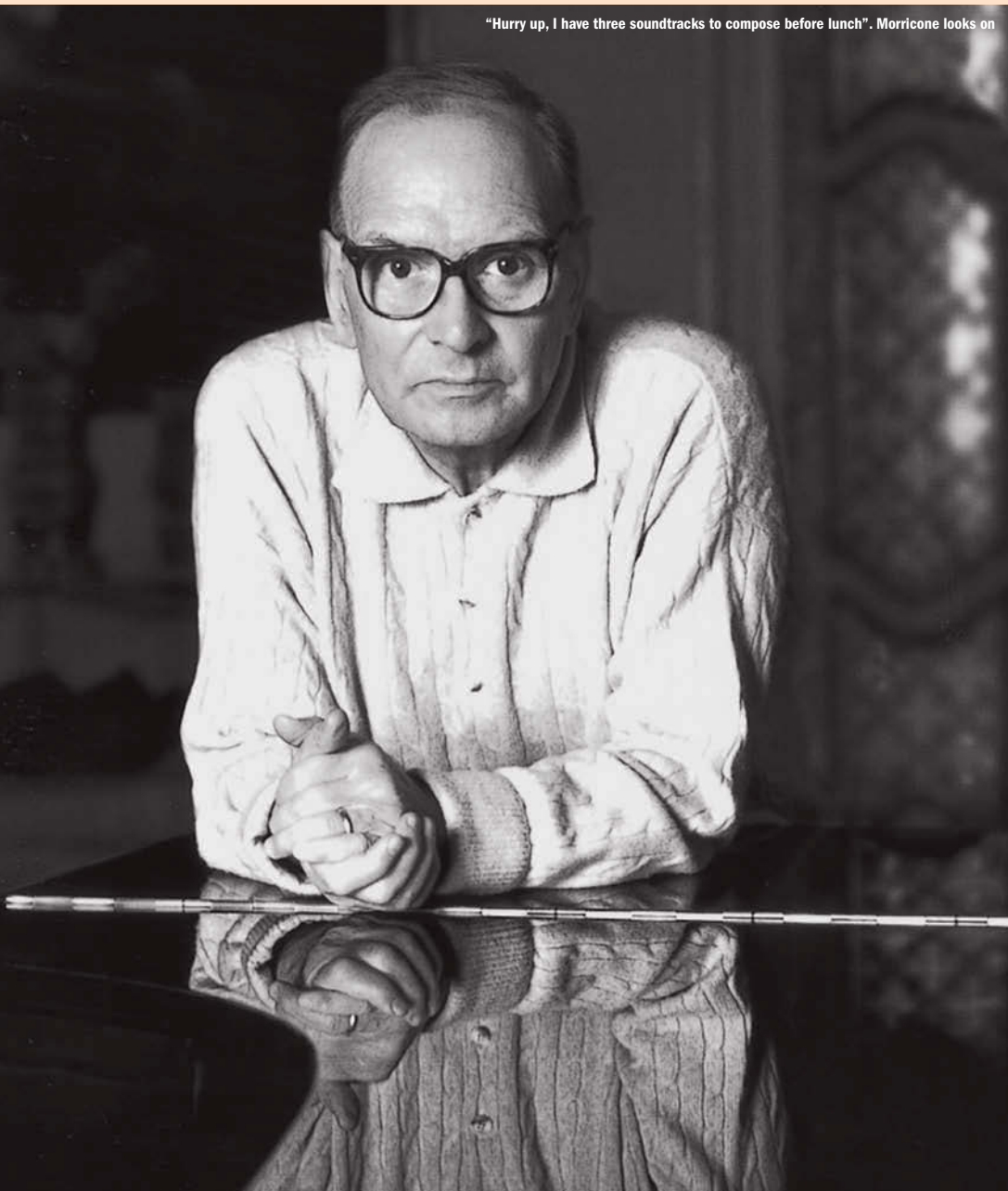
Reissued as an eight-track, 45 RPM audiophile pressing, the comparatively obscure score from Alberto Di

Martino's '82 horror/psychological thriller **The Link - Extrasensorial** (Dagored, ★★★★★) sees *il maestro* concocting an inventively multi-layered sound by fusing experimental electronic pulses with a richly orchestrated sound reminiscent of 'Chi Mai'.

Riz Ortolani's long out of print soundtrack from the Italian-American crime thriller *Il Consigliere* ('73) has been given a well-deserved vinyl only release on Dagored (★★★★★). The score principally works as a series of variations, extensions and explorations on two principal motifs: 'Tomas Theme' and 'The Adviser', the former orchestrated and reflective, the latter all electric piano, horns and funky grooves with more than the occasional echo of Lalo Schiffrin.

Finally, no round up of Italian soundtrack releases would be complete without mention of the two-disc volume of Nino Rota's collaborations with Fellini and Visconti during the early 60s. **Fellini, Visconti - Decadence And Dreams** (el, ★★★★★) comprises the complete scores from *Otto E Mezzo* (81/2), *Rocco E I Suoi Fratelli* (Rocco And His Brothers), *Il Gattopardo* (The Leopard) and *Boccaccio 70*. Had it also included the score from *La Dolce Vita* this would have been a definitive Rota collection. As it is, it still ranks as a highly desirable item.

"Hurry up, I have three soundtracks to compose before lunch". Morricone looks on






**CHERRY RED  
RECORDS**

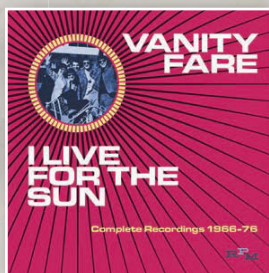
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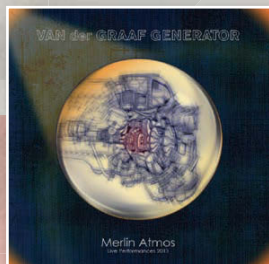


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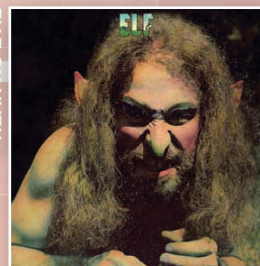


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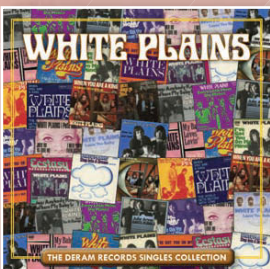


**Elf**  
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7T'S



**The Sweet**  
Funny How Sweet Co-Co Can Be  
GLAMCDD153

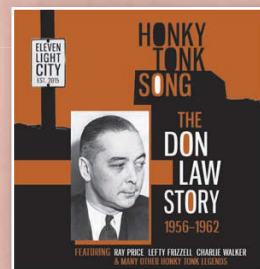


**White Plains**  
The Deram Records Singles Collection  
GLAMCDD154

ELEVEN LIGHT CITY



**Various Artists**  
The Sound Of Tulsa 1957-1961  
ELC01

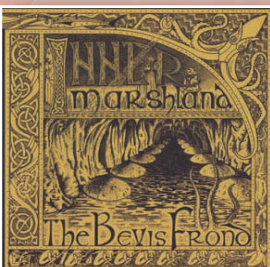


**Various Artists**  
The Don Law Story 1956-1962  
ELC02

CHERRY RED



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CDBRED654



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Inner Marshland  
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**Thelma Houston**  
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## Flowers Of The Forest

TOM PATTERSON marvels at a new master's coming-of-age

**RYLEY WALKER**

**Primrose Green**

★★★★★

Dead Oceans CD/LP



Sometimes a new artist comes along that makes you pause for

breath. Ryley Walker is one of those artists. I was lucky enough to be sent a copy of *The West Wind* in 2013, his debut EP proper following a series of self-released CDRs, and it promised a lot. Across three tracks, Walker set out his stall as the beautiful bastard child of Bert Jansch and Nick Drake, his dexterous, fluid finger-picking giving off a folk-psych vibe that so many modern musicians have aimed for yet so few have reached.

Still in his early 20s, and playing with the skill of a much older performer, Walker made good on the EPs promise with an impressive acid-flecked folk record called *All Kinds Of You*, released by Tompkins Square, the premiere roots and

acoustic reissues label. Less than a year later comes Walker's follow-up, *Primrose Green*, this time on Dead Oceans, a label notable for contemporary Americana acts like Phosphorescent and Strand Of Oaks. Walker's affiliation with these two labels makes a lot of sense – he straddles the old and new, emulating forebears like Pentangle and John Renbourn but infusing them with his own unique American voice.

The title of the album itself bears witness to this. *Primrose Green* may sound like a pastoral idyll but it actually takes its name from a potent cocktail with slightly hallucinogenic effects. The eponymous opener conjures up that spirit, with its intoxicating guitar work and double

bass playing that recalls the great Danny Thompson. The album ventures into playfully jazzy territory with the vibes-laden 'Summer Dress', whilst 'Same Minds' and 'Love Can Be Cruel' are both infused with a sweet lysergic spirit. It's not all magic mushrooms at dawn, however, Walker proving himself equally adept at taking on classic American folk sounds on 'Griffiths Buck Blues' and 'On The Banks Of The Old Kishwaukee' (could there be a more Americana-sounding title?).

Put simply, this is a beautiful record. The limited edition pre-release version apparently sold out within days, so Walker's star is clearly in the ascendant. I urge you to sample his delights before he truly explodes.

Seeing red. Ryley Walker leaves them all behind







Don't choke on those Blues Pills

## ACID BABY JESUS Selected Recordings

★★★★★  
Slovenly CD



This Athens-based group have been around a few years now, firstly hitting out with a more garage-infused rumpus whereas

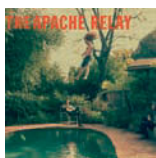
the noises they're making now on *Selected Recordings* takes the prevailing mood towards the more psychedelic end of things. ABJ like to experiment, changing from time to time where the groove should lie, and switching the location of any rhythmic emphasis. The overall sound is scuzzily exotic, wherein their primal Eastern-style swing is pounced upon by savage swathes of fuzz and tasty kindergarten-style vocal melodies. At times this sounds more in keeping with the spirit of some of the early ideas Spacemen 3 and Merseyside lunatics Walking Seeds were peddling back in their days.

Opener 'Diogenes', the hearty 'Vegetable' (also out now as a single) and the bruised lysergic violations of 'Troublemaker' and 'You & Me' are among the stand-outs.

**Lenny Helsing**

## THE APACHE RELAY The Apache Relay

★★★★★  
Membran CD



If justice prevails, this third album by Nashville roots rockers The Apache Relay should be a monster. It's

already appeared on *Billboard's*

Heatseekers album chart (which flags up 'ones to watch,' based on pre-release reaction and past sales performance) and finds the six-piece shifting away from their alt-country origins towards an infectious folk 'n' soul fusion.

Opening track and first single, 'Katie, Queen Of Tennessee', sets the tone perfectly. It's one of those instantly appealing pop hybrids with the potential to please discerning College Radio/BBC 6 Music fans at the same time as more cautious mainstream radio listeners. The Phil Spector-inspired production is dense without being overbearing - try to imagine a sound halfway between a loosely harmonic Fleet Foxes and full-on Arcade Fire. It's Americana Jim, but not as we know it.

**Chris Twomey**

## BEAULIEU PORCH The Carmelite Divine: Original Soundtrack

★★★★★  
Tillsammans CD



Salisbury's Beaulieu Porch has an identity problem. That's not his real name (Simon Berry) and this is not a

real movie. What is undeniable, however, is his unwavering dedication to light and airy '60s-inflected psychedelic pop, à la Balduin, Rick (Orgone Box) Corcoran, and The Soft-Hearted Scientists. The general vibe is similar to Floyd's soundtrack work (elaborate, symphonic, visual) embellished with dreamy Pepperisms and surreal, Lennonesque lyrics

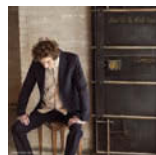
('Who am I anymore, now that I know what I'm for?').

Porch dips into his bag of trips to add spacey vocal effects to the baroque 'A New Light Is Born', but sometimes he tries too hard, drowning 'Ornamental' in an overdose of backwards phasing and effects. His lo-fi *modus operandi* does him in on 'Golden Face', trashing an enjoyable melody with cheesy instrumentation and over-modulated vocals (not his strong suit to begin with), but there's a cornucopia of ideas and arrangements swarming around that make for an otherwise enjoyable listening experience.

**Jeff Penczak**

## CAMERON BLAKE Alone On The World Stage

★★★★★  
Silver Slant CD



Channelling a large dollop of Leonard Cohen's world weariness, Woody Guthrie's tales, and Dylan 'n' Donovan's

1964 directness, our intrepid troubadour from Michigan is as prolific as he is affecting. Whether on the elegant Joni Mitchell melody on 'Fireman Snowman', the stark anti-war sincerities of 'Rise & Shine', or the painstaking long ache of 'The Fisherman' the impact is perpetually encompassing. No issue is too big (financial woes on 'Detroit'; Israel-Palestine on the aforementioned 'Rise & Shine') or small (being a tourist in London on 'Piccadilly Circus'; looking at his unborn daughter on 'Ultrasound'), and this talent for shifting emotional

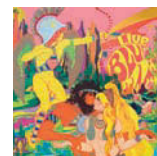
focus allows Blake to make songwriting appear deceptively simple.

Sometimes it's tempting to imagine what could be achieved with a little more than acoustic guitar, piano and voice, but then again sometimes black and white movies possess more gravitas. The future of protest music is safe in his hands. A few hearts might just be too.

**Phil Istine**

## BLUES PILLS Blues Pills Live

★★★★★  
Nuclear Blast CD/LP



It may well have been hearing Thee Hypnotics' *Live'r Than God* back in 1989 when this critic

was last bowled over by a loud, fuzzy, sex fuelled live album. Sure, there're some good bands in this field, and they're usually good on stage, but when caught on tape the warts often show and you find yourself crying out for the studio albums. *Blue Pills Live* does that rare thing of being better than the studio album and EPs that these tracks originally appeared on. This set was recorded at Germany's Freak Valley Festival last summer and Elin and the boys, with a highbrow salute to young guitarist Dorian Sorriax, wow on every count. If you like the band, or just late '60s acid-blues-rock in general, you owe yourself.

The artwork, like that of the previous album, was designed by The Fool's Marjke Koger, and it's worthy of hanging on the wall.

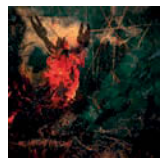
**Jon 'Mojo' Mills**



## CRANIUM PIE Mechanisms Part 2

★★★★★

Fruits de Mer 2-LP



Marching into the room to an ominous organ and swirling synth backing, the first of four untitled, side-long tracks

sets the tone for the ensuing mayhem; Arthur Brown-ish pronouncements, disembodied wailing of souls, ferocious drumming, haunted house-meets-fairground keyboards. Sit back and for the next 70-plus minutes, Cranium Pie will take you on a magical head trip soundtracked by elegiac segments of *kosmische* musik, symphonic prog, Floydian psych, Residents-ial pop and Zappaesque *musique concrete*. Oh, did I mention the screaming guitar solos, dreamy flute, hypnotic mellotron, and sci-fi, conspiratorial narrative flowing throughout?

This elaborately constructed mindfuck benefits from every second of its nearly four-year birthing process and will please fans of everyone from Caravan and Soft Machine to Yes, Gong, and Henry Cow, which should include a good proportion of readers of this magazine.

Jeff Penczak

## MOTH EFFECT

Crocodilians

★★★★★

Sunstone LP

Anyone that opens their album with a



chugging bass figure paying homage to Pink Floyd's 'One Of These Days' gets my immediate attention. And

they have a lot to live up to.

Moth's influences are obvious; *Kosmische*, '70s library music, late period Radiophonics – up to and including a surprising but definite '90s ravey vibe. He somehow manages to stop this mixture from becoming a clattering mess—some strong quality control is in evidence, although a few tunes do grow a touch indulgent and outstay their welcome. However there are some spots where Moth does that elusive thing; execute a simple idea well, such as on 'Roll It Back Up'.

The production is pleasingly clean, avoiding the temptations of the scratchy faux-tape vibe that often curiously marks out the pretenders from the real thing, and his confident guitar work, if sometimes a bit widdly, shifts the focus interestingly away from electronic sounds. Promising stuff.

Christopher Budd

## DA CAPTAIN TRIPS

In The Beginning...

★★★★★

Vincebus Eruptum CD

Four piece Italian psych-stoner rockers, Da Captain Trips, are a band that, due to their small and infrequently released catalogue, could



quite easily fall below your radar. Having been around since 2009 and with only three official releases to be

found (including this one), *In The Beginning...* is a beefed up re-mastering of their first CD-R only release – *AllJammed* – with the addition of three newer tracks taking over the entire flipside.

The contrast in sounds between sides is stark with the innocence of the *AllJammed* material ending up somewhat reminiscent sadly of a War-era U2. Meanwhile, the flipside offers up three pounding, hypnotic, hugely monolithic crafted songs which are completely immersing. One can't help but come away thinking the "reissue" element of this release would be best left to the sands of time. Well worth discovering for the B-side alone and limited to 400 copies. Be quick!

David Savage

## ETERNAL TAPESTRY

Wild Strawberries

★★★★★

Thrill Jockey CD



Hailing from Portland, Oregon Eternal Tapestry's proximity to Seattle is a close one – both geographically and musically – performing the kind

of long, strung-out drones reminiscent of the current works by genre pioneers, Earth.

Beginning with expansive, watery guitars taking centre stage to a backdrop of long keyboard drones and continual locomotive drum patterns, as heard on the album's title track, it soon deconstructs into glorious electronic minimalism that gently fools you into a false sense of security before erupting into the chaotic finale of 'White Adder's Tongue'.

Blending the more improvised elements of Barrett-era Floyd with a healthy dose of Eno-esque ambience, *Wild Strawberries* is an album that begins to consume your senses, lowers your heart rate and almost forces you to relax. Given the album's behemoth length (just under 80 minutes), this is a stunningly captivating and therapeutic listen.

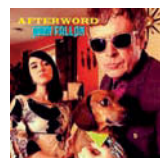
David Savage

## JOHN FALLON

Afterword

★★★★★

Autumn 66 Records CD



Time passes, and for many The Steppes are a distant but bright memory of the '80s and '90s psych

scene. As one of the most unusual Vox bands, in that they weren't informed by garage-punk, and even possessed early '70s influences amongst the folk and psych, it was a pity they never achieved what they were due. Maybe on another label they could have been REM or Oasis, but then that's the hard knocks of rock 'n' roll. It's never deterred John Fallon either, who still plays Steppes-like material with help from his son Cromm and Rich Coffee (ex Unclaimed and Thee Fourgiven). Nelson Bragg from The Wondermints even turns up.

If Fallon now dresses more like a dapper Steve McQueen, his music is still of the pastoral paisley hew, and although a bit ragged and rambling in places the good songs equal anything he made first time around.

Jon 'Mojo' Mills

## JAMES & THE ULTRASOUNDS

Bad To Be Here

★★★★★

Madjack Records CD



With a croon placed somewhere between Jonathan Richman and Caleb Followill, Memphis resident

and personality James Godwin – following many band stints, including backing Jack Oblivian – has turned his home recording adventures into something more substantial. Lo-fi guitars and drum beats that could – and should – be referred to as "bracing" give extensive oomph to the whole enterprise.

Which is to everyone's benefit,

# Returning Legends

## SANDRA DEDRICK

Love You

★★★★★

Sudi CD



I hate reviews which refuse to give me the bullet. When I see a name like Dedrick or Mosley or Cousins or

Blunstone, the only thing I really want to know is: "If I liked the records they made prior to a decade[s]-long layoff, will I also then, sir, like this here new thing here? Sir?" So here's your bullet for this instance: yes you will. And, for the people lined up against the opposite wall, if you did NOT like The Free Design, you won't like this either. There.

It's remarkably true-to-form, Sandra's voice hasn't aged a bit, and the material is quite worthy as well. Said material is, to be fair, missing that oddly-subversive quality that Free Design *auteur*/brother Bruce brought to the table in the old days, and does dance on the edge of twee in a couple of spots. But that's a small quibble. This is SO good. A bit short in duration but fleshed out with three old days Free Design tracks which fit in seamlessly.

Mike Fornatale

## FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Myths And Heroes

★★★★★

Matty Grooves CD/LP



The venerable folk-rock institution that is Fairport Convention soldiers on with their first new studio album for

four years. And while I miss the rough edges and earthy timbres of late '60s Fairport – complete with teenage guitar wunderkind, supercharged fiddler and iconic vocalist – life moves on.

The music here is more mature, more considered. There are songs of love and loss and longing, of fallen teenage soldiers, idols with feet of clay and parental bereavement; songs which the younger Fairport could never have written. The ballads are autumnal and elegiac, but the title track fizzes with electric energy, and the up-tempo instrumentals are foot-tappingly delightful.

Best of all is 'The Gallivant', a terrific, mandolin-led big band folk dance augmented by the strings and horns of The Conservatoire Folk Ensemble – they really should make an entire LP of this stuff.

The best Fairport album for many a year.

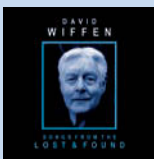
Neil Hussey

## DAVID WIFFEN

Songs From The Lost & Found

★★★★★

True North CD



English/Canadian musician David Wiffen is responsible for two lost classics of '70s country-folk: 1971's

eponymous debut and its '72 follow-up, *Coast To Coast Fever* – lush and languid albums that recall Kris Kristofferson at his early best. Wiffen didn't release his third album, *South Of Somewhere*, until '99, but to plug the gap comes this compilation of 12 songs from the '70s and '80s previously thought lost, plus five alternative versions from the '99 record.

The album is at its best at its most-stripped back ('Ballad Of Jacob Marlowe' is a six and a half minute gem anchored solely by Wiffen's beautiful finger-picking and deep-honeyed voice). Sometimes the production overwhelms the material, especially when we hit the '80s but this is, however, a lovely collection from a singer/songwriter who should rightfully have found a space on stage alongside Kristofferson, Kenny Rogers and all those other '70s country troubadours who had the success that eluded him.

Tom Patterson



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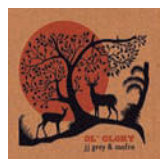
as underneath Godwin is a fine songwriter in the classic/garage/punk sense. Not one to try on one style when he can accommodate several, *Bad...* is like a rock 'n' roll bingo card come to life. Play along: The Strokes ('Sleep Cheap'), The Stooges ('Raise My Kids'), Kings Of Leon ('Streets Get Slick'), The Modern Lovers ('Party Dracula'), Tom Petty ('Letters In A Box'), Dylan ('Ballad For The Man'), The Ramones ('Fran Got Sectioned'), New York Dolls ('Lover Man'). The sagacious trick is that it never gets tiresome; only more entertaining as it's eternally unclear where the intoxicated, glorious mess will lurch next.

**Phil Istine**

## JJ GREY & MOFRO Ol' Glory

★★★★★

Provogue/Mascot Label Group CD



The Jacksonville jam band plod away with their "Skynyrd hangs with Otis" vibes, riding the ninth wave this time.

There's no edges being cut here but you, the reader, are unlikely to be reading this review in the hope of that being the case. They simply deliver one emotional gut-punch after another, bringing forth tears or, *Rocky*-style, the desire to punch the sky. It takes something remarkable to be able to do retro blues-rock without resorting to cliché or looking horribly misguided (hello Richard Ashcroft & The United Nations Of Sound).

The rolling good-times of 'Everything Is A Song', the drum-tight

tension ingrained in the neo-soul funk of 'Brave Lil' Fighter', the surging Muscle Shoals balladry of 'Tic Tac Toe', and the Black Keys-beating riffs of 'Hold On Tight' are just four examples of a special talent that deserves a day in the sun. Now is as good a time as any.

**Phil Istine**

## KING KHAN & THE BBQ SHOW

The Bad News Boys

★★★★★

In The Red CD



The Quebec bonkers brothers are back after a five-year hiatus. Not much has changed in their world, as they

shuffle through more lo-fi garage knock-ups of similar shape and size. They come to party and slink away, quick as you like. When they started out, the two-piece blues-punk busker vibe was pretty unique, but it has well and truly been done to death over the past decade. Luckily for us they still have a keen way with a doo-wop style vocal.

'Snackin' After Midnight' sums it all up pretty well – randomly inserted vocals, a swamp guitar riff, barely audible drums. The Gun Club, The Flamin' Groovies, and The Dirtbombs have all shaped their world; it's a shame then that Ty Segall, Thee Oh Sees and The Growlers have overtaken their territory.

On some playbacks, tracks like the power-popping 'Never Felt Like This' feel nothing more than a demo masquerading as a fully-realised project. That's bad news, boys.

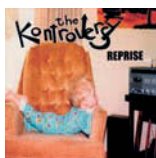
**Phil Istine**

## THE KONTROVERSY

Reprise

★★★★★

Ragged But Right CD



The Kontroversy rose from the ashes of Kansas powerpop legends The Leopards in 1981 and released just

one EP three years later before folding. Their 30th anniversary sparked a reunion and a number of old recordings were exhumed, completed and supplemented with new recordings. You can't see the joins.

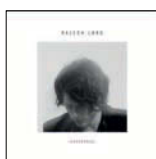
Those in the know will flip at the mention of The Leopards' '77 album, *Kansas City Slickers*. It clearly represents guitarist Kevin Sanders' defining moment too, as he revisits it whole-heartedly on *Reprise*. The ragged, DIY charm of *Slickers* remains thankfully intact, and the music – a dyspraxic high school disco soundtrack by The Kinks (natch), The Beach Boys and Jonathan Richman and recorded *au naturel* – retains all of the naivety that made the teenage Sanders' outings so unforgettable.

**Andy Morten**

## RALEGH LONG Hoverance

★★★★★

Gare du Nord CD



Like its title, *Hoverance* (a word Raleigh Long created to define the "act of hovering") exists in a nebulous, mystical world of its own. Before

starting work on his debut, the London-based guitarist/composer taught himself to play piano and retreated to the country to write a collection of songs transparently indebted to the likes of Epic Soundtracks, Alex Chilton and Nick Drake.

They're tunes which weren't so much written as made up on the hoof: Long's previous output, two well received EPs in 2011 and 2012, were largely improvised in one take, as were parts of *Hoverance*. Several songs were recorded spontaneously and subsequently transformed into lush, orchestrated piano ballads with the help of musicians such as guitarist Tom Dougall of psych band Toy. Closing track, the ambient 'Beginning The World', was captured exactly as it unfurled late one night – lyrics, melody and all. Beguiling though it is, one's left wondering what the indisputably gifted Long could achieve if he took a more traditional "centred" approach to his craft.

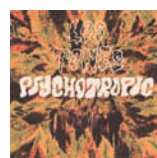
**Chris Twomey**

## LOS TONES

Psychotropic

★★★★★

Groovie /Off The Hip CD/LP



With vocals that recall the "man on the edge of sexual neuroses" snarl of The Seeds' Sky Saxon and a production

whose art lies in its authenticity, this is an engaging album. Given the customary garage/surf-rock spring reverb treatment, with everything bathed in the same reflective juices, there is no loss of clarity or punch as Owen Penglis, of the band Straight



Porch songs. JJ Grey & Mofro



Arrows, successfully brings his own incisive energies to the party.

More honed than the bands from whose ashes they rose (Mother And Sons, La Mancha Negra, Glitter Canyon) this Aussie combo is rightly gaining global recognition, opening for such illustrious acts as Night Beats (USA) and Mark BBQ Sultan (Canada).

A time machine homage to guitar-driven garage, mixed with the attitude of Atlanta flower-punks The Black Lips, this explosive debut album has a challenging edge that brings its retro roots right up to date.

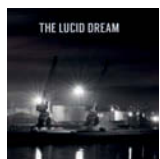
**Gregory P Healey**

## THE LUCID DREAM

**The Lucid Dream**

★★★★★

Holy Are You CD



Achieving maximum results with minimal ingredients, The Lucid Dream return for a

second outing of industrial tinged psychedelia, spiking the Spacemen's *Perfect Prescription* with just a hint of brown acid.

Mesmerising krautrock grooves provide a bedrock for fuzzed-out jams on opener 'Mona Lisa', an epic eight-minute instrumental incorporating eastern scales and hard-rock drones, while the aptly titled 'Unchained Dub', another instrumental, sounds like PiL with its ricocheting trip-hop rhythms, rumbling bass and distinctive melodica. The experimentation continues on reverb-laden single, 'Cold Killer', a dark motorik workout complete with subtle time changes and nagging synths. It's an ambitious slice of Neu!-inspired goodness which you can imagine the band extending far beyond its four and a half minutes in concert.

A reluctance to deviate from the drone-rock formula diminishes the band's powers over the course of the LP but the tender 'You & I' shows they're capable of more.

**John Ebbs**

## THE MONOCHROME SET

**Spaces Everywhere**

★★★★★

Tapete CD/LP



As the days slowly start to lengthen and we begin to look forward to the onset of spring, it strikes me that

this new album from The Monochrome Set is the perfect soundtrack. It has a flavour of the wistful, wishful dark-to-light transition; a combination of lyrics which "deal with death, decay, change..." (to quote songwriter/guitarist Bid), married to the most optimistic-sounding melodies.

The joyous 'Rain Check' is a kind of twisted English take on a smooth jazz ballad, Bid's winsome croon augmented by female harmonies; but then they sneakily lift an organ lick from Yes's prog classic 'Roundabout'



The Lucid Dream can see clearly now

and slip it into 'Avenue', hoping we won't notice. Elsewhere, the tongue-in-cheek colloquialisms of 'When I Get To Hollywood' ("You met him in the butcher's by the pies") echo Half Man Half Biscuit. 'The Z-Train' pairs a faux rockabilly shuffle and a heat haze guitar shimmer to a Hank Marvin solo and matches it to the sweetest of choruses.

A classic in the making, I think.

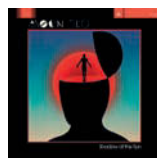
**Neil Hussey**

## MOON DUO

**Shadow Of The Sun**

★★★★★

Sacred Bones CD



Like much modern psych, Moon Duo have built their sound around the three holy S's of Suicide,

Spacemen 3 and shoegaze, previous

releases having veered between metronomic drone-rock bliss-out to head-nodding mood music for hipsters.

On third album, *Shadow Of The Sun*, the addition of human drummer John Jeffrey seems to have significantly toughened up and streamlined this sound, the crisp, propulsive groove of opening track 'Wilding' having a real bite to it. There's a predatory gait to the





But where's the sixth organ of admittance?

damped, minimal riff of 'Night Beat', while the higher register of 'Zero' has an almost gothic/post-punk edge. 'In A Cloud' harks back to a mellow Velvet Underground vibe, while 'Ice' adheres to their core template: a pulsating vortex of synth with Ripley Johnson's guitar lazily picking out notes in between the waveforms.

Overall, Moon Duo now sound like a band pushing at boundaries rather than just regurgitating a formula.

**Joe Banks**

## SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE

**Hexadic**

★★★★★

Drag City CD/LP



On *For Octavio Paz*, Six Organs Of Admittance's 2005 free-folk masterpiece, Ben Chasny put together the most

beautiful experimental guitar music imaginable; it was as if ambient music had rolled itself in twigs. *Hexadic* doesn't sound like *For Octavio Paz*.

Chasny, ever one to help evolution along, has developed a new system of composition for *Hexadic*. This is "designed to free sound and language from rational order". Apparently he's even made a set of playing cards based on said system. Sunday afternoon round Ben's playing *Hexadic* cards and deconstructing chord progressions doesn't sound like fun. But it's not meant to. *Hexadic* is one of the most brutally uncompromising records this side of Tim Buckley's *Starsailor*; the hacking open of traditional forms yields everything from nervous sonic giggle ('Hesitant Grand Light') to face-melting bio-warfare ('Wax Chance').

Very experimental music can often wilfully alienate the listener; *Hexadic* never does this. While an exceptionally challenging album, its internal coherence is apparent and it

is a great achievement indeed.

**Jeanette Leech**

## JAKOB SKØTT

**Taurus Rising**

★★★★★

El Paraiso 2-CD/2-LP



Everything is a remix, or so some would have you believe. In this brave new world in which we're all digging crates, it's

what you can do with your influences that counts. The guys at El Paraiso have never made a secret of their eclectic and varied tastes, and this combination of Radiophonic Workshop textures, choppy electric-Miles rhythms and mid-period Sonic Youth heaviness is possibly, of all the label's releases, the most meta-textual. Musicians' music if you like - and none the worse for it.

The album is of course overwhelmingly rhythmic, as you'd expect a percussionist's solo record to be. It's also, in places, gloriously hypnotic. But I sense that Skøtt is struggling sometimes to find strong melodies. The standout track is 'Bucket Brigades', with its chugging arpeggios and something approaching a memorable tune finally emerging from the rhythms.

Essentially this is all beautifully produced, multi-textural stuff; and a real grower.

**Christopher Budd**

## THE SLOWEST CLOCK

**Smile Futurismo! All I Heard Was Purple**

★★★★★

Eye Unseen CD



Lying dormant somewhere in Dublin for 25 years now, these recordings represent an album that never was. As songs like 'Eastern Flowers'

and 'Turning Green' firmly demonstrate, vintage influences abound with the 'Clock' but the group aren't so in thrall to the '60s sound that there's no room for their own identity, thus they create a personality that gives credence to the merit and effort of each of their performances. In this respect perhaps they are more closely linked, in spirit too, to such other out-of-borders as The Soft Boys or The Rain Parade.

In particular, 'Le Bordel Philosophique' and 'Acid Lake' show off a progressively modern psych twist in their make-up, their penchant for backwards tape segments at the fore. Beyond this, they present a flourishing after-punk style and fiercely independent nature, qualities that are resonant and can be heard percolating throughout these 15 tracks.

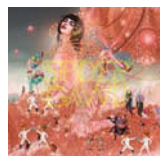
**Lenny Helsing**

## SPIDERGAWD

**II**

★★★★★

Crispin Glover CD



Opening with an intro that has all the style and fidelity of a lost Robert Johnson track, there is little indication as

to the blistering hard-rock which is soon to follow by the Norwegian four piece on their follow up to 2013's self-titled debut.

Huge guitars and pounding rhythms set the pace from the outset, and aside from the midway breathing space of trippy 'Careulean Caribou', never let up right through to the triumphant closer, 'Sanctuary', which could have come straight from the archives of Thin Lizzy. Sounding like Queens Of The Stone Age having consumed far too much Leafhound, whilst also carving their very own niche and sound within the 43 minutes offered up, *II* is nothing short of utter stoner rock genius.

This album needs, and deserves, to be played in front of an audience fitting the band's sound: huge!

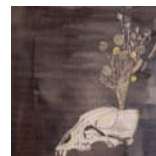
**David Savage**

## STEVE GUNN & THE BLACK TWIG PICKERS

**Seasonal Hire**

★★★★★

Thrill Jockey CD/LP



'Old-time' music - zany, surreal ditties, with heavy use of fiddle and banjo - is often ecstatic. The sheer physicality

of it brings in itself a kind of joy, as phenomenally talented musicians yelp and pick and pluck through Appalachian-inspired music.

On *Seasonal Hire*, Virginia's Black Twig Pickers - perhaps best known for their astonishing work with the much-missed Jack Rose - team up with Steve Gunn, another name familiar to those who keep up with American Primitive. It's mainly instrumental, but when vocals do feature they're entirely appropriate; Sally Ann Morgan, in particular, is excellent at evoking the warmth of a fireside drinking session between close friends.

Yet it's not all rambunctiousness. 'Trailways Ramble' is a hypnotic thing full of drone and decay, while the 16-and-a-half minute title track is a master class in slow crescendo. Finely balanced throughout, *Seasonal Hire* is nevertheless a *big* record; spirited and skilled, hardy as logs.

**Jeanette Leech**

## THE SUNDOWNERS

**Sundowners**

★★★★★

Skeleton Key CD



Back in 2012 Liverpool's The Sundowners' 'Hummingbird' showed a brand new young act peddling the

same '60s folk-rock signatures as Smoke Fairies and First Aid Kit. That the group's Fiona and Alfie were the younger siblings of The Coral's James and Ian Skelly certainly helped perk up people's ears, but it was their West Coast infused jangle and strong vocals that registered the most. A few years down the line the two girls and three lads have moved forward without losing sight. Production wise, things are a bit more contemporary in an almost cleanly produced early '90s manner, whilst the hippie melodies, not a million miles away from *Rumours*-era Fleetwood Mac, are convincing more often than not.

The folksy 'I Dreamed', the updated Byrdsy-ness of 'Into The Light', 'If Wishes Were Horses' psychedelic edge and the powerful 'Soul Responding' show off varying sides of the band's dynamics, and if clearly aiming for a modern sheen *Sundowners* is an interesting and effective hybrid.

**Jon 'Mojo' Mills**



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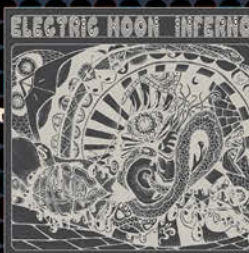
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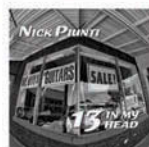
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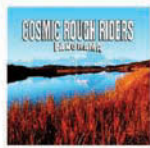
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# MOD FUN

30TH ANNIVERSARY REISSUE

I AM WITH YOU  
B/W  
HAPPY FEELING

45 RPM

PTS 001

Recording first published  
New Records 1984  
© Kool Aid Kid Music

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## SURF CITY Jekyll Island

★★★★★  
Fire CD



Four albums in and the Auckland quartet continue to plough their Kraut/shoegaze/drone rock

furrow with the same intensity; and perhaps even better songs. Opener 'Beat The Summer Heart' is pure lysergic pop heaven: ebola-strength rhythm, a needling guitar riff that moves in and out of focus, and a vocal line just the right side of cool. It's windows down and wind in the face joy on 'One Too Many Things', and the jangle-fest with added cojones of 'Leave Your Worries' will be prime material for their upcoming first European tour.

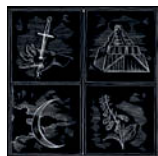
They let themselves down a little by never fully shifting gear, or being fastidious enough with a memorable melody. The jittery 'Jekyll Island And The Psychosphere', for example, takes them into uncomfortable mbv-like mumblecore, whilst 'Hollow Veins' simply inhabits the essence of JAMC rather than manipulates it.

Shoegaze can be a real Marmite moment for psych heads. Surf City

won't begin conversions, but *Jekyll Island* does reward if already attuned.  
**Phil Istone**

## TAMAM SHUD Viper Smoke

★★★★★  
Trashmouth CD



This London band has adopted the name of the Australian '70s surfing psych/prog legends, although their

sound is more akin to the name's original bleak reference (Tamam Shud means "finished" in Persian). Leaning towards the metal end of the spectrum, TS are somewhere between Tool, Loop and Black Sun Ensemble, i.e. long, instrumental spacey jams with distorted eastern modal guitar. Vocals are indecipherable wailing sermons and the album is unrelentingly bleak. Vaguely occult track titles like 'The Ziggurat A Mirage' and 'Summon The Cursed The Summoner' add to the effect.

The sum of these parts is possibly deadly serious but whether you find the approach convincing depends on your perspective. Personally, I'd rather hear the camp '70s Satanic prog of Black Widow or current flag-wavers

Blood Ceremony than what to these ears is a rather relentless album of turgid riffing designed to frighten your parents.

**Richard Allen**

## THREE MINUTE TEASE Bite The Hand

★★★★★  
Idiot CD



How many more reasons do you need to usher Anton Barbeau straight past the bouncers outside the paisley-

wallpapered inner sanctum of "pre-apocalyptic-psychedelic-pop" Godhood? For the uninitiated, of whom there are too many, Three Minute Tease teams the Sacramento sage with the former Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians rhythm section of Andy Metcalfe and Morris Windsor – an emblematic vote of confidence to gold-plate any CV with – and The Bevis Frond himself contributes a suitably questing guitar cameo herein to 'Tell Me'.

Whether it's the droll fatalism of 'Bravely Fade Away' ("you're still gonna die at the end of your life, if not sooner"), the bierkeller anomie of 'Drinking Horn' ("I ended up in Berlin

town, I love the way the city brings me down") or the subtle involutions of 'Tie My Laces', Barbeau's wellspring of inspiration seems limitless. Inimitable songs burst from him like bats from a haunted cave – and the sooner you pick up on his transmissions, the fuller your life will become.

**Marco Rossi**

## VARIOUS ARTISTS Swinging Japan

★★★★★  
Acid Jazz CD



These 14 (mostly instrumental) tracks suggest the mod revival is alive and well in Japan. Six bookend the set

with screaming vocals, fuzzy guitars and a devil-may-care garage attitude that'll make Joan Jett quiver. There's a snotty Pretty Things vibe on a couple of tracks, but most songs reflect the '80s mod revival scene, with longer solos and skinny tie/power pop sensibilities, with the occasional northern soul stomper tossed in (The Hair's 'Weekend').

The Scarlets sound like The Clash reworking 'I Can't Explain', Les Cappuccinno bring some Herbie Hancock-styled organ to 'Blow Up!', and there's some jazzy flute/organ interplay with incredible wah-wah soloing on Soul Mission's 'Groovy Foundation'. And you haven't lived til you've heard Sandiest's spot-on Jam impression! File next to Modern World's *Japanese Mod & Freakbeat Showcase* and surf this tsunami for one whale of a wild weekend!

**Jeff Penczak**

## WHITE HILLS Walks For Motorists

★★★★★  
Thrill Jockey CD



NYC motorik space-rockers Dave W and Ego Sensation found inspiration amongst the slate-strewn,

stormy hills of North Wales for this, their first album made outside The Big Apple. Recorded during an intense, unbroken, seven day stint at Bryn Derwen studios, with camp synth-popper Dave Wrench producing, the result is their sharpest yet most diverse offering to-date.

Although still committed to their philosophy of psychedelia as transformation, *Walks For Motorists* moves beyond the Hawkwindian fuzzbox sweepers, that have thus far been their calling card, into territory marked by daring combinations of krautrock, prog and new wave.

Be it shades of Amon Duul II on 'No Will', with its unhinged vocals and rumbling bass, or the Devoto-esque vocal phrasing and McGeoch-inspired chorused guitar on 'Lead The Way', White Hills have successfully melded disparate influences and genres to bring to life their chilling and dystopian world view.

**Gregory P Healey**





# THE PRETTY THINGS

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## BLOSSOMS

**Cut Me And I'll Bleed / The Urge (live)**

★★★★★

*Skeleton Key*



After their Doors-indebted guitar pop debut, 'Blow', Blossoms take a left turn into Charlatans/New Order

territory. The very slick production is a little off-putting at first, but their indie flecked with psych (the latter mainly evident in the lysergic lead guitar) is constructed with an earworm mentality. This Stockport-made baggy cut (imbibed with a large piece of dance-floor funk) will gain them numerous fans, even if it's strangely at odds with their Music Machine image.

The lads are back in Doors/Coral territory with the flip, a live in Parr Street Studios song recorded in their other spiritual home, Liverpool. Here lead guitarist Josh Dewhurst's skills really shine, as his economical runs create just the level of mystery and melody to satisfy all of one's '60s blues needs. A bright future looks clear – as long as their advisors don't force them down the Killers-sounding indie route, which would be a waste of fine taste and talent.

**Phil Istone**

## BRONCO BULLFROG

**Verity Mumbles / Michael Blessing Was Here**

★★★★★

*Spring*

The revitalised – the same guys, the same vibes – Bronco Bullfrog's recent spate of singles have achieved the rare feat of bettering their initial output. Not playing live and not releasing albums seems to be their chosen plan of



attack, and hearing the material in twos is the perfect double whammy of their short, sharp nuggets. If

anything they've reigned in their sound to that pitch perfect, but never tame format, that worked so well for The Who, The Hollies and The Resonars.

'Verity Mumbles' rides on Louis Wiggett's 'Run Run Run'-like bass line, losing the art pop attack for a middle eight that sees each member hit the mic for a song within a song that divides itself between long-haired English pop and West Coast harmony. 'Michael Blessing Was Here', although distinctly vintage at heart, comes across like Teenage Fanclub having a bash at a '67 Graham Nash B-side with the surprise of added Earthquake guitar power chords. They sure know how to mix it up.

**Jon 'Mojo' Mills**

## CRIME

**Crime**

★★★★★

*Munster 7-single box set*



San Francisco's favourite punk-era mavericks Crime have long been a talking point for discerning punks

and also those of a certain age whose tastes are more firmly rooted in primitive '60s garage beat and proto-psychedelic sounds.

The group's original three 45s – instigated by the cracking double-headed blow that is 'Hotwire My Heart' and 'Baby, You're So Repulsive' – are augmented here by another four unissued sides as bold, vital

and speed-encrusted as anything in their catalogue. Crime had a different sound and attitude to most other late '70s groups, with perhaps only Ohio's dissident contingent – Electric Eels, Styrenes, Rocket From The Tombs – sounding anywhere close. Munster's exceedingly fine package also comes with a CD and booklets that retell the group's story: Jeff Feuerzeig's tale involving second drummer Hank Rank is hugely enlightening.

If you've yet to witness Crime there's no better way to get initiated than with this timely box.

**Lenny Helsing**

## FOGBOUND

**Purple Wax / Kicking Eucalyptus Seeds**

★★★★★

*John Colby Sect*



Finally, a band that worships at the rarefied feet of The Factory, The Orange Machine and Wimple Winch!

From A Coruña in north west Spain come some freakbeat/early psych heads that unashamedly dress in big belts and Beatle boots and know how to lay down the real deal. 'Purple Wax' has the heady rush taken from the wilder moments of *Piper...*, whilst also bringing to mind *fin de siècle* UK underground heroes The Embrooks. Compliments don't come much higher.

On the other side, 'Kicking Eucalyptus Seeds' has its head bent a little lower; a minor key heavy organ 'n' guitar path through the obscure Eurobeat forest. Here the band has the knack, as they do on all of their songs, of having a familiar melody that doesn't appear to be stolen. It's no wonder the psychedelic scene is frothing over them, their authenticity is their strength and their (large, rusting) badge of honour.

Fogbound are here to save your shoe-gaze-weary soul.

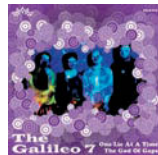
**Phil Istone**

## THE GALILEO 7

**One Lie At A Time / The God Of Gaps**

★★★★★

*State*



Hot on the heels of their warmly-received 2014 long-player, *False Memory Lane*, comes this vinyl one-two

from the Medway congregation, showcasing its newly reconfigured rhythm section alongside the ever-dependable frontline of Allan Crockford and Viv Bonsels. Both sides find the multi-layered pop-psych that coloured much of said album temporarily ditched in favour a return to the crash-bang-wallop approach of yore.

The guitar figure that introduces 'One Lie At A Time' evokes the well-worn grooves of *Revolver*, before the band dives headlong into a riot of explosive drumming, stacked harmonies and fuzz guitar/

organ interplay that ends with the triumphantly spoken "I'm not doing that again". 'The God Of Gaps' is the leaner, more poppy of the two sides, boasting an infectious chorus that wouldn't shame *Black Sea*-era XTC.

**Andy Morten**

## GRASS

**It's Always You In The Movies EP**

★★★★★

*VEA Music*



Unless you spotted the discrete credit to Messrs Alex Spyropoulos and Patrick Campbell-Lyons,

you'd never realise this was the work of the original, UK-based Nirvana twins. My God, they've suddenly gone all lo-fi techno acoustic! If this were anyone else they'd have a garish banner announcing "The original '60s Nirvana are back!" or something; instead this three-track EP arrived with an almost apologetic hand-written note by Campbell-Lyons announcing, "Alex and I sometimes get pissed off with all that 'other Nirvana' stuff so we decided to just do something as Grass... for fun!"

Indeed, Grass sounds like the work of two old eccentrics still pushing boundaries and basically doing what the fuck they like. It's great and totally unexpected, so don't anticipate anything polished or proggy. Do, however, expect this 250-copy limited edition run of green 10" vinyl to sell out in nanoseconds.

**Chris Twomey**

## HALEIWA

**Wall Of Blue Sky / Harbour**

★★★★★

*Sunstone*



"Written, performed, recorded and mixed by Mikki Singh". The Swedish minimalist puts

the time in, and the results are favourable. Acoustic guitars are played with enough rhythmic canter to propel the message of the seemingly broken soul behind the voice, whilst ethereal synths hover in the distance. *Shindig!* expects most reviews will describe this release as "incredibly sad and beautiful". It's dream-pop without question, though it's hard to feel any optimism within the grooves.

Top side, 'Wall Of Blue Sky', makes passing nods to Jack Johnson and Peter, Bjorn & John. Fans of Lewis's *L'amour* will no doubt wish to investigate. 'Harbour' is similar too, though has the wherewithal to shift pace in just the right moments to add dramatic accompaniment to the otherwise unyielding flat landscape. Is this the soundtrack to the next Nordic noir masterpiece? It would fit, much like a well-knitted jumper.

Only a hundred copies pressed up of this, so don't delay.

**Phil Istone**



## THEE JEZEBELS

Black Book / Cried Over You

★★★★★

State



A relatively new three-piece all-female combo from the hotbed of garage rock 'n' roll thrills that is the south-east

coast of England, Thee Jezebels make a gloriously raw, raucous racket on this, their debut 45, brought to you by those splendid folk at State Records.

'Black Book' is 154 seconds of crucial crunch that's part Glitter Band glam stomp and part brutalised Canvey Island rhythm 'n' blues. The bass throbs with a menacing intent, the guitar hits like The Troggs on evil downers and the vocals roar out loud and clear. Flipside, 'Cried Over You', is even shorter, slightly sharper and plenty more up-tempo, with shades of The Sonics' 'Cinderella' lurking in the margins. Shaking frat party sounds, only played by greasy biker chicks in leather and with a real lowdown mean and dirty attitude. One to crank way up to 11.

Hugh Dellar

## MOD FUN

I Am With You / Happy Feeling

★★★★★

Pennytown Sound



It's 1984 in Pennington, New Jersey and three young mod kids schooled on The Jam and dressed in token revival

clobber do something that bit different, they play garage-punk. This debut 45 isn't great garage, but it's joyous – the sound of three young punks having a real ball with youth orientated lyrics and a typically US '80s garage attack; part punk energy, new wave and Pebbles fuzz.

'I Am With You' has a few nice touches, whilst keeping Jam enough for the mods and anticipating the '60s pop/art attack of their Californian rivals The Event. 'Happy Feeling' is the more garage of the two, recalling The Untold Fables. The Aardvarks perfected this format in the UK, but this is still a lot of innocent (mod) fun.

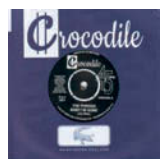
Jon 'Mojo' Mills

## THE PHROGS

Baby I'm Gone / Downey Peach

★★★★★

Crocodile



For your next record party or club date why not include some pretty wild and accelerating sounds from one

of Britain's finest late '90s harp-wailin' rock 'n' roll combos, The Phrogs? The topside offers some good grit and determination that suggests the group had been thoroughly inspired by the likes of the early Pretty Things and 'You're Gonna Miss Me'-era Elevators, plus a ton of similar Nuggets-like groups, while the



No more cryin'. Thee Jezebels

flipside 'Downey Peach' shows an odder, more jovial Medway-style bent.

'Baby I'm Gone' though, is modern-day garage yanked hard by the scruff of the neck to loosen some of the fluff, duff and chaff from its heavy-laden insides, reassembled with a loud new paint job and steely undertow. More impact could've been made if they'd killed it off a little earlier but it's still cool. Tasty Stateside-style label and sleeve cop too.

Lenny Helsing

## THE ROYAL FLARES

Blaze EP

★★★★★

Born Loser

And here's yet another group from



Germany whose debut album of last year was reviewed within these pages. They too are immersed in the mid-60s

realm but, here, their overall sound could be toughened up a bit. Notice it's 'toughened up' and not 'heavied' as there's a certain weakness incumbent on these recordings that could easily be improved upon.

Of the six numbers – played at 45rpm on this 12" EP – not all deserve mentioning, but 'See Me Walking At Night' has a pretty cool riff and the spectre of Paul Revere & the Raiders hangs heavy. There's

something quite infectious too about Side Two's 'Mrs Sarah Lee'. Although their own version of The Zombies' universal beat nugget, 'She's Not There', isn't all that bad it's not gonna set the world on fire either.

Lenny Helsing

## THE THUNDERBEATS

The Fabulous Thunderbeats EP

★★★★★

Groovie



The Russian Invasion continues! A second 7" for the label, and it's immediately c lear

The Troggs, Stones, Animals, Music Machine et al have received many spins chez Thunderbeat. They did call their 2013 debut album '66 after all...

Present here are four songs to rival Les Grys-Grys and The Youth for their R&B hardness. 'Heavily Drunk' is the knowing Neolithic garage-punk that has it all – sick beat, great pace changes, ape-ish riff, whiny vocal. 'All Your Love' is more of a swinger; organ-driven, sexual tension on display, fuzz 'n' wah combined well. Not original, but nonetheless more than convivial. 'Mr Monkey Comes To Town' brings to mind the incredible Staggers and Wild Evel's partially manic, partially seedy delivery, with added Yardies blues-wailin' to give it extra welly. Bonus points for the title too. Finally 'Up All Night' brings proceedings to an exhausted close. Listen closely to the panned drum rolls and try not to squeal with delight.

Moscow's got it. You just didn't know.

Phil Istine

## THE WRONG SOCIETY

To Be Free / She's The Girl

★★★★★

Hammer Kirche



Germany has produced its fair share of garage-type groups over the years. However, not too many

possess the same qualities as The Wrong Society – although fiercely independent Berliners The No-Counts, from decades back, did operate a similar philosophy.

The Wrong Society are a relatively young bunch of Hamburgers who eschew the heavier sounds and psych influences of many modern groups and, instead, execute a more authentic and thrilling mid-60s New England-style moody teenbeat approach. The fast-paced guitar/organ whirl of 'To Be Free' should rightly be hailed as one of this year's best topsides while 'She's The Girl', a classic tale of unrequited love, is just as good and incorporates a somewhat darker teen-punk edge. The guitarist, commiserating with the all too clear frustrations of the singer, lets fly with an almost outta control solo.

The lack of picture sleeve in favour of a semi-gothic label design adds to the group's intrigue and mystique.

Lenny Helsing

# Soul On Seven



The Stars Of Money EP

(★★★★★, Kent)

contains four rare tracks from the LA based soul label, Money,

housed in a tasty looking picture sleeve. With a clarion call of "Hey, Hey", we're fast off the blocks with **BETTYE SWANN** and her infectious 'The Man That Said No', a barrelhouse piano, hand claps and some cute female backing vocals make for a perfect marriage of pop soul perfection. It's coupled with **BOBBY ANGELLE's** new to vinyl 'I'll Be A Soldier Boy'. This surefire dancer works its way into your orbit with a pounding northern soul beat and a swirling hypnotic rhythm. On the flipside **M&M'S & THE PEANUTS' 'Lil' Valley'** from 1964, has a doo-wop feel with an updated dance-friendly beat. The classiest sound is saved to last for **DELILAH MOORE's** breezily soulful 'I'll Just Walk Away' from '72.

The latest in a series of recently discovered Pied Piper Productions

features the little known **SHARON SCOTT** and the more prolific (by comparison) **WILLIE KENDRICK**.

Scott's 'It's Better' (★★★★★, *Pied Piper*) is a mid-tempo groove that builds and builds without requiring a climax. A sweet dreamy vocal tinged with a suitcase full of regret is enough, as Scott wails "It's over" over and over! Kendrick's 'She'll Be Leaving You' – penned by Jack Ashford and Lorraine Chandler – is a similar paced toe-tapper with a moody, hard driving Detroit beat, with Kendrick feeling equally lovelorn as he anticipates losing his girl.

Finally, **KENNY CARTER's** 'You Better Get Hip Girl' and **THE DYNAMICS' 'My Life Is No Better'** (★★★★★, *Kent*) are two Larry Banks New York productions. The former is a slow burning big beat ballad with a mighty production, whilst the latter is a pacier affair drenched in fine group harmonies and a strong lead that recalls a ballsier version of The Impressions. Both tracks are new to vinyl having previously only been available on Kent's *Larry Banks Soul Family* CD.

Paul Ritchie





Jeff's got them at his beck and call

### A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS: JEFF BECK IN THE 1960S

★★★★★  
Sexy Intellectual



This outstanding documentary deals with Jeff Beck's formative years and influences, his first band The Tridents, his all important stint

with The Yardbirds, the surreal interlude when he found himself being reinvented as a solo artist and produced by Mickie Most ('Hi Ho Silver Lining', 'Love Is Blue') and the star-crossed life and times of The Jeff Beck Group (ultimately breaking up a mere three weeks before they were scheduled to appear at Woodstock). Recommended to Giorgio Gomelsky as a replacement for the departing Eric Clapton by his friend and contemporary Jimmy Page, the main body of the film gives in depth treatment to Beck's highly eventful sojourn in The Yardbirds which saw the band transformed from a purist blues act into pop- psych trailblazers via an extraordinary series of mid-60s 45s including 'Heart Full Of Soul', 'Evil Hearted Woman', 'Still I'm Sad', 'Shapes Of Things', 'Over Under Sideways Down' and 'Happening Ten Years Time Ago'.

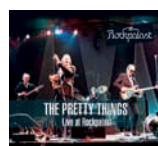
Key to this process was Beck's at times unpredictable personality and a distinctive pre-Hendrix appetite for sonic experimentation that would see his time in the band punctuated by moments of volatility, a fondness for trashing his equipment and bouts of ill health.

Interviewees along the way include Jim McCarty and Chris Dreja, Giorgio Gomelsky and his successor as Yardbirds manager Simon Napier Bell, Miss Pamela of The GTO's and veteran scribblers Chris Welch and Charles Shaar Murray, who provides the film's most entertaining moments via his combination of vividly articulated observations and razor sharp repartee.

**Grahame Bent**

### THE PRETTY THINGS: LIVE AT ROCKPALAST

★★★★★  
Repertoire 3-DVD / CD



Filed for the German television show in 1998, 2004 and in 2007, with an added audio CD of the '98 performance.

On the first DVD the Pretties, suited and booted, give an excellent account of themselves, despite the slick, slightly clinical surroundings (and a small technical glitch as they begin

'SF Sorrow Is Born'). There's plenty of passion on offer with highlights aplenty, including the impeccably cool Dick Taylor's formidable portrayal of 'Baron Saturday', and excellent readings of other Sorrow highlights, 'Balloon Burning' and 'Old Man Going'. Parachute favourite 'Cries From The Midnight Circus' is another stand-out interpretation. Throughout, Phil May, Dick, Wally Waller, Jon Povey, Frank Holland and Skip Alan play like their very lives depend on it. They seem to be having a great time, really taking it to Dusseldorf's Phillipshalle crowd. The interview segment is both informative and hilarious as Skip is determined to stand on his head. With Dick's help, he succeeds!

DVD two captures the group twice at Crossroads Festival in Bonn, 2004 and 2007 and shows the group's energy and vitality is still very much alive as they sweat it out through the likes of 'Rosalyn', 'Come See Me', and a spectacular 'The Beat Goes On' with new drummer Jack Greenwood. 'Judgement Day' and a 'Route 66/ Pretty Thing/Mona' medley is also noteworthy with wild man Skip co-leading with Phil out front and drumming the group into an absolute frenzy.

The Pretty Things here are nothing less than a true rock 'n' roll phenomenon.

**Lenny Helsing**

### KNIFE IN THE WATER

★★★★★

### REPULSION

★★★★★

### CUL-DE-SAC

★★★★★

All Odeon



It's not coincidental that Odeon have reissued re-mastered versions of Roman Polanski's *Knife In The Water*, *Repulsion* and

*Cul-De-Sac* at the same time. Despite the first being a Polish feature from the early '60s and the other two British features from the middle of the decade, it's still possible to approach the three films as an Anglo-Polish trilogy of sorts thanks to the central importance Polanski places on the psychological interaction and ultimate disintegration of the principal characters.

This tension is arguably nowhere more evident than in *Knife In The Water* (1962), Polanski's debut feature and the film that established his reputation in the west. Co-scripted by Polanski and featuring a memorably cool jazz score by Krzysztof Komeda, the mounting tension is palpable throughout as the unfolding drama between the three protagonists is played out aboard the claustrophobic confines of a small yacht.

Fifty years on from its release *Repulsion* ('65) remains a triumphant fusion of exploitation and art-house with its perfect synthesis of style and content thanks to the combination of Polanski and Gerard Brach's taut screenplay, Gil Taylor's dazzling monochromatic images, Chico Hamilton's minimally atmospheric soundtrack and a strong ensemble cast – featuring the positively radiant Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry and Yvonne Furneaux – in this compelling study of a young French beautician's descent into madness set against the background of an immediately pre-Swinging London.

Released the year after *Repulsion* and though very different in terms of overall mood and narrative pacing there's nevertheless a strong degree of continuity from its predecessors. Once again the screenplay is penned by Polanski and Gerard Brach, Gil Taylor excels as cinematographer and the distinctively off-kilter score comes courtesy of Krzysztof Komeda. The cast comprises a motley crew of eccentrics including Donald Pleasance, Lionel Stander, Jack MacGowran and Francoise Dorleac (Deneuve's elder sister).

Besides each DVD boasting a generous selection of extras including documentaries, interviews, stills galleries and theatrical trailers it's the *Repulsion* DVD that comes with the most interesting bonus features – these being the ITV documentary *Clive James Meets Roman Polanski*, an interview with stand-in cinematographer Stanley Long who took over from Gil Taylor when the film spiralled over budget and, most fascinating of all, an audio commentary from Polanski and Deneuve.

**Grahame Bent**

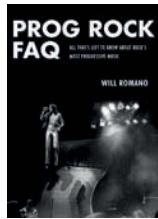


## PROG ROCK FAQ

Will Romano

★★★★★

Backbeat



The problem with the latest entry in this popular series lies in its subtitle: "All that's left to know about rock's most progressive music". FAQ are supposed to highlight their subject, but Romano seems to assume you know all the important stuff, so he tackles the remainders. "I view this work as an alternative history of progressive rock." OK, then call it that, not *Prog Rock FAQ*.

Another frustrating space filler is an overabundance of chapters on obscure bands like Happy The Man, Earth Band, Henry Cow, Univers Zero and Romano's "fathers of prog-rock": er, Clouds!

Readers will want the lowdown on all the goodies concerning progressive rock's heyday (arguably the first half of the '70s), not "the more underappreciated artists of the genre". So be forewarned that this is not a history of prog. (Jerry Lucky's *Progressive Rock Files* is a nice overview.) Hell, Romano doesn't even offer a definition, suggesting "the origin of prog-rock could be an entire book" Like, perhaps, an FAQ?

So where does Romano succeed? His interviews with Van der Graaf's David Jackson, Tull/Bloodwyn Pig guitarist Mick Abrahams, and Genesis' Anthony Phillips are illuminating, as are his chapters on John Wetton and Steve Hackett. He critiques prog films and concept albums and "Heavy Horsesh#\$!" is a comical look at contemporary prog album reviews. His overview of prog album covers is most enjoyable, as is prog's "Top 20 BIG Compositions" (finally, a FAQ!), but he doesn't even include a recommended discography or list of key artists. Ultimately, if you don't already know a lot about prog-rock, this won't help you.

Jeff Penczak

## SEASON OF THE WITCH

Peter Bebergal

★★★★★

Tarcher/Penguin



Ever since Robert Johnson walked down to the crossroads to sell his soul to The Devil, popular music has been entwined with the occult, from

Jimmy Page's Aleister Crowley obsession all the way through to Madonna's Kabbalah dabblings (Kabbabblings?). Subtitled "How the Occult Saved Rock And Roll", Peter Bebergal's offering takes a scholarly stroll down rock's occult byways, exploring both how and why rock became inseparable from the

otherworldly in all its forms, be it Satanic, theosophical or even extraterrestrial.

Here, Bebergal explores Bowie's cocaine-induced occult psychosis and Arthur Brown's divinely flamboyant shows within the context of such mystical orders as The Golden Dawn and The Illuminati. It's a fascinating read, beautifully written and keenly perceptive on just what attracts errant troubadours to the more esoteric nooks of humanity.

Yet if there's a quibble to be had, it's that Bebergal has tried to cram too much into the book's 229 pages. Many of the subjects demand more in-depth examinations, and there are some startling omissions and abbreviations – black metal is glossed over in a couple of pages; a section on electronic music manages to ignore seminal electro boffins White Noise; and where are Aphrodite's Child, Louise Huebner and that most magickal of musicians, Graham Bond? An extra hundred pages could have given the weighty subject matter room to breath but, nonetheless, this is still highly recommended for those who'd like to know just how The Devil got all the best tunes.

Tom Patterson

## THE STEMS 1984-1987

George Matzkov

★★★★★

High Voltage Publishing



This truly is a very fine item. It's a photo-packed book that gives high concern to the original brief

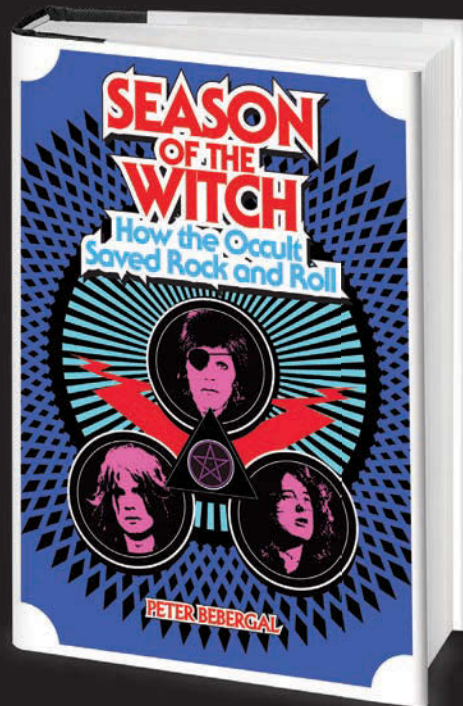
few years that Perth, Australia's foremost second-wave fuzzed-out garage-punk/dynamically moody pop maestros The Stems spent together. There are also a few paragraphs right at the beginning that give purchasers a little context, plus some pages boasting a decent amount of the group's gig flyers and posters from that mid-80s period. As a rather delightful bonus the book also comes with a cool CD featuring the group's cover versions (*Underneath The Covers*). This is what makes this publication all the more special, as the group is heard blasting through items by The Choir, The Easybeats, Knights Bridge Quintet (their 'Sorrow (In C Major)' erroneously credited to The Pretty Things), The Malibus, Count V and more.

As George Matzkov explains in the text, many of these shots were taken for promotional purposes but were never actually used at the time – instead Matzkov had them boxed up and hidden out of sight for decades. Now, however, the time has been deemed just right to unearth them so that fans of the group can all check out how decidedly cool they all looked – and of course sounded – back then.

All in all, an excellent little document (designed along the lines of a 7" single sleeve) that tells of this relatively short-lived, but thoroughly talented group.

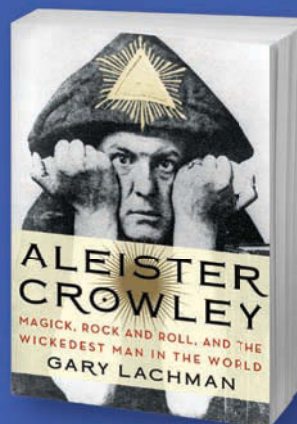
Lenny Helsing

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White Fence

Photo: Rachel Lipstiz

## WHITE FENCE

### The 100 Club, London

January 29th

It might be a freezing night at the end of a long, cold and (probably for much of the audience) broke January, but in here things are so hot it could almost be summer. After a run of lo-fi recordings Tim Presley hit the motherlode last year with his White Fence album *For The Recently Found Innocent* – thanks in part to some support from psychedelia's renaissance man Ty Segall. And now he is back on these shores, playing to a packed crowd of psych heads, a smattering of young-ish hipsters and an indie-rock deity or three. Expectations are not so much "through the roof" but taller than The Shard.

But before the eager crowd gets to hear if Presley's troubadours match the hype there is a support slot from excellent Trouble In Mind signees Ultimate Painting. The band, who comprise members of Veronica Falls and Mazes, recorded a sublime album last year of Velvet Underground (self-titled third album vintage) meets late-period Beatles influenced tunes, mixed with a side of quirky lo-fi Americana. Tonight their twisty guitar music, one that is never shy of melody, goes down a treat. Highlights include 'Ten Street' and the song that the band

was named after, 'Ultimate Painting'.

Finally White Fence emerge with a surprise or two. Tim Presley certainly looks the part with his guitar strapped ultra-high (beat band meets Edwyn Collins 1981 style), as does a drummer who exudes '60s cool. But the twist is that the second guitarist, who seems faintly familiar, turns out to be English (now LA-based) singer songwriter Cate Le Bon. Pleasantries over and things kick off in electric fashion. Crowd pleasers, like The Who *Sell Out*-era influenced powerpop 'Like That', are cranked out early and with a power and snarl that takes the studio recordings to another level. 'Anger, Who Keeps You Under' is almost as incendiary, and when White Fence hit the cranky opening riffs of 'Wolf Gets Red Faced' and then power on to its Pink Floyd-style descending scales and Jefferson Airplane acid guitar it's abundantly clear that this is a band at the very top of its game.

A short folk-rock interlude follows, though things don't stay too gentle for long. Along the way we get sonic barrage of 'Arrow Man' which starts politely enough before exploding into a cacophony of sound that the band eke out for 10 blistering minutes. Long extended freakouts really shouldn't be this powerful, or as much fun. They then prove it is no fluke by repeating the same trick for 'The

Light', a minimalist punk tune that to these ears recalls The Salvation Army, the LA punks who later flowered into paisley poppers The Three O'Clock.

Finally, following a funky version of 'Sandra', it is all over and that 11pm curfew has almost been breached. No time for any encores, cover versions or banter. But when a band is this exciting and powerful no one really cares.

**Ashley Norris**

## THE YARDBIRDS

### The 100 Club, London

January 30th

So, another farewell show then – sort of. According to the promo this is the last Yardbirds gig in the "current incarnation", featuring mainstay drummer Jim McCarty and founding blues guitarist and maraca-toter Anthon 'Top' Topham (aka "Clapton before Clapton"), alongside vocalist/harmonica player Andy Mitchell, guitarist Ben King and bassist David Smale. The termination of this line-up – tighter than the New England Patriots' defensive end and playing with an exuberant, thumping heaviness that reminds you precisely from whence half what we take for granted as "rock" originated – is surely a shame. *Shindig!* understands that McCarty and Topham are to regroup alongside renowned American bassist Kenny Aaronson

(most recently seen in The New York Dolls), blues-harpist Myke Scavone, and, returning after a six-year hiatus, former vocalist Johnny Idan (who is also relocated from bass to guitar).

Tonight the Yardies are the proverbial canine testes. Cynics, of course, have absented, proclaiming the age-old "it's not really the same without so-and-so" spiel (not *that* many admittedly, as tonight is a sold out show) but those present on this parky January evening will attest that it's definitely *the* place to be. Over several decades the strength of the band McCarty has tirelessly led remains its combination of reliability and surprise. You know you're always going to get 'For Your Love', 'Over Under Sideways Down', 'Train Kept-A-Rollin' and 'Smokestack Lightnin'', and this set offers no exception. Yet the *attack*, and interplay within, remains fresh. The audience response reflects the players' enthusiasm: McCarty, Topham and the extremely likeable Mitchell, who, as his mentor explains, "couldn't even play harmonica when he joined, but now look at him" seem to *enjoy* every note, riff and solo as much as every mod, rocker and blues enthusiast congregated before them.

As a result, even in 2015, they still seem (unlike their numerous peers treading nostalgic waters), like an outfit with both a healthy present





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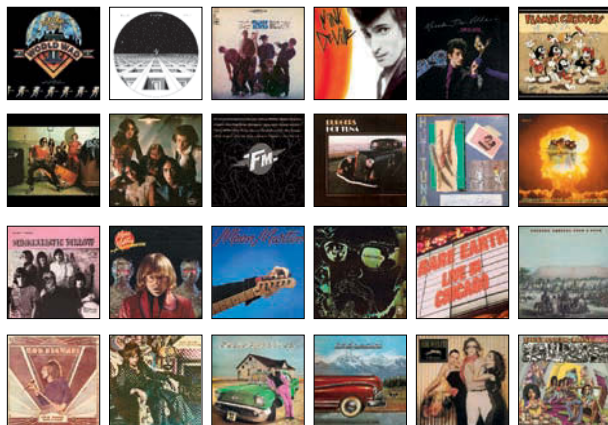
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Big Boss Man

Photo: Blow Up

and future. The call-and-responses between Topham and King appear spontaneous rather than rehearsed, the howling feedback that drenches 'Dazed And Confused' (Jake Holmes lyric satisfyingly intact) arises from happy accident rather than ice-cold professionalism, and even material from 2003's *Birdland* is approached with fervour. In another unexpected highlight, they tackle neglected, fuzz-laden Box Of Frogs nugget 'Back Where I Started', with McCarty's commanding vocal only undermined by his drum-mic's inability to stay upright for very long. Next to the earthy blues, 'Five Long Years', the whimsical 'Still I'm Sad' and that middle-ground represented by 'Shapes Of Things', it not only fits in perfectly, but reinforces awareness of his consistent creative bent.

From the blues and rock 'n' roll came freakbeat, psych, and hard-rock: all are defined here over 100 or so minutes, with 'Rack My Mind' and 'I'm A Man' proving a worthy conclusion to both show and combo alike. And while for some, it may be a case of "happenings 50 years time ago" (see what we did there?) it seems equally possible that as long as McCarty and Topham remain these happenings will continue.

**Darius Drewe**

#### FIRST AID KIT Hammersmith Apollo, London January 27th

Often is it said that there's no harmony sweeter, more spiritual, than sibling harmony. This is no more true than when halfway through tonight's set – on a stage draped in gold – the Söderberg sisters drop their microphones and sing, almost a *capella* (save for the soporific strings of guitar), their heart-wrenching lament of love lost, 'Ghost Town'.

The crowd is hushed into silence and immediately this large room grows small and intimate – everyone sharing their pain. Even the most hardened looking of those present are tearily singing along. It is a brave move in a packed house but the girls surpass themselves, their voices all the more textured and rich for their unplugged setting.

Their set is carefully chosen and dynamic, and the golden stage wonderfully evokes the desert (with dots of light flashing like stars). Moments of lyrical brilliance come in 'Shattered And Hollow', which is essentially a clever way around a *cliché*, and in the upbeat cynicism of 'Heaven Knows'. It's also satisfying to hear Johanna's deeper, more sumptuous tones taking the lead through parts of new single 'Master Pretender', even if she does seem slightly less at

home than her sister alone behind the microphone.

In the folk tradition the show comes peppered with anecdotes, including one in the encore about "the funny little man" Paul Simon, who apparently gave them a standing ovation. A gorgeous cover of 'America' follows, which could have so easily been written for them. First Aid Kit ends with 'Emmylou', a fitting tribute to their spiritual country forefathers. They continue the tradition of Cash, Carter *et al*, along with their own disarming, ethereal folk-pop.

**Fran Seden**

#### BIG BOSS MAN St. Moritz, London February 6th

You don't catch Georgie Fame down The Flamingo anymore (not helped by there *being* no Flamingo anymore), but if you want Hammond groove in a Soho basement club then tonight promises it. Uneven floor; geriatric barman; an extremely high chance of spilling someone else's drink – it's all present and correct. The Blow Up band play their label's club night in the promotion of their rather exquisite fourth outing *Last Man On Earth*, and judging by the crowd that's gathered in the low-ceiling cellar surroundings there's quite a few in for a good time tonight.

'Theme For Last Man On Earth' gets

a sea of bobbing bodies on a collective jazz odyssey across multi-genre seas. R&B, boogaloo, soundtracks, soul and funk all have their moment; and it's all aided by plentiful bongos. The 'Buck Rodgers' theme gets organ-ised into a dancefloor friendly frug, before a rare vocal outing from sharply-attired conductor Nass Bouzida (aka 'The Bongolian') on 'Big Boss Man' (over) drives the gang into another pop dimension.

A couple of late-set cuts from well-received 2009 album *Full English Beat Breakfast* (the schizophrenic 'Triumph Of The Olympian' and heavy beats of 'Big Breakfast') give the non-stop crowd some extra leg power, before the whole thing comes to a sudden stop (and gym memberships are seriously suddenly considered by those out of breath).

Being both excellent on record and onstage, it's stupefying that even with endorsements by the likes of Cerys Matthews and Mark Lamarr they aren't a bigger prospect. Shindiggers with plenty of Latin in their souls and KPM records on their shelves must investigate. And then boogalate, like this room has.

**Phil Istine**

#### THE PAPERHEAD The Shipping Forecast, Liverpool January 30th

Nashville cats The Paperhead arrive here for only their second date of this tour. The venue, a small cellar-like dwelling, is full of eager north-westerners waiting to hear how the band's new offering *Africa Avenue* translates live. It was clear as day, as the band played the title track, that they still trade in '60s pop – with a small but profound dose of acid-folk thrown in too. But in true Paperhead live style the guitars veer away from the rhythm section. Chords are mangled and attacked with discordant beauty. After two more songs, one of which was "brand new", they have demonstrated progression and a wider exploration since their last album. They still carry the calling card of their previous "English madcap" inspirations, but they also add new colours stemmed from their own side of the pond. These additions to the sound are both surfy and playful.

The band seems rather loose; this may have to do with being ring rusty, but *Shindig!* wouldn't have them any other way. Being too tight would ruin their spontaneous charm. The set is one half psych-pop and one half UFO-style jamming, which in a small Liverpool cellar was a fitting sight. The band finish with a cover of Brian Eno's 'I'll Come Running (To Tie Your Shoe)' and they make it all their own, giving the streamed childhood evocations of splendour and happiness (which in the wintery north is always needed).

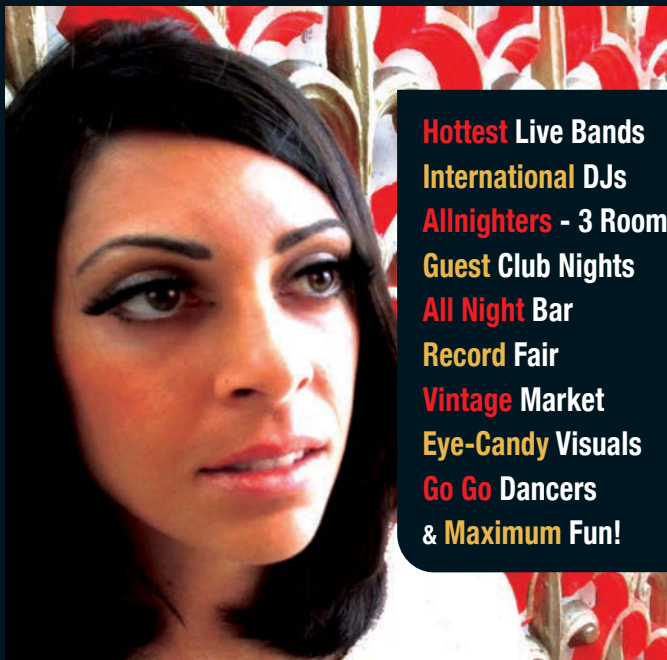
The Paperhead appear to be in a really good place creatively, with writing and playing seemingly uninhibited. It is a simpler and rawer mood that they convey live compared to record, yet both mediums are honest – and infectious.

**Joe Atkinson**



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## FOTHERINGAY

The Promise Of Greatness: Sandy Denny's short-lived post-Fairport, pre-solo aggregation

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The return of the Irish progressive folk duo adored by John Peel

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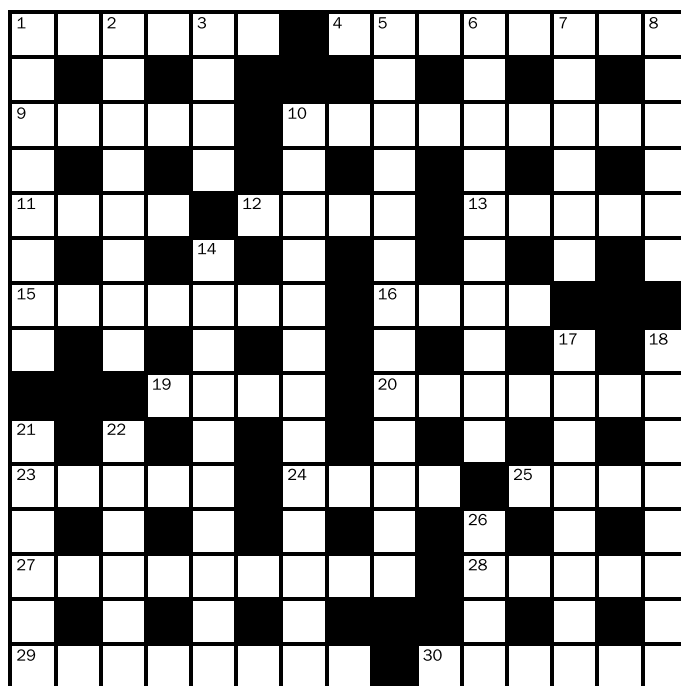
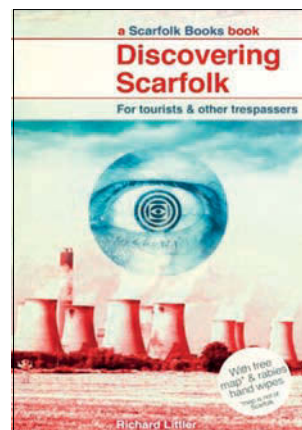


## PRIZE CROSSWORD

by Stuart Draper

Feast yer mince pies on the below puzzle and, when you've completed it, you could be with a chance of winning a copy of the deliriously funny, oddly unsettling and beautifully designed *Discovering Scarfolk* book, courtesy of the denizens of the titular north-west English town.

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### Across

- 1 Bob Seger used to have one of these (6)
- 4 The Pretty Things' eponymous hero (1,1,6)
- 9 Blind or Adam (5)
- 10 With a name like that, it's no wonder they got a \$100 fine (3,6)
- 11 See 30
- 12 Eno was anticipating warm ones (4)
- 13 Rory Gallagher's well-documented tour from 1974 (5)
- 15 Credited co-writer of 'Revolution 9' (4,3)
- 16 Affirmative single from Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (4)
- 19 Early '70s Johannesburg band who didn't last a year (4)
- 20 Went on a fantastic expedition with Clark (7)
- 23 It's goin' on there, according to Sly (1,4)
- 24 James Brown wants to get on his good one (4)
- 25 Ham or York (4)
- 27 Guitarist of Tomorrow (5,4)
- 28 John Coltrane track that served as launch pad for 'Eight Miles High' (5)
- 29 The Bee Gees were concerned about the 1941 New York mining one (8)

- 30/11 Along with The Runners, asked 'Why Must They Criticise?' (6,4)

### Down

- 1 Hitchcock's gang weren't hard men (4,4)
- 2 We featured the music of this country back in *Shindig!* 26 (3,5)
- 3 1972 epic from Achim Reichel & Machines is worth repeating (4)
- 5 Bruford's debut (5,4,2,2)
- 6 Peter Noone did this with Oh! You Pretty Things (10)
- 7 Fire found her a bit toothy (6)
- 8 Deserving place for a festival (6)
- 10 Dusty classic from *Casino Royale* (3,4,2,4)
- 14 Jefferson Airplane want these to step forward (10)
- 17 A Don Kirshner label, first home to The Archies (8)
- 18 Lynne's last, prior to the move (4,4)
- 21 Ellis found their future had done this (6)
- 22 Don't cross Tony just to get to the castaways (6)
- 26 The Creation were having trouble making this (4)

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